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REPRESENTATIVE ENGLISH LITERATURE

FROM

CHAUCER TO TENNYSON

SELECTED AND SUPPLEMENTED WITH HISTORICAL CONNECTIONS AND A MAP

BY

HENRY S. PANCOAST

Lecturer on English Literature in the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching, Instructor in the De Lancey School, Phila.

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TO

My Pupils,

PAST AND PRESENT, AMONG WHOM IT IS MY PRIVILEGE
TO COUNT MANY FRIENDS.

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PREFACE.

THERE are already so many text-books of English literature that it seems only proper to state why I have added another to the list.

I have attempted to write a book which should answer the needs of those who are beginning to teach the subject according to new methods. In our schools the study of English literature is at present in an experimental and transition stage. In boys' schools especially its value is still practically questioned; its standing uncertain; the methods of teaching it ill defined. Notwithstanding this confusion, there has been for some time a growing tendency to abandon the old plan of memorizing dry facts about authors and their works, and, instead, to bring the student into living contact with the literature itself. The beginner is no longer put off with "elegant extracts"—those scraps and fragments from the banquet:—he now knows that *Hamlet* does not consist of the soliloquy, or *Julius Cæsar* of Mark Antony's oration.

This study of the great classics in their entirety is an incalculable gain; but it should not be allowed to wholly supersede the study of the historical development of the literature. In our anxiety to avoid studying the history of the literature without the literature, we are in danger of rushing into the opposite error, and of studying the literature torn from its living historic and human relations. That the second error is less serious than the first affords no sufficient justification; it is serious enough to be avoided. That a great work must be interpreted in the light of its time; that any serious study of literature involves the study of history—these and similar

propositions have become axioms of literary study and criticism. But while generally recognized in the higher education, there is a disposition to ignore them in our schools; a disposition which the English admission requirements of our colleges are admirably adapted to foster.

Believing that some historical study of English literature should be pursued, with tact and under due restrictions, in the upper classes of our secondary schools, I have attempted to prepare a book which should put the student in direct contact with some representative masterpieces, without ignoring the study of literature from its historical side. I have tried to help the student to study these representative works of the great literary epochs in the light of the men and the time which produced them; I have tried to make him feel, further, that every literary epoch is but an episode in a continuous and intelligible story of literary development. To accomplish this within any practicable limits compelled the omission of much that I should gladly have included. While I cannot venture to hope that I have always shown a right appreciation of relative values, I believe the general principles of selection in such a case to be plain and indisputable, however difficult of application. I have endeavored to awaken an interest in a few great authors, and that I might treat of them at comparative length I have unhesitatingly passed over a host of other writers, believing that they could be safely left for more advanced work. The literary tables will give the student some idea of the great names of the respective periods.

The manner in which the book should be used depends upon the needs of each particular class and must be left largely to the tact and judgment of the teacher. The teacher is more than any text-book, and I have tried to recognize this by making the present handbook as flexible as possible. Thus when the class is a comparatively elementary one, some of the historical matter might be omitted, and the time spent on the selected works with the biographical and other sections immediately related to them. If the class is an advanced one, free use of the reference lists and footnotes will enable it to

pursue many subjects merely hinted at in the text. This should be done whenever possible, and the student encouraged in an intelligent use of books. The teacher can easily supplement the selections here given, or, if needs be, substitute others. In the case of shorter poems, *Ward's English Poets* will be found invaluable for this purpose. Many topics lightly touched on—as The Influence of Patriotism on the English Drama; Wordsworth and Carlyle: their Points of Contact—may be used as subjects for essays, if the class is far enough advanced.

Unless the class is a backward one I would insist upon its thoroughly mastering the first, or general, literary table, (pp. 7 and 8); the other tables are meant for reference. The greater number of authors demanding mention in the Modern Period forced me to omit biographical details. These can, however, be easily supplied. Poetry necessarily occupies a larger space than prose in the selections, as most prose masterpieces, otherwise desirable, proved too long for insertion. To partially remedy this I have treated of certain prose writers, particularly the recent novelists, at comparative length, and when time allows some of their works might profitably be read by the class.

Lack of space has forced me to greatly restrict the notes to the selections, but, with a capable teacher and a few reference books, I believe this will prove rather an advantage than otherwise.

Before attempting a book like the present the pupil should have some acquaintance with good writers. We can hardly begin too early to develop a literary taste. During his early years at school the pupil should be persistently familiarized with much that is excellent in our literature as a preparation for his after study. A large body of literature is within his grasp, which he may be led to enjoy without regard to historical development. Such poems as "The Lady of the Lake," "Marmion," "Rokeby," "Evangeline," "Miles Standish," "The Vision of Sir Launfal," "The Lays of Ancient Rome"; shorter pieces, some of which can be

committed to memory, as "The Battle of the Baltic," "The Defense of Lucknow," "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," "The Wreck of the Hesperus," and a host of others; certain plays of Shakespeare—*Julius Cæsar* and *The Merchant of Venice* are among the best for the purpose—all these can be used to educate the literary sense. In prose, the range of available classics is perhaps even wider: *Rip van Winkle*, and many of Irving's sketches, Hawthorne's *Wonderbook*, Mrs. Ewing's stories. Lanier's *King Arthur* and *Mabinogeon* and Bullfinch's *Age of Chivalry* will serve as an introduction to the Middle Ages; Kingsley's *Greek Heroes* and Church's *Stories from Homer*, to classic times. Constant early association with such books will prepare a student to enter with intelligent enjoyment on the study of literature in some of its historical connections.

In conclusion, I most sincerely thank my many helpers and well-wishers. My indebtedness to others cannot be repaid or over-estimated; in a world where "everything is bought and sold" it is a wholesome and a beautiful thing to find that so much kindly help and good will can be "had for the asking."

The admirable index is the work of Mr. Albert J. Edmunds.

H. S. P.

GERMANTOWN, *December* 7, 1892.

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REPRESENTATIVE ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Introduction.

I.—What Literature is.

THE word literature is used in two distinct senses:

(a) Its first and literal meaning is—something written, from the Latin, *litera*, a letter of the alphabet, an inscription, a writing, a manuscript, a book, etc. In this general sense the literature of a nation includes all the books it has produced, without respect to subject or excellence.

(b) By literature, in its secondary and more restricted sense, we mean one especial kind of written composition, the character of which may be indicated but not strictly defined. Works of literature in this narrower sense aim to please, to awaken thought, feeling, or imagination, rather than to instruct; they are addressed to no special class of readers, and they possess an excellence of expression which entitles them to rank as works of art. Like painting, music, or sculpture, literature is concerned mainly with feelings, and, in this, is distinguished from the books of knowledge, or science, whose first object is to teach facts.* Much that is literature in the strictest sense does deal with facts, whether of history or of science, but

* "To ascertain and communicate facts is the object of science; to quicken our life into a higher consciousness through the feelings is the function of art."—"The Scientific Movement and Literature," in "Studies in Literature," by Edward Dowden, p. 95.

it uses these facts to arouse the feelings or to please the imagination. It takes them out of a special department of knowledge and makes them of universal interest, and it expresses them in a form of permanent beauty or value. Shakespeare's historical plays, Carlyle's *French Revolution*, or an essay of De Quincey or Macaulay, while they tell us facts, fulfill these conditions, and are strictly literature; and, in general, poetry, histories, biographies, novels, essays, and the like, may be included in this class. It is in this stricter sense that we shall hereafter use the word.

The Permanence and Universality of Literature.

Literature is occupied chiefly with the great elementary feelings and passions which are a necessary part of human nature. Such feelings as worship, love, hate, fear, ambition, remorse, jealousy, are common to man, and, through them, men, separated by education or surroundings, are able to sympathize with or understand each other. Literature, expressing and appealing to such feelings, shares in their permanence and universality. In the poetry of the Persian Omar Khayyam, of the Greek Anacreon, of the Roman Horace, and of the English Robert Herrick, we find the same familiar mood. Each is troubled by the pathetic shortness of human life; each shrinks from the thought of death and tries to dispel it with the half-despairing resolve to enjoy life while it lasts. Neither time nor place prevents us from entering into the work of each of these poets, in many respects so widely separated, because they express alike a common human feeling, which we can understand through imagination or experience. So the *Œdipus* of Sophocles and the *King Lear* of Shakespeare treat of the same elementary feeling, the love between parent and child, and, while that feeling lasts, those immortal portrayals of it will be admired and understood.

Finally, works of literature have a beauty, power, and individuality of expression, which helps to make them both permanent and universal. Not only is there a value in the thought or feelings contained in a literary masterpiece; there is a distinct and added value in the special form in which thought and feeling have been embodied. Each great writer has his own style or manner, his characteristic way of addressing us. This style is the expression of his personal character; we learn to know him by it, as we recognize a man by his gait or by the tones of his voice. This personal element is another distinguishing feature of literature, and further separates it from books of science.

Literary Style.

Through his books a great writer expresses a part of his inner self. He is impelled to give us, as best he can through written words, the most that he has gained by his experience. In the poet's verse, we read the lesson he has learned from living; it is warm and alive for all time with his sorrows, exaltations, hopes, or despairs. Literature is born of life, and it is in this sense that Milton calls a good book "the precious life-blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."*

The Study of English Literature.

Thus we learn to look on the works of each great writer as an actual part of a human life, mysteriously preserved and communicated to us. But we must go farther, and realize that each nation as well as each individual has a distinct character and a continuous inner life; that, in generation after generation, men and women have lived who have embodied in literature, not their own souls merely, but some deep thought or feeling of their time and nation. Often thousands feel dumbly what the great writer alone is able to express. Accordingly literature is not merely *personal* but *national*. The character of a nation manifested through action, we commonly call its

* Milton's "Areopagitica."

history; the character of a nation written down in its books, or throbbing in its dramas, songs, and ballads, we call its *literature.* For more than twelve hundred years, the English people has been revealing its life, and its way of looking at life, through its books: to study English literature is, therefore, to study one great expression of the character and historic development of the English race.

II.—The Great Divisions of English Literature.

When we look at this life of the English race as expressed in literature through more than twelve centuries, we find that it possesses marked characteristics at certain periods. For centuries the mind of England is stimulated and influenced by a foreign civilization. The nation and its literature, like the individual life, pass through moods of faith and passion, of frivolity and unbelief. English literature, reflecting or expressing these varied influences, or changing moods, naturally divides itself into the following four great periods of development:

1. *The Period of Preparation;* 670 *to about* 1400.
2. *The Period of Italian Influence; about* 1400 *to* 1660.
3. *The Period of French Influence;* 1660 *to about* 1750.
4. *The Modern English Period; since* 1750.

These divisions must be broadly laid down at the start, although their meaning will become plainer as we advance.

I.—The Period of Preparation. From 670 to about 1400.

During this period England made for her use a national language. During this time also the various races and tribes whose intermixture makes the modern English, became substantially one people.

In order to have a great national literature it is necessary to have a great national language. Such a language England did not always possess. The settlement of the island by different races or tribes, each having a different speech or dialect, made England for centuries a land of confusion of tongues. The Norman Conquest (1066) brought for a time another element of confusion by the introduction of French. During the fourteenth century the language spoken in and about London, a form of English largely mixed with French, asserted its supremacy. This English became more and more generally established, and from it the language we speak to-day, however enlarged or modified, is directly derived. The centuries during which England was forming her national speech stand by themselves in the history of her literature. Like a child she struggles with the difficulties of language. Some write in one or another kind of English, some in Latin, some in French. By the end of the fourteenth century this difficulty is conquered; we pass out of the centuries of preparation into those of greater literary expression.

II.—The Period of Italian Influence. From about 1400 to 1660.

Late in the fourteenth century the mind of England became greatly stimulated and directed by an influence from without. England began to share in the *Renaissance*, or the awakening of the mind of Europe to a new culture, a fresh delight in life and in beauty, a new enthusiasm for freedom in thought and action. This great movement first took shape in Italy. Nation after nation kindled with the ardor of the new spirit, and England, like the rest, drew from Italy knowledge and inspiration. Education in England was transformed by men who learned in Florence or in Bologna what they taught at Oxford or at Cambridge, until the *New Learning* and

the new spirit found their unrivaled literary expression in the reigns of Elizabeth and James (1558–1625).

III.—The Period of French Influence. From 1660 to about 1750.

After the new thoughts and mighty passions that came with the Renaissance had spent their force, England seemed for the time to have grown tired of great feelings either in poetry or in religion. She became scientific, intellectual, cold, and inclined to attach great importance to the style or manner of writing, thinking that great works were produced by study and art rather than by the inspiration of genius. This tendency was encouraged, perhaps originated, by the example and influence of the French. This was during the brilliant reign of Louis XIV., when such writers as *Molière*, *Racine*, *Corneille*, and *Boileau*, were making French literature and literary standards fashionable in Europe. Charles II. ascended the throne in 1660, after his youth of exile on the Continent, bringing with him a liking for things French; and for awhile some English writers tried to compose according to the prescription laid down by Boileau and his followers.

IV.—The Modern English Period. Since about 1750.

During this final period England outgrew her temporary mood of unbelief, criticism, and shallowness, and with it her reliance on the literary style of France. She has again expressed in her literature new and deep feelings; a wider love for mankind and a belief in the brotherhood of all men; a new power of entering into the life of nature. She has depended little for her inspiration on other nations, although to some extent influenced by Germany and Italy, and has produced literary works second only to those of the Elizabethan masters.

These periods, in detail, form respectively the subjects of the Four Parts into which this book is divided.

TABLE I.—ENGLISH LITERATURE.

(GENERAL TABLE OF THE FOUR PERIODS.)

I.—The Formation of the Language, 670–1400.

1. *Before the Norman Conquest.*

THE BRITONS (CELTS).	THE ENGLISH.
Early Bards, about 500–600. **Llywarch Hen.** **Taleisin.** **Aneurin.** **Merlin.**	*a.* The Northumbrian Writers, 670–800. **Cædmon.** **Bede.** **Cynewulf.** **Beowulf.** Early Epic. *b.* The Revival of Letters in Wessex, 880–1066. **King Alfred,** 849–901. **Dunstan.** Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, revised cir. 850–860. (See Table II, "Early English.")

2. *After the Norman Conquest* (1066–1400).

BRITONS (OR WELSH).	ENGLISH.	ANGLO-NORMAN.
	Anglo-Saxon Chronicle to death of Stephen, 1154. Popular Songs and Ballads. "Robin Hood" Ballads. "The Owl and the Nightingale."	"Song of Roland." "Romance of King Alexander." "The Romance of Sir Tristrem," 1270 (?).

MABINOGION.—Entrance of Celtic Literature into English.

Geoffrey of Monmouth's History of Britain, 1147.

Walter Map continues Arthurian Legends, 12th century.

Layamon's Brut, 1205.

Geoffrey Chaucer, and Union of English and Norman.

(See Table III, "Chaucer's Century.")

II.—The Period of Italian Influence, 1400–1660.

1. *The Revival of Learning.*

a. In Education.

b. In Literature.

Wyatt and **Surrey.** (See Table IV, "Revival of Learning.")

The Elizabethan Period. **Shakespeare.** } (See Tables V and VI, "Rise of the Drama," and "Elizabethan Period.")

2. *The Expression of Reformation in Literature.*

Puritanism.
Milton.
Bunyan. } (See Table VII, "Puritan England.")

III.—The Period of French Influence, 1660-cir. 1750.

1. *Restoration to Death of Dryden*, 1660–1700.
2. *The Augustan Age* (Critical School).
   Pope, Addison, Steele. (See Table VIII.)

IV.—The Modern English Period, 1750.

1. *The Reaction Against the Critical School* (or Augustan Age).
   a. The New Sympathy with Nature.
   Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd, 1725.
   b. The New Sympathy with Man; Rise of Modern Democracy.
   c. German Influence in **Coleridge** and **Carlyle.** (See Table VIII, "Rise of the Modern Literature," and Table IX, "Victorian Age.")
2. *Recent Writers*, 1830.
   Carlyle.
   Tennyson.
   Browning.
   (See Table IX, Victorian Age.")

PART I.

PERIOD OF PREPARATION.

(670 to 1400.)

PERIOD OF PREPARATION.

670 to 1400.

Chapter I.

Race, Literature, and Language Before Chaucer.

It is not until the fourteenth century that the language of English literature becomes so like the English of to-day that we can understand it without special study. Before that time, while England had no national speech, we find many books written in Latin, some in Norman-French, and others in different varieties of an English which seems to us almost as strange as a foreign tongue. But while the literature of our modern English *language* may be said to begin in the comparatively modern English of some of the great writers of the fourteenth century, the literature of *England* stretches back for six hundred years before that time. *Geoffrey Chaucer*, who lived in the latter half of the fourteenth century, may be thought of as beginning this more modern period. The five centuries since his birth are bright with clusters of great writers, and at first may seem to us to contain all that is worth study in the literature of England. But if we look more closely, we see that England's great literary production during the latter period is directly connected with her slow centuries of preparation in the earlier; that her mental life, and the literature which is its most direct expression, have a continuous growth and history for more than twelve hundred years. We cannot now do more than indicate some main features

of this preparatory period. Looking at it in outline, we see that the way was prepared for the later literature,

1. *By the making of the Race.*

The modern English people, whose national character English Literature interprets and expresses, was formed during this time by the mixture of different race elements.

2. *By the Literature* before the Norman Conquest.

3. *By the Norman Conquest*, with its far-reaching effects on race, literature, and language.

4. *By the making of the Language* out of the combination of different tongues.

THE MAKING OF THE RACE.

The English settlers of Britain were Low-German tribes, resembling in language, and to some extent in character, their neighbors the Frisians, the modern Dutch, to whom they were closely related by blood.

The English.

Two of the three English tribes came from what are now the Schleswig-Holstein provinces of Northern Germany, the country about the mouth of the river Elbe which lies to the north of Holland. The third tribe, the Jutes, held that peninsula yet farther northward which is now part of Denmark. This early home of the English, with its harshness, gloom, and privations, was a land to breed men. Fierce storms beat down upon it, and often in the spring and autumn the sea swept over its sunken, muddy coasts, flooding it far inland. Dismal curtains of fog settled over it; its miles of tangled forests were soaked and dripping with frequent rains. The other home of the English was the sea. The eldest son succeeded to his father's land; as soon as the younger sons grew old enough they took to the war-ships to win fame and plunder by slaughter and pillage. Their high-prowed galleys were a menace and a terror to the richer coast

settlements far southward, and prayers were regularly offered in some churches for a deliverance from their fury. Swift in pursuit, they were swift also in flight. One of their poets contrasts life on their wintry waters with the joy of home:

"Knows not he who finds happiest
Home upon earth,
How I lived through long Winter
In labor and care,
On the icy-cold ocean
An exile from joy.
Cut off from dear kindred,
Encompassed with ice;
Hail flew in hard showers,
And nothing I heard
But the wrath of the waters,
The icy-cold way;
At times the swan's song;
In the scream of the gannet
I sought for my joy;
In the moan of the sea-whelp
For laughter of men;
In the song of the sea-mew
For drinking of mead." *

These early English were fair-haired, blue-eyed men, big-boned and muscular, with the fearlessness and audacity of the hero, and the rapacity and cruelty of the savage. A young race with stores of unwasted vigor; with an immense, if brutal, energy; with an enormous and unspent capacity for life, for feeling, for thought, for action. Nor were they mere barbarians. They had that instinct for law and freedom which in the coming generations was to build Parliaments and create Republics; they had no less that splendid seriousness, that reverence for life and death, that profoundly religious

* "The Sea-farer." Morley's trans. "Eng. Writers," vol. ii. p. 21. The entire poem may be read with advantage.

spirit which animates and inspires the greatest productions of English literature. In spite of all their delight in the joy of battle, in spite of their feasting and drunken revelry, there runs through their poetry the persistent undertone of a settled melancholy. They look death steadily in the face as "the necessary end";* they are continually impressed by the sense of the power of Fate, against which the weapons of the warrior are idle.

"One shall sharp hunger slay;
One shall the storms beat down;
One shall be destroyed by darts;
One die in war;
One shall live losing
The light of his eyes,
Feel blindly with fingers;
And one, lame of foot,
With sinew-wound wearily
Wasteth away,
Musing and mourning,
With death in his mind." †

In another poem we are forced to descend into the very grave and watch the dust return to dust.‡

Yet this haunting sense of the shortness of life did not produce in the early English the determination to enjoy to-day. Living in the rush of battle and tempest, it rather stimulated them to quit themselves as heroes. The English conscience speaks in such lines as these:

"This is best laud for the living
In last words spoken about him:—
He worked ere he went his way,
When on earth, against wiles of the foe,
With brave deeds overcoming the devil." §

* "Julius Cæsar," act ii. sc. 2.

† "The Fortunes of Man." Morley's trans. "Eng. Writers," vol. ii. p. 33.

‡ "The Grave," a characteristic poem. See Longfellow's trans. in "Poets and Poetry of Europe."

§ "The Sea-farer," *supra*.

In these early English we recognize those great traits of mind and character which have continued to animate the race; traits which in the centuries to come were to take shape in the deeds of heroes and in the songs of poets. In these half-savage pirate tribes, with their deep northern melancholy, is the germ of that masterful and aggressive nation which was to put a girdle of English round the world; of their blood are the seamen who chased the towering galleons of the Spanish Armada, the six hundred who charged to death at Balaclava, or those other English, our own forefathers, who declared and maintained their inheritance of freedom. The spirit of this older England, enriched by time, is alive, too, in the words of Shakespeare, of Milton, and of Browning, as it is in the deeds of Raleigh, of Chatham, and of Gordon.

The Celts.

When the English began to settle in Britain, about the middle of the fifth century, the island was occupied by tribes of a people called Celts. In early times this race held a great part of Western Europe as well as the British Isles, until conquered or pushed aside by the Teutonic races, the group to which the English belong. Scotland and Ireland were occupied by one great division of the Celts, the *Gaels*, and what is now England by an other, the *Cymri*, or, as we commonly call them, the *Britons*. The Celts were a very different race from the Teutons, and the Britons were as thoroughly Celtic in their disposition, as the English were Teutonic. For more than fourteen hundred years Celt and Teuton have dwelt together in England; for while the Britons were driven westward by the English, they were far from being exterminated, and in certain sections these two races have blended into one. This mixture of the races has been greatest in the North and West, for instance, in such counties as Devon, Somerset, Warwick, and

Cumberland. From the mixed race thus formed, a race which combined the genius of two dissimilar and gifted peoples, many of the greatest poets of England have sprung. Indeed it may be truly said, that English Literature is the expression and outcome, not of the English race and character alone, but of that character modified and enriched by the Celt. Not only has the Celtic blood thus mingled with the English: Celtic poetry and legend have furnished subject and inspiration to English writers down to our own day. It is, therefore, important for us to gain some notion of the Celtic as well as of the early English spirit, for in the literature of England we recognize the presence of both.

The Britons.

The Britons, like the English, were a huge, powerful race; they had fierce gray or bluish eyes, and light or reddish hair. Wild as they seemed before they lost their native vigor under the Roman rule, they had a natural vein of poetry and sentiment more pathetic and delicate than the somewhat prosaic and stolid English. They were quick-witted, unstable, lacking the English capacity for dogged and persistent effort, easily depressed and easily exalted, quickly sensitive to romance, to beauty, to sadness. Beside the stern and massive literature of the early English, with its dark background of storm and forest, with its resolution and its fatalism, with the icy solitude of its northern ocean, stands that of the Celt, bright as fairy-land with gorgeous colors and the gleam of gold and precious stones, astir with the quick play of fancy, enlivened by an un-English vivacity and humor, and touched by an exquisite pathos. Here is the description from one of the Celtic Romances of a young knight going out to seek his fortune:

"And the youth pricked forth upon a steed with head dappled gray, of four winters old, firm of limb, with shell-formed

hoofs, having a bridle of linked gold on his head, and on him a saddle of costly gold. And in the youth's hand were two spears of silver, sharp, well-tempered, headed with steel, three ells in length, of an edge to wound the wind and cause blood to flow, and swifter than the fall of the dew-drop from the blade of reed-grass upon the earth when the dew of June is at the heaviest. A gold-hilted sword was upon his thigh, the blade of which was of gold, bearing a cross of inlaid gold of the hue of the lightning of heaven ; his war horn was of ivory. Before him were two brindled, white-breasted greyhounds, having strong collars of rubies about their necks, reaching from the shoulder to the ear. And the one that was on the left side bounded across to the right side, and the one on the right to the left, and like two sea-swallows sported round him.

. . . . . .

And the blade of grass bent not beneath him, so light was his step as he journeyed toward the gate of Arthur's palace."

The familiar figure of the young man going forth to conquer the world in the strength of his youth is here emblazoned with all the glowing colors, the delicate fancy of the Celtic genius.

Or take the following as an illustration of the Celtic sentiment and Celtic love of nature :

"The maiden was clothed in a robe of flame-colored silk, and about her neck was a collar of ruddy gold, on which were precious emeralds and rubies. More yellow was her head than the flower of the broom, and her skin was whiter than the foam of the wave, and fairer were her hands and her fingers than the blossoms of the wood anemone amidst the spray of the meadow-fountain. The eye of the trained hawk, the glance of the three mewed falcon, was not brighter than hers.

. . . . . .

"Whoso beheld her was filled with her love ; four white trefoils sprung up where'er she trod."

And finally, as an example of the Celtic humor, add the picture of another maiden as a study of the grotesque :

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"And thereupon they saw a black curly-headed maiden enter, riding upon a yellow mule, with jagged thongs in her hand to urge it on; and having a rough and hideous aspect. Blacker were her face and her hands than the blackest iron covered with pitch; and her hue was not more frightful than her form. High cheeks had she and a face lengthened downward and a short nose with distended nostrils. And one eye was of a piercing mottled gray, and the other was black as jet deep sunk in her head. And her teeth were long and yellow, more yellow were they than the flower of the broom . . . and her figure was very thin and spare except her feet, which were of huge size."*

While the early English had certain great traits of character which were lacking in the Celt—the genius for governing, steadfastness, earnestness—the Celt was strong where the English were deficient. The mingling of these races, therefore, during the long period before the outburst of literature in the fourteenth century, was an important element in the unconscious preparation for the latter time. We can better understand this by remembering that William Shakespeare, the greatest genius of the modern world, stands as the highest example of this union of Celt and Teuton. "It is not without significance that the highest type of the race, the one Englishman who has combined in the largest measure the mobility and fancy of the Celt with the depth and energy of the Teutonic temper, was born on the old Welsh and English border-land in the forest of Arden."†

LITERATURE BEFORE THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

Christianity.

To this preparation by the making of the race must be added the education which came to the heathen English through contact with the religion and learning of Christian Europe. Christianity

* "Story of Pereder," Mabinogion 114, Guest's ed.

† J. R. Green, quoted in Art. on "Shakespeare," Encycl. Brit., 9th edition, which consult on this subject.

came as a new and mighty force to the serious-minded and naturally religious English; to it the beginning of English literature in England is directly due. Introduced in the north by St. Columba, and in the south by St. Augustine, it not only built churches, but founded great monastic schools, through which the culture of Italy was brought to Englishmen. It is within the walls of a monastery, the Abbey of Whitby, on the Yorkshire coast, that we find the beginning of English poetry. There *Cædmon*, the herdsman, sings his song of the creation, a paraphrase of the book of Genesis and other parts of the Bible. In form, his rude verse resembles that chanted for centuries by the gleeman, or harper, in the old home of his race; but it is Christianity that inspires him, and puts a new song in his mouth. It is the monastery at Jarrow, in Northumbria, that gives England her first great prose writer, *Bæda*, or *Bede*, the teacher and monk-scholar (673-735). During Bede's lifetime the scholarship of Northumbria was superior to that of any nation of Western Europe. We gain an idea of the intellectual power of the English by remembering that, about a century before Bede and Cædmon, Northumbria was an illiterate and heathen kingdom.

Literary Greatness of Northumbria, 670 to about 800.

The literary greatness of Northumbria was interrupted by repeated invasions of the Danes, barbarous and heathen tribes, who at last gained possession of the North of England, under the treaty of Wedmore, 878. But learning, thus driven from the North, was fostered in the South by the energy and enthusiasm of Alfred the Great (880–901), who established schools, improved the education of the clergy, made his court a center of learning, and even himself translated from the monkish Latin into English for the benefit of his people, Bede's *History of the English Church*, and other works.

Revival of Learning in the South under Alfred, 880–901.

After the death of Alfred, the country was continually worried by the Danes; learning declined, and there were but few scholars of note in England from the beginning of the tenth century to the Norman Conquest.

In the five centuries between the first settlement of the English and this great event, we thus see the mind of the nation refined and developed by the influence of Christianity, and by the Latin learning and the older civilization of Southern Europe, which enter through the monastic schools.

THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

The conquest of England by the Normans, in 1066, brought a new and powerful influence into English life and literature. The Normans, or Northmen, were originally a mixed horde of piratical adventurers from Scandinavia and Denmark, who had won for themselves a country in the North of France. Enterprising, quick-witted, open to new ideas, this race of born rulers did more than seize upon some of the fairest lands of Southern Europe; wherever it went, it appropriated much that was best in the civilization of those it subdued. The fur-clad and half-savage Northmen, whose black, square-sailed ships crowded up the Seine after Rollo, were heathen freebooters. The Normans who conquered England a century and a half later, were the most courtly, cultured, art-loving, and capable race in Europe. In origin, they were Teutonic, like the English; yet so completely had they adopted and, in some respects, improved the civilization of the Gaul and the Roman, that scarcely an outward trace of their origin remained. After establishing themselves in Normandy, they had rapidly acquired the corrupt Latin of the region, and transformed it into a literary language. "They found it a barbarous jargon, they fixed it in writing, and they em-

ployed it in legislation, in poetry, in romance." * They became Christians, and eagerly absorbed the learning which the Church brought with it, encouraging such Italian scholars as Anselm and Lanfranc to settle among them. They built splendid cathedrals and castles; they were foremost in instituting chivalry. Their poets, or *trouvères*, chanted long knightly songs of battle, love, and heroism,—*Chansons de Gestes*,† as they are called,—that, in style and spirit, were not Scandinavian, but French and Southern. Yet the followers of William the Conqueror were far from being pure Teutons, even in race. In France the invading Northmen had intermarried with the native population, which was largely Celtic, and the two races mixed, as the English and Celt did in parts of England.‡ "The indomitable vigor of the Scandinavian, joined to the buoyant vivacity of the Gaul, produced the conquering and ruling race of Europe."§ With William, too, was a motley following of adventurers from many parts of France, so that, through the Conquest, the Celtic blood, this time mixed with that of other races, mingled a second time with that of the English. But more important than the strain of Celtic blood that thus came with the Norman, is the fact that the civilization brought in by them was French and Latin, rather than that of the Teutonic North. The great scholars who came into England after the Conquest always wrote in Latin, while the *trouvère* wandered from castle to castle, singing the *chanson* of Norman chivalry in the Norman-French of the

* Macaulay's "History of England," vol. i. pp. 21–22.

† "*Chansons de Gestes*, songs of families, as the term literally means, are poems describing the history and achievements of the great men of France in early times. Geste has three senses—(1) The deeds (*gesta*) of a hero; (2) the poem illustrating those deeds; (3) the family of the hero, and the set of poems celebrating it."—Saintsbury's "Primer of French Lit.," p. 3.

‡ P. 15 *supra*.

§ Freeman's "Norman Conquest," vol. i. p. 170.

conquering race. The *Song of Roland*, the famous Paladin of Charlemagne, was sung by a Norman minstrel on the battlefield of Hastings, and the language of the Norman court became blended with the English of the people. Besides this, many French romances were translated into English, bringing home to the popular imagination a new store of poetic fancies, the flavor of a foreign chivalry. The great results of this establishing of a new literature in England will be better seen when we come to study Chaucer; before this, we must glance at the effect of the Conquest on the making of the language.

THE MAKING OF THE LANGUAGE.

Use of French.

After the Conquest, French was the language of the court and of the ruling classes in England, and, with a few exceptions, it became that of literature. English was despised by the polished Norman as the barbarous tongue of a conquered people. The mass of English still used it; but as it almost ceased to be a written or literary language, many words not used in ordinary speech were lost from its vocabulary. For a time, Norman-French and English in its various dialects continued in use side by side as distinct languages, but it cannot have been very long before the Normans, who had permanently settled in England, began to learn the native speech. The two races drew closer together, and, by the loss of Normandy in 1204, the connection with a foreign and French speaking power was broken. Parisian French had indeed come with the Plantagenet kings; during the reigns of John (1199–1216) and Henry III. (1216–1272) it was the fashion at court, and for some time later it continued to be the language of state documents, of society, education, and the courts of law. Yet, in spite of this, English began to be more generally employed by the

French speaking people outside of court circles. A writer of the latter part of the thirteenth century declares, "For unless a man knows French people regard him little; but the low men hold to English and to their own speech still."*

By the fourteenth century this stubborn "holding to English" had made the triumph of that language certain. The Hundred Years' War against France, begun in Edward III.'s reign (1327–1377), may have helped to bring French into disfavor, and hastened, but not caused, the more general use of English. By 1339, English instead of French was employed in nearly all the schools as the medium of instruction. In 1362, Parliament passed an act providing that the pleadings in the law courts should henceforth be in English "because the laws, customs, and statutes of this realm be not commonly known in the same realm, for that they be pleaded, showed, and judged in the French tongue."

Triumph of English.

But while French was being thus given up, there was as yet no one national English established and understood throughout the whole of England. One kind of English was spoken in the North, another in the middle districts, and a third in the South; and even these three forms were split up into further dialects. These three dialects are commonly known as the Northern, Midland, and Southern English. During the latter part of the fourteenth century the East Midland English, or that spoken in and about London, which was in the Eastern part of the Midland district, asserted itself above the confusion, and gradually became accepted as the national speech. Midland English had an importance as the language of Oxford and Cambridge, as well as that of the capital and the court,

Midland English.

* Robert of Gloucester's "Rhyming Chronicle" (1272).

but its supremacy was rather due to its being made the language of literature. The language of Wyclif's translation of the Bible (1380), a variety of this Midland form, is plainly the parent of the noble Bible-English of our later versions. The poet *John Gower* (1330–1408) gave up the use of French and Latin to write in the *King's* or Court English, and, more than all, it was in this same East Midland English of the court that Geoffrey Chaucer wrote the poems which became so widely read. These works gave to East Midland English a supremacy which it never lost.

Now this East Midland dialect was not a pure English. When during the early half of the fourteenth century the use of French began to be generally given up in favor of English. those who began to speak English naturally retained and introduced into it a large number of French words. This infusion of French was greatest in the East Midland dialect, because London had a larger foreign population, and had long been the seat of a French speaking court. A mixed tongue was thus formed there, in its foundations of grammar and construction substantially English, in its vocabulary nearly one-half French. By the establishment of this special variety of English, the influence of the Norman Conquest on language was made lasting, and the effect of the French rule in England remains deeply stamped on the English we speak and write to-day. *Castle*, *chivalry*, *royal*, *robe*, *coronation*, *debonair*, *courtesy*, such stately words, our homelier English owes to the French and Latin. Just as the English race was improved during the preparatory period by its mixture first with the Celt, and then with the partially Celtic followers of the Conqueror, so, by its mixture with French, the English language was made more rich and flexible.

Infusion of French.

Many elements had thus combined in this composite

England, and the way was made clear for a great poet who could lay the foundations of a truly national literature and language. That poet was Geoffrey Chaucer.

TABLE II.—EARLY ENGLISH LITERATURE.

(CÆDMON TO NORMAN CONQUEST.)

	LITERATURE.	HISTORICAL EVENTS.
Northumbrian School of Writers.	Cædmon. "Paraphrases of Genesis and Exodus." } 670–680. Bede, 673–735. "Ecclesiastical History of England." Anonymous.—"Battle of Finnesburg," written about 700. Cynewulf, about 720. "Vision of the Cross," "Christ's Descent into Hell," "Guthlac." Beowulf. Early Epic. Alcuin, about 735–804. "Lives of Various Saints," Poems, Hymns.	Conversion of Edwin, King of Northumbria, to Christianity, 627. The Danes first land in England, 787. They conquer Northumbria, 867.
School of Wessex.	Anglo-Saxon Chronicle began to be written as a history. Aldhelm, 656–709. "Poetical Enigmas." Alfred, 849–901. Translation of Bede's History, and Boëthius' "Consolations of Philosophy." Asser. "Life of Alfred."	Wessex rises into power under Egbert, 800, and increases under Alfred, King of the South of England, 871. Treaty with the Danes, called Peace of Wedmore, 879.

GENERAL NOTES AND REFERENCES.

As the following works may be used with advantage throughout the entire course, they will not be repeated in other tables:

1. *History.*—Green's "History of the English People" will be found invaluable. Teachers are recommended to use this book freely, and to read, with the class, passages relating to literature or to social conditions. Knight's "Pictorial History of England"; Craik and Macfarlane's "History of England."

2. *Literature.*—Stopford Brooke's "Primer of English Literature"; Taine's "English Literature" is a classic, and is brilliant and suggestive; it should be used, however, with due

allowance for its author's peculiar theories, and for critical shortcomings. Howitt's "Homes and Haunts of the Most Eminent British Poets," Hutton's "Literary Landmarks of London," Hare's "Walks About London." *For selections*, Ward's "English Poets," Cook's "Selections from English Prose," Chambers's "Cyclopedia of English Literature." *For reference*, Ryland's "Chronological Outlines of English Literature," Phillips's "Popular Manual of English Literature," Adams's "Dictionary of English Literature," Brewer's "Readers' Handbook," Brewer's "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," Ploetz's "Epitome of Universal History."

NOTES AND REFERENCES.—CHAPTER I.

History.—Green's "Making of England," Green's "Conquest of England." On extent of admixture of English and Celt, a question much discussed, consult Matthew Arnold's "Celtic Literature," Huxley's article on "Some Fixed Points in British Ethnology," in "Critiques and Addresses," p. 177; Isaac Taylor's "Words and Places"; Henry Morley's article on "The Celtic Element in English Literature" in "Clement Marot and Other Essays."

Literature.—For good collection of Anglo-Saxon poems to use in class, see translations in Longfellow's "Poets and Poetry of Europe"; see also Morley's "English Writers," vols. i., ii., and Conybeare's "Illustrations of A.-S. Literature." For Beowulf: "The Deeds of Beowulf," John Earle, Clarendon Press (prose translation), and "Beowulf" metrical line for line translation, by J. M. Garnett (Ginn & Co.). For Caëdmon, Thorpe's "Metrical Paraphrase" gives translation with text. Extracts from Celtic poetry in Arnold, *supra*, and Morley's "English Writers"; see also Guest's translation of "Mabinogion," and Lanier's "Boy's Mabinogion." Stories from the latter may be read with class.

Histories of Literature, and Criticism.—Earle's "A.-S. Literature," Azarias's "Development of Literature, Old English Period," Ten Brink's "English Literature." "The Englishman and the Scandinavian," by Frederic Metcalf, compares the Early English and Norse Literatures.

Chapter III.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER. 1340 (?) to 1400.

CHAUCER'S CENTURY.

To enter into the poetry of Chaucer and to understand how vast an influence he had on the development of our language and literature, we must try to imagine ourselves back in his time. Chaucer lived in a century full of interest and change, when England, along with the rest of Europe, was growing impatient of the cramped life and restricted thought of the Middle Ages, and was throbbing with that new life which was to find expression in the Renaissance. The old mediæval world yet remained, but everywhere in the midst of its most characteristic institutions we can see the beginning of the new order destined to take its place.

Thus chivalry, by which in the Middle Ages the mere barbarian fighter of earlier times became the knight, was at the height of its splendor. Our first great poet lived and breathed in the very air of knightly romance; he knew in his youth the dazzling and luxurious court of the third Edward, a king who delighted in the display of tournaments and who founded the Order of the Garter. As we read of Sir John Chandos and of Bertrand du Guesclin in Froissart's *Chronicles of the Hundred Years' War*,* this brilliant and lavish reign seems crowded with knightly feats. Yet mediæval as this world of Chaucer seems to us, as we imagine the gray turrets of its moated castles, the streaming plumes, the shining armor, and all the picturesque pageantry of its real or mimic war, agencies were at work undermining the whole fabric of its chivalry. Gun-

Chivalry.

* "The Hundred Years' War" (1338–1452), a war between France and England.

powder, first used in Europe at the battle of Crécy in 1346, was destined to revolutionize the mode of warfare, and to help make castle and armor things of the past.

In England new forces were active in the mass of the people, which threatened to change the whole order of society. In 1340, England was desolated by a loathsome and deadly plague, the Black Death, through which about half the entire population miserably perished. The farms were untilled, the crops scanty, and famine followed pestilence. The country was filled with vagrants driven by idleness and starvation to beggary or theft. The organization of labor was unsettled, and iron laws were passed which made matters worse. Then came bitter denunciations and riotous uprisings against all those class distinctions which had been accepted almost as part of the divinely arranged order.

Socialism.

John Ball, the "mad priest of Kent," thundered against those who "are clothed in rich stuffs, ornamented with ermine, who dwell in fine houses while we must brave the wind and rain in our labors in the fields." Our dream of fourteenth century chivalry is thus broken by the stormy complaint of the poor, the prelude of modern democracy.

In religion, too, the century is full of signs of a coming change. The Church no longer inspired that devotion which characterized the days of the earlier crusader. In 1309 the Pope removed from Rome to Avignon, and the reverence and divinity which had hedged him about as the declared "Vicar of Christ on Earth" was greatly lessened when men saw him the creature of the growing power of France. The multiplying corruptions in the Church itself, the sordidness and lack of spirituality in its clergy, moved earnest men to scorn and satire. In all this we see signs of the coming Reformation.

The Church.

The old scholastic learning of the Middle Ages yet lingered in Chaucer's England. The Oxford Clerk, in *The Canterbury Tales*, delights in Aristotle, an author of first importance in the old education of the monastic schools. Yet a New Learning has already arisen in Italy, and in the work of Chaucer himself has entered English literature. Twenty years before the birth of Chaucer, *Dante*—the first supremely great poet since the classic writers—had died in exile in Ravenna, leaving for all time the expression of the soul of mediæval Christendom in the "*Divine Comedy*." When Chaucer was a year old, *Petrarch*, the sonneteer of Laura, a poet and scholar who was a great leader in the new way of feeling and thinking, was crowned with laurel at Rome. *Boccaccio* was pouring out, in the prose tales of his *Decamerone*, the world's new delight in the beauty and good things of this life.

The New Learning.

This threefold change, which marked the breaking up of the mediæval and the beginning of the modern world, expressed itself in England in the works of three great writers. The Social movement found its mouthpiece in WILLIAM LANGLAND, 1332–1400; the new Religious spirit in WYCLIF, while the New Learning of Italy enters into the verse of GEOFFREY CHAUCER (cir. 1340–1400).

The well-nigh hopeless cry of the people against the social evils and a corrupt church goes up in the *Vision of Piers the Plowman*, of Langland. The poet falls asleep and sees in his vision the world —his distracted English world—as a "fair field full of folk." There are plowmen, the fruit of whose toil the gluttons waste, men in rich apparel, chafferers, lawyers who will not open their mouths except for gold, pardoners from Rome, who traffic with the people for pardons, and divide with the parish priest the silver of the poor. The world makes a pilgrimage to seek

Langland's Piers the Plowman.

Truth, and finds a guide in Piers, a plowman, at work in the fields. He bids them wait until he has finished his half-acre, then he will lead them. "The equality of all men before God, the gospel of labor—these are the two great doctrines found in this poem."*

John Wyclif.

In religion John Wyclif, by his fearless attack on the ill-gotten wealth and corruptions of the church, by certain of his religious doctrines, and by his translation of the Bible (1380), stands as the greatest mouthpiece of the new spirit and the herald of the Reformation. Wyclif, too, by giving up the Latin of the mediæval schoolmen, and speaking directly to the people in homely English, shows us that learning was ceasing to be the exclusive possession of priest and clerk.

Chaucer.

Finally, the new learning of Italy colors the verse of Chaucer, and mingles with its mediæval hues. In his work, more than in that of any other writer, this crowded fourteenth century survives for us; there, indeed, its men and women breathe and act before us—alive veritably to-day beyond the power of five centuries of time and change.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.—1340 (?)–1400.

Our knowledge of Chaucer's life is meagre and fragmentary; many points are uncertain, and much left to conjecture. Yet Chaucer is real to us through his books, and the little we do know of his life is remarkably significant of its general character.

Geoffrey Chaucer, the son of John Chaucer, a wine merchant on Thames Street, was born in London about 1340. As a boy he learned something of the court, for he was page in the household of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, the second son of Edward III. As a youth, he knew something of war and camps, for he took part in a campaign

* Green's "History of English People," vol. i. p. 442.

in France in 1359, probably as an esquire, was taken prisoner and ransomed. Attached to the court, he was sent on diplomatic missions to various foreign countries. In 1372, he went to Genoa to arrange a commercial treaty, and remained in Italy about a year. He was there brought directly under the influence of that New Learning which was to re-create the mind of Europe. Here, too, he probably met Petrarch, its greatest living representative. Two years later he was given a position in the Custom House at London. In 1386 he was returned to Parliament as Knight of the Shire of Kent, but in the same year lost his place as Controller of the Customs, in the absence of his patron John of Gaunt—the "time-honored Lancaster" of Shakespeare's Richard II. For awhile he knew poverty, bearing it with characteristic good humor. On the accession (1399) of Henry IV., the son of his former patron, his fortunes again improved; he was granted an annuity of forty marks, but died on the 25th of the October following, closing the eyes, which had seen so much, in his quiet home at Westminster, while the dawn grows over Europe and the new century is born.

Little as we know of Chaucer, we can see at how many points he touched the varied and brilliant life of his time, knowing it not merely as an onlooker, but as a practical man of affairs, himself an actor in its restless activities. He was a man of the world, but one who added to the quick eye and retentive mind the poet's tenderness and sympathy with suffering, the philosopher's large-minded toleration of human follies and mistakes. And Chaucer, like Shakespeare, learned not only from life but from books. He would return from his work at the Custom House to read until his eyes were "dazed and dull." We may agree with Lowell that in Chaucer's

Man of the world.

Student.

description of the Oxford Clerk, the poet writes out of the fullness of a personal sympathy.

> "For he hadde geten him yit no benefice,
> Ne was so worldly for to have office.
> For him was levere have at his beddes heede
> Twenty bookes, clad in blak or reede,
> Of Aristotle and his philosophie,
> Then robes riche, or fithele or gay sawtrie."

Chaucer the poet had so absorbed the tales of *trouvère* and Italian, as to make them live anew, in his verse, on English soil. Chaucer the student translated Boëthius's *Consolations of Philosophy* and wrote a scientific treatise on the astrolabe.*

Lover of nature.

Lover of men and lover of books, Chaucer is no less the lover of nature, for her alone delighting to leave his studies.

> "And as for me, though that I kon but lyte,
> On bökes for to rede I me delyte,
> And to hem yive I feyth and ful credence
> And in myn herte have hem in reverence
> So hertëly, that ther is game noon,
> That fro my bokës maketh me to goon,
> But yt be seldom on the holy day,
> Save, certeynly, when that the moneth of May
> Is comen, and that I here the foules synge
> And that the floures gynnen for to sprynge,
> *Farewel my boke, and my devocioun!*" †

To approach in reverent imagination the reserve of tenderness, the sacred depths in the rare nature of this old poet, who takes what life sends "in buxomnesse,"‡ who makes no display of what he is and feels, we must think of him as he shows himself in one of his poems,

* "The oldest work in England now known to exist on any branch of science."—Craik's "English Literature," vol. i. p. 367.

† Prologue to "Legend of Good Women."

‡ See "Good Counseil," page 59 *infra*.

going out alone into the meadows in the stillness of early morning and falling on his knees to greet the daisy.

In Chaucer's poems we see the expression of this full life, that knew and loved men, books, and nature; but above all, there shines through them the element of that highest achievement—personal greatness of character. He is truthful, putting down honestly and naturally what he sees; he can enjoy life, almost with the frank delight of a child, capable of laughter without malice; and, boisterous or coarse as he may sometimes seem, he is at heart surpassingly gentle and compassionate. The innocence and sufferings of women move him deeply. He has shown us woman's faith and purity in Constance, her love and patience in Griselda.* In both of these beautiful stories the quiet acceptance of adversity is associated with children, and the ideal woman is shown, not only in her wifehood, but in her motherhood. Finally, in his grasp of human life and in his handling of a story, Chaucer shows a dramatic power, which, had he lived in a play-writing age, would have placed him among the greatest dramatists of all time.

But with all this breadth, there are certain elements in Chaucer's England that find no utterance in his works. Men and women of many conditions are indeed found there, from the knight to the miller and the plowman, and all are pictured with the same vividnesss and truth; but breadth of observation is not of necessity breadth of sympathy. Nowhere does he show us the England of Langland, with its plague, pestilence, and famine, its fierce indignation flaming up into wild outbursts of socialism.† We may suppose

Poet of the Court.

* "Man of Lawes Tale," and "Clerks Tale."

† See "The Pilgrim and the Ploughman," in Palgrave's "Visions of England."

Chaucer's ideal plowman to have been after the pattern of the one he describes in *Canterbury Tales:*

> "A trewe swinker and a good was he
> Lyvynge in pees and perfight charitie." *

Chaucer was the poet of the court, the poet of those who dwelt in fine houses clad in rich stuffs, not of those who hungered in rain and cold in the fields. He was the outcome and voice of the spirit of chivalry, in its class distinctions and exclusiveness as well as its splendor.

His easy-going nature has no touch in it of the reformer, the martyr, or the fanatic. He dwelt at ease in his sunshiny world of green fields and merry jests, and if the heights and the depths in Dante and Shakespeare were beyond him, we should be thankful for all we gain in his genial and manly company.

CHAUCER'S WORKS.

"The father of English poetry" had no English masters in his art to whom he could turn for help. The poems most in favor at court when he began to write were French, and it is to the Norman-French literature that he first turned for his models. One of his earliest works was the translation of a French love poem, the *Romaunt of the Rose*, and in other early poems he is "an English *trouvère*." By his Italian journey, he was brought into contact with another great literature, and, after this time, we find many evidences of his close study of Dante, Petrarch, and other great writers of the new Italy. As his genius developed, he gained in power and originality, but from first to last, whether he borrowed from France or Italy, he made a story his own, re-creating it and breathing into it the breath of his own spirit.†

* Prologue to "Canterbury Tales."

† See Table on p. 36.

Before Chaucer, there had been an Anglo-Norman literature, and the beginning of a popular English literature; but no great poet had yet combined the spirit of the two. It is one of the glories of Chaucer that in his work so much is combined and harmonized for the first time. He has the Celtic lightness and humor with the English solidity and common sense; he has the literary traditions of the Norman *trouvère* with the new thought of the Italian; he expresses in his very language the end of a period of amalgamation, and all these elements are made one by the power and personality of his genius.

No illustration of this could be better than that given by Lowell. "Chaucer, to whom French must have been almost as truly a mother-tongue as English, was familiar with all that has been done by Troubadour or *Trouvère*. In him we see the first result of the Norman yeast upon the home-baked Saxon loaf. The flour had been honest, the paste well kneaded, but the inspiring leaven was wanting till the Norman brought it over. Chaucer works still in the solid material of his race, but with what airy lightness has he not infused it? Without ceasing to be English, he has escaped from being insular."*

Thus Chaucer in more than one way stands for the end of the period of preparation. Like his century, he is partly of the Middle Ages, and partly of the coming Renaissance; partly Norman and partly English. His literary style, as well as his mixed language, remind us that he expresses the union of what had been separate elements, and that he is at once the end of an old order and the beginning of a new.

* Essay on Chaucer in "My Study Windows," by J. R. Lowell.

TABLE OF CHAUCER'S PRINCIPAL WORKS.

"The Romaunt of the Rose," a translation from a French poem begun by Guillaume de Lorris and continued by Jean de Meun.

"The A. B. C." The version of a prayer to the Virgin, from the French.

"A Complainte of the Deathe of Pitie."

"The Boke of The Duchess": an Elegy on the Duchess Blanche (wife of John of Gaunt), who died 1369.

"The Parliament of Foules."

"The Complainte of Mars."

"Troilus and Crysseide."

"The Legende of Goode Women."

"The House of Fame."

"The Canterbury Tales." *

Among the short poems, "Complaint to his Purse," "The good Counseil," and "Advice to Adam Scrivener," are well known.

Twenty-five of "The Canterbury Tales" were written and some of these are not complete. The entire series, had the poem been finished and each pilgrim fulfilled the compact, would have consisted of one hundred and twenty-eight tales.

LANGUAGE AND VERSIFICATION.

The difficulties of reading Chaucer have been greatly overrated. Some, indeed, have thought that in order to popularize his works it is necessary to turn them into Modern English. But while such a version would probably be more widely read, it would undoubtedly be devoid of much of the quaint humor and peculiar charm which only Chaucer's own words can give.

The use of the glossary will soon render the student familiar with unusual words, and the few following explanations of spelling and pronounciation may help him to enjoy the rhythm and rhyme, which cannot be appreciated without some slight knowledge of fourteenth-century English.

* Some of these Tales were written earlier as separate poems, and afterward included in the series.

One of the first things we notice in reading Chaucer is that many words have a final *e* which has since been dropped. This final *e* was almost always pronounced as a separate syllable; as in the words "Aprille," "swoote" (pronounced A-pril-lé, swō-té), etc. To understand the reason for this, we must go back in the history of the language before Chaucer's time. The early English, or Anglo-Saxon, was what is called an inflected language; that is, the grammatical relation between words was indicated by a change of ending, not, as with us, by auxiliary words. The effect of the Norman Conquest was to greatly hasten the dropping of these endings, their force being supplied by prepositions; but in the fourteenth century this change was not fully completed, and the final *e*, pronounced as a separate syllable, was a remnant of the old inflections. Besides these words of Anglo-Saxon origin, there are a number of words derived from the French, in which the final *e* is retained and generally pronounced as in French verse. The beginner, who is not reading Chaucer as a critical student of his language, should first acquaint himself with Chaucer's metre, and then be guided by his ear in deciding whether the final *e* should be pronounced. Thus we find that the metre of the Prologue, like blank verse, is decasyllabic, or ten-syllabled, having five feet, each accented on the second syllable; hence in order to preserve the metre, certain final *e*'s are sounded, others dropped. Take for example these opening lines:

"Whan that | April - | le with | his schowr | es swoote
The drought | of Marche | hath per - | ced to | the roote*
And bath - | ed eve - | ry veyne | in swich | licour
Of whiche | virtue | engen - | dred is | the flour."

—*Prologue.*

* The final *e* in *swoote* and *roote* is not required for the metre. It should, however, be lightly sounded, and rather adds to the melody of the verse.

In general, however, it may be said the final *e* is pronounced except, (*a*) when it precedes a vowel, or (*b*) before the following words, beginning with *h;* viz., *he, his, him, hem, hire, hath, hadde, have, how, her, here;* in these cases it is elided.

Pronounciation.—A is always pronounced broad, as in *ah; e* is like *a* in China.

In determining the meaning, the reader will find it a help to pronounce the word, and be guided by the sound rather than the spelling. In many cases the word will then be easily recognized; thus, *syngynge, peynede, fisch, quyk,* though unfamiliar to the eye, are readily recognized by the ear.

No attempt has been made here to direct the student's attention to more than a few essential points; fuller rules on this subject will be found in the introduction to Morris's edition of the Prologue, and Knight's Tale, or in Professor F. J. Child's "Essay on Chaucer."

THE CANTERBURY TALES.

The latest and most famous work of Chaucer is a collection of separate stories, supposed to be told by pilgrims who agree to journey in company to the tomb of St. Thomas à Becket at Canterbury. In a general prologue we are told how these pilgrims met at the Tabard Inn in Southwark, the district opposite to London on the other side of the Thames; how they agreed to be fellow-travelers; how the jolly inn-keeper, "Harry Bailly," proposed that each pilgrim should tell two tales on the way to Canterbury and two returning. There are, by way of interlude, prologues to the several stories thus told, which bind the whole series more firmly together, and recall to us the general design. The idea of stringing distinct stories on some thread of connection is not an uncommon one. Shortly

The Canterbury Tales.

before Chaucer, Boccaccio had written his *Decamerone*, a collection of stories linked together by a very simple expedient. In it a number of gay lords and ladies leave Florence during the plague, and, sitting together in a beautiful garden, they amuse themselves by telling the tales that form the main part of the work. If Chaucer, as many suppose, found the suggestion for the plan of the *Canterbury Tales* in the *Decamerone*, there is no doubt that he greatly improved on his original. Chaucer's work is founded on a pilgrimage, one of the characteristic and familiar features of the life of the time. With rare tact he has selected one of the few occasions which brought together in temporary good-fellowship men and women of different classes and occupations. He is thus able to paint the moving life of the world about him in all its breadth and variety; he can give to stories told by such chance-assorted companions a dramatic character and contrast, making knight, priest, or miller reveal himself in what he relates.

The chief interest the prologue has for us lies in the freshness and truth with which each member of the little party of pilgrims is set before us. As one after another of that immortal procession passes by, the dainty smiling Prioress, the Merchant with his forked beard and beaver hat, we know that history does not mean dust and dates, but life, and we ourselves seem fourteenth-century pilgrims riding with the rest. It is a morning in the middle of April, as we with the jolly company, thirty in all, with Harry Bailly as "governour," take the high-road to Canterbury. The spring that refreshes us in the first words of the prologue is all about us.

The Prologue.

> "Whan that Aprille with his schowres swoote
> The drought of Marche hath perced to the roote,
> And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
> Of which vertue engendred is the flour;

Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breethe
Enspired hath in every holte and heethe
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours i-ronne,
And smale fowles maken melodie,
That slepen al the night with open eye,
So priketh hem nature in here corages :—
Thanne longen folk to gon on pilgrimages."

There rides the Knight, who has fought in fifteen mortal battles, always honored for his bravery. His hauberk is stained, for he has just returned from a voyage; in his bearing he is meek as a maid.

"He nevere yit no vileinye ne sayde
In al his lyf, unto no maner wight.
He was a verray perfight gentil knight."
. . . . .
With him ther was his sone, a yong squyer,
A lovyere, and a lusty bacheler,
With lokkes crulle as they were leyd in presse.
Of twenty yeer of age he was I gesse.
Of his stature he was of evene lengthe,
And wonderly delyvere, and gret of strengthe.
And he hadde ben somtyme in chivachie,
In Flaundres, in Artoys, and Picardie,
And born him wel, as of so litel space,
In hope to stonden in his lady grace.
Embrowded was he, as it were a mede
Al ful of fresshe floures, white and reede.
Syngynge he was, or floytygne, al the day;
He was as fressh as is the moneth of May.
Schort was his goune, with sleeves longe and wyde.
Wel cowde he sitte on hors, and faire ryde.
He cowde songes make and wel endite,
Juste and eek daunce, and wel purtreye and write.
So hote he lovede, that by nightertale
He sleep no more than doth a nightyngale.
Curteys he was, lowely, and servysable,
And carf byforn his fader at the table."

After the Knight and the Squire, rides their one attendant, with round head and brown face, clad in the green

of the forester. He is the English yeoman, the type of those archers whose deadly "gray goose shafts" broke the shining ranks of knighthood at Crécy and Poictiers.*

"There was also a Nonne, a Prioresse,
That of hire smylyng was ful simple and coy;
Hire gretteste ooth ne was but by seynt Loy;
And sche was cleped Madame Eglentyne.
Ful wel sche sang the servise divyne,
Entuned in hire nose ful semely;
And Frensch sche spak ful faire and fetysly,
After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,
For Frensch of Parys was to hire unknowe.
At mete wel i-taught was sche withalle;
Sche leet no morsel from hire lippes falle,
Ne wette hire fyngres in hire sauce deepe.
Wel cowde sche carie a morsel, and wel keepe,
That no drope ne fille uppon hire breste.
In curteisie was set ful moche hire leste.
Hire overlippe wypede sche so clene,
That in hire cuppe was no ferthing sene
Of greece, whan sche dronken hadde hire draughte.
Ful semely after hire mete sche raughte,
And sikerly sche was of gret disport,
And ful plesaunt, and amyable of port,
And peynede hire to countrefete cheere
Of court, and ben estatlich of manere,
And to ben holden digne of reverence.
But for to speken of hire conscience,
Sche was so charitable and so pitous,
Sche wolde weepe if that sche sawe a mous
Caught in a trappe if it were deed or bledde.
Of smale houndes hadde sche, that sche fedde
With rosted flessh, or mylk and wastel breed.
But sore wepte sche if oon of hem were deed,
Or if men smot it with a yerde smerte;
And al was conscience and tendre herte.
Ful semely hire wympel i-pynched was;
Hire nose tretys; hire eyen greye as glas;

* The Passage on the Bow, in Green's "History of the English People," v. 1, p. 421, may be read in class.

Hire mouth ful smal, and thereto softe and reed
But sikerly sche hadde a fair forheed.
It was almost a spanne brood, I trowe;
For hardily sche was not undergrowe.
Ful fetys was hire cloke, as I was waar.
Of smal coral aboute hire arm sche baar
A peire of bedes gauded al with grene;
And thereon heng a broch of gold ful schene,
On which was first i-write a crowned A,
And after, *Amor vincit omnia.*"

There ambles the rich, pleasure-loving Monk, with his greyhounds; one of those new-fashioned churchmen of the day who have given up the strict monastic rule of an earlier time. He cares neither for learning nor to work with his hands, but delights in hunting.

"His heed was balled, that schon as eny glas.
And eek his face, as he had ben anoynt.
He was a lord ful fat and in good poynt;
His eyen steepe, and rollyng in his heede,
That stemede as a forneys of a leede;
His bootes souple, his hors in gret estate.
Now certeinly he was a fair prelate."

The corruption of the Church is also to be seen in the next pilgrim, a brawny, jolly Friar, licensed to beg within a prescribed district. In the thirteenth century the friars, or brothers, had done great good in England, but by Chaucer's time they had grown rich, and had forgotten the high purposes for which the order was founded. The friar has no threadbare scholar's dress, his short cloak is of double worsted. His cowl is stuffed with knives and pins, for he is a peddler like many of his order.*

*Wyclif writes of the friars: "They become peddlers, bearing knives, purses, pins, and girdles, and spices, and silk, and precious pellure, and fouris for women, and thereto small dogs. (Quoted Jusserand, "Eng. Wayfaring Life," p. 304.)

"Ful sweetely herde he the confessioun,
And pleasaunt was his absolucioun;
He was an easy man to yeve penaunce
Ther as he wiste han a good pitaunce."

After the Merchant, sitting high on his horse, comes the Clerk of Oxford:

"As lene was his hors as is a rake,
And he was not right fat, I undertake;
But loked holwe, and thereto soberly.
Ful thredbare was his overeste courtepy,
For he hadde geten him yit no benefice,
Ne was so worldly for to have office.
. . . . .
Sownynge in moral vertu was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladle teche."

Then the Sergeant at Lawe, who seems always busier than he is; the Franklin, or farmer, with his red face and beard white as a daisy; the Haberdasher, or small shopkeeper, a Carpenter, a Weaver, a Dyer, a Tapicer or dealer in carpets or rugs—all these ride in the company. Then the Cook, who can "roste and sethe, and boille and fry," and make "blank manger" with the best; the Shipman, whose beard has been shaken by many a tempest, and the "Doctour of Phisik."

"In al this world ne was ther non him lyk
To speke of phisik and of surgerye;
For he was grounded in astronomye."

Among these is the dashing, red-faced Wife of Bath, gayly dressed, with scarlet stockings, new shoes, and a hat as broad as a shield, Then, in sharp contrast, the parish Priest, the "poure Persoun of a toun," reminding us that, in spite of luxurious monks and cheating friars, the Church was not wholly corrupt.

"Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversite ful pacient;

. . . . .

Wyd was his parische, and houses fer asonder,
But he ne lafte not for reyne ne thonder,
In sicknesse nor in meschief to visite
The ferreste in his parissche, moche and lite,
Uppon his feet, and in his hond a staf.
This noble ensample to his scheep he yaf,
That first he wroughte, and afterwards he taughte,
Out of the gospel he tho wordes caughte,
And this figure he addede eek thereto,
That if gold ruste, what schal yren doo?
For if a prest be foul, on whom we truste,
No wonder is a lewed man to ruste;

. . . . .

He waytede after no pompe and reverence,
Ne makede him a spiced conscience,
But Criste's lore, and His apostles twelve,
He taughte, but first he folwede it himselve."

But we must hurry to the end of this representative company: the party is made up by the Plowman, the Reeve, or steward, the Miller, who carries a bagpipe, the Summoner, an officer in the law courts, the Pardoner, or seller of indulgences, his wallet full of pardons, the Manciple, or caterer for a college, and last, the Poet himself, portly and fair of face, noting with twinkling eyes every trick of costume, and looking through all to the soul beneath.

INTRODUCTION TO THE NONNE PRESTES TALE.

This story, told by one of the three priests attending the Nun, or Prioress, is among the shorter and slighter of the *Canterbury Tales*, and gives us a glimpse of only one side of Chaucer's genius. It is a charmingly told little fable; but from it we can form no notion of Chaucer's tragic force, or of his power of gorgeous

description, as revealed to us, for instance, in the chivalric story of The Knight; nor does it help us to gain any notion of the deep tenderness and pathos of Chaucer, which overflow in such stories as those of The Clerk, and of The Man of Lawe. Yet the *Nonne Prestes Tale* has its own claims upon our attention and admiration. It is one of the most delightful products of Chaucer's quaint and abundant humor, and it shows also his dramatic vigor as a story-teller. In it Chaucer follows his usual practice of going elsewhere for the framework of his story. The *Nonne Prestes Tale* is a version of one of those fables, or *fabliaux*, in which the childlike intelligence of mediæval readers delighted. It may have been taken directly from the fifty-first fable in a collection by Marie de France, a poetess of the early part of the thirteenth century; but it is now thought more probable that Chaucer's original was the fifth chapter of an old French poem, *Le Roman du Renart*, where the same fable appears in a much longer form.* In either case Chaucer has made the story his own. The incidents in the *Nonne Prestes Tale* are of the simplest, the background is of the humblest,—the garden or barnyard of a poor widow,—the principal actors are a cock, a hen, and a fox; yet out of these every day materials Chaucer has contrived to bring inimitable results. The life of the country-poor is described with sympathy and skill; the meagre diet of the widow, her two-roomed, chimneyless house, sooty from the smoke that had no escape except through the crevices of the roof, her yard fenced in with sticks, her little wealth of cows, pigs, and chickens,—all this is brought before us with characteristic vividness and truth. Then we note the sympathy with which Chaucer

* These two poems are given in publications of the Chaucer Society: "Originals and Analogues," 2d series, pp. 116, 117. The first contains only 38, the second 454 lines.

has contrived to enter into the life of the creatures of the farmyard; the hens taking their sand-bath, or the cock clucking when he has found a grain of corn.

> "He chukketh, whan he hath a corn i-founde,
> And to him rennen than his wives alle."

But truthful as this is, Chauntecleer and Pertelote are more than chickens; they are living characters, with an actual human personality. The cock is a good deal of a pedant, and enumerates the learned authorities for his belief in the significance of dreams, with all the relish, and something of the length, of the mediæval schoolman. The hen takes the practical and emphatically feminine view of the case, urging a resort to the family medicine chest,—a proposal which the cock, with an emphatically masculine aversion, passes over in silent contempt. All through we come across sly strokes of humor, as when the cock takes advantage of his wife's ignorance to mistranslate the Latin sentence:

> "In principio,
> Mulier est hominis confusio,"

so as to delude her into the belief that it is complimentary; or when we are told that

> "Alle the hennes in the clos,"

made terrible lamentation about Chauntecleer's capture, but Pertelote alone shrieked like a queen,

> "But soveraignly dame Pertelote schrighte."

The interview in which the fox makes his skillful appeal to his intended victim's vanity is full of pure fun, while the description of the flight and pursuit is a masterpiece of rapid and nervous narrative.

THE NONNE PRESTES TALE.

A poure wydow somdel stope in age,
Was whilom dwellyng in a narwe cotage,
Bisyde a grove, stondyng in a dale.
This wydwe of which I telle yow my tale,
Syn thilke day that sche was last a wif,
In pacience ladde a ful symple lyf,
For litel was hire catel and hire rente
By housbondrye of such as God hire sente,
Sche fond hireself, and eek hire doughtren tuo
Thre large sowes hadde sche, and no mo,
Thre kyn and eek a scheep that highte Malle.
Ful sooty was hire bour, and eek hire halle,
In which she eet ful many a sclender meel,
Of poynaunt sawce hire needede never a deel.
No deynté morsel passede thurgh hire throte;
Hire dyete was accordant to hire cote.
Repleccioun ne made hire nevere sik;
Attempre dyete was al hire phisik,
And exercise, and hertes suffisaunce.
The goute lette hire nothing for to daunce,
Ne poplexie schente not hire heed;
No wyn ne drank sche, nother whit nor reed;
Hire bord was served most with whit and blak,
Milk and broun bred, in which sche fond no lak,
Seynd bacoun, and somtyme an ey or tweye,
For she was as it were a maner deye.
A yerd sche hadde, enclosed al aboute
With stikkes, and a drye dich withoute,
In which she hadde a cok, highte Chauntecleer,
In al the lond of crowyng nas his peer.
His vois was merier than the merye orgon,
On masse dayes that in the chirche goon;
Wel sikerer was his crowyng in his logge,
Than is a clok, or an abbay orlogge.
By nature knew he ech ascencioun.
Of equinoxial in thilke toun;
For whan degrees fyftene were ascended,
Thanne crew he, that it mighte not ben amended.

His comb was redder than the fyn coral,
And bataylld, as it were a castel wal.
His bile was blak, and as the geet it schon;
Lik asure were his legges, and his ton;
His nayles whitter than the lilye flour,
And lik the burnischt gold was his colour,
This gentil cok hadde in his governaunce
Sevene hennes, for to don al his plesaunce,
Whiche were his sustres and his paramoures,
And wonder like to him, as of coloures.
Of whiche the faireste hewed on hire throte
Was cleped fayre damoysele Pertelote.
Curteys she was, discret, and debonaire,
And compainable, and bar hireself ful faire,
Syn thilke day that sche was seven night old,
That trewely sche hath the herte in hold
Of Chauntecleer loken in every lith;
He lovede hire so, that wel him was therwith.
But such a joye was it to here hem synge,
Whan that the brighte sonne gan to springe,
In swete accord, "my lief is faren on londe."
For thilke tyme, as I have understonde,
Bestes and briddes cowde speke and synge.
And so byfel, that in a dawenynge,
As Chauntecleer among his wyves alle
Sat on his perche, that was in the halle,
And next him sat this faire Pertelote,
This Chauntecleer gan gronen in his throte,
As man that in his dreem is drecched sore.
And whan that Pertelote thus herde him rore,
Sche was agast, and sayde, "O herte deere,
What eyleth yow to grone in this manere?
Ye ben a verray sleper, fy for schame!"
And he answerde and sayde thus, "Madame,
I praye yow, that ye take it nought agrief:
By God, me mette I was in such meschief
Right now, that yit myn herte is sore afright.
Now God," quod he, "my swevene rede aright,
And keep my body out of foul prisoun!
Me mette, how that I romede up and doun

Withinne oure yerde, wher as I saugh a beest,
Was lik an hound, and wolde han maad areest
Upon my body, and wolde han had me deed.
His colour was betwixe yelwe and reed;
And tipped was his tail, and bothe his eeres
With blak, unlik the remenaunt of his heres;
His snowte smal, with glowyng eyen tweye.
Yet of his look for feere almost I deye;
This causede my gronyng douteles."
"Avoy!" quod sche, "fy on yow, herteles!
"Allas!" quod sche, "for, by that God above!
Now han ye lost myn herte and al my love;
I can nought love a coward, by my feith.
For certes, what so eny womman seith,
We alle desiren, if it mighte be,
To han housbondes, hardy, wise, and fre,
And secré, and no nygard, ne no fool,
Ne him that is agast of every tool,
Ne noon avauntour, by that God above!
How dorste ye sayn for schame unto youre love,
That any thing mighte make yow aferd?
Han ye no mannes herte, and han a berd?
Allas! and konne ye ben agast of swevenys?
Nothing, God wot, but vanité in swevene is.
Swevenes engendren of repleccioun̄s,
And ofte of fume, and of complecciouns,
Whan humours ben to abundaunt in a wight.
Certes this dreem, which ye han met to-night,
Cometh of the grete superfluité
Of youre reede *colera*, pardé,
Which causeth folk to dremen in here dremes
Of arwes, and of fyr with reede leemes,
Of grete bestes, that thai woln hem byte,
Of contek, and of whelpes greete and lite;
Right as the humour of malencolie
Causeth ful many a man, in sleep, to crye,
For fere of beres, or of boles blake,
Or elles blake develes woln him take.
Of othere humours couthe I telle also,
That wirken many a man in slep ful woo

But I wol passe as lightly as I can.
Lo Catoun, which that was so wis a man,
Sayde he nought thus, ne do no fors of dreme?
Now sire," quod sche, "whan we flen fro the beemes,
For Goddes love, as tak som laxatyf;
Up peril of my soule, and of my lyf,
I counseille yow the beste, I wol not lye,
That bothe of colere, and of malencolye
Ye purge yow; and for ye schul nat tarye,
Though in this toun is noon apotecarie,
I schal myself to herbes techen yow,
That schul ben for youre hele, and for youre prow;
And in oure yerd tho herbes schal I fynde,
The whiche han of here propreté by kynde
To purgen yow bynethe, and eek above.
Forget not this, for Goddes oughne love!
Ye ben ful colerik of complecciouN,
Ware the sonne in his ascencioun
Ne fynde yow not replet of humours hote;
And if it do, I dar wel laye a grote,
That ye schul have a fevere terciane,
Or an agu, that may be youre bane.
A day or tuo ye schul han digestives
Of wormes, or ye take youre laxatives,
Of lauriol, centaure, and fumetere,
Or elles of ellebor, that groweth there,
Of catapuce, or of gaytres beryis,
Of erbe yve, growyng in oure yerd, that mery is
Pekke hem upright as thay growe, and ete hem in.
Be mery, housbonde, for youre fader kyn!
Dredeth no dreem; I can say yow no more."
"Madam," quod he, "graunt mercy of youre lore.
But natheles, as touching daun Catoun
That hath of wisdom such a gret renoun,
Though that he bad no dremes for to drede,
By God, men may in olde bookes rede
Of many a man, more of auctorité
Than evere Catoun was, so mot I the,
That al the revers sayn of this sentence,
And han wel founden by experience,

That dremes ben significaciouns,
As wel of joye, as tribulaciouns,
That folk enduren in this lif present.

. . . . .

"Lo, in the lif of Seint Kenelm, I rede,
That was Kenulphus sone, the noble king
Of Mercenrike, how Kenelm mette a thing.
A lite er he was mordred, on a day
His mordre in his avysioun he say.
His norice him expouned every del
His swevene, and bad him for to kepe him wel
For traisoun; but he nas but seven yer old,
And therfore litel tale hath he told
Of eny drem, so holy was his herte.
By God, I hadde levere than my scherte,
That ye hadde rad his legende, as have I.
Dame Pertelote, I saye yow trewely,
Macrobeus, that writ the avisioun
In Affrike of the worthy Cipioun,
Affermeth dremes, and saith that thay been
Warnyng of thinges that men after seen.
And forther more, I pray yow loketh wel
In the olde Testament, of Daniel,
If he held dremes eny vanyte.
Red eek of Joseph, and ther schul ye see
Wher dremes ben somtyme (I say nought alle)
Warnyng of thinges that schul after falle.
Loke of Egipte the King daun Pharao,
His bakere and his botiler also,
Wher thay ne felte noon effect in dremes.
Who so wol seken actes of sondry remes,
May rede of dremes many a wonder thing.
Lo Cresus, which that was of Lyde King,
Mette he not that he sat upon a tre,
Which signifiede he schulde anhanged be?
Lo hire Andromacha, Ectores wif,
That day that Ector schulde lese his lif,
Sche dremede on the same night byforn,
How that the lif of Ector schulde be lorn,
If thilke day he wente in to bataylle;
Sche warnede him, but it mighte nought availle;

He wente for to fighte natheles,
And he was slayn anoon of Achilles.
But thilke tale is al to long to telle,
And eek it is neigh day, I may not duelle.
Schortly I saye, as for conclusioun
That I schal han of this avisioun.
Adversité; and I saye forther-more,
That I ne telle of laxatives no store,
For thay ben venymous, I wot right wel;
I hem defye, I love hem nevere a del.
Now let us speke of mirthe, and stynte al this;
Madame Pertelote, so have I blis,
Of a thing God hath sent me large grace;
For whan I see the beauté of your face,
Ye ben so scarlet reed aboute your eyghen,
It maketh al my drede for to deyghen,
For, also siker as *In principio,*
Mulier est hominis confusio.
(Madame, the sentence of this Latyn is,
Womman is mannes joye and al his blis.)

. . . . .

"I am so ful of joye and of solas
That I defye bothe swevene and drem!"
And with that word he fleigh down fro the beem,
For it was day, and eek his hennes alle;
And with a chuk he gan hem for to calle,
For he hadde founde a corn, lay in the yerd.
Real he was, he was no more aferd;

. . . . .

He loketh as it were a grim lioun;
And on his toon he rometh up and doun,
Him deyneth not to sette his foot to grounde.
He chukketh, whan he hath a corn i-founde,
And to him rennen than his wives alle.
Thus real, as a prince is in his halle,
Leve I this Chauntecleer in his pasture;
And after wol I telle his aventure.

Whan that the moneth in which the world bigan,
That highte March, whan God first made man,
Was complet, and y-passed were also,
Syn March bygan, thritty dayes and tuo,

Byfel that Chauntecleer in al his pride,
His seven wyves walkyng him by syde,
Caste up his eyghen to the brighte sonne,
That in the signe of Taurus hadde i-ronne
Twenty degrees and oon, and somwhat more;
He knew by kynde, and by noon other lore,
That it was prime, and crew with blisful stevene.
"The sonne," he sayde, "is clomben up on hevene
Fourty degrees and oon, and more i-wis.
Madame Pertelote, my worldes blis,
Herkneth these blisful briddes how they synge,
And seth the fressche floures how they springe;
Ful is myn hert of revel and solaas."
But sodeinly him fel a sorweful caas;
For evere the latter ende of joye is wo.
Got wot that worldly joye is soone ago;
And if a rethor couthe faire endite,
He in a chronique saufly mighte it write,
As for a soverayn notabilité.
Now every wys man let him herkne me;
This story is also trewe, I undertake,
As is the book of Launcelot de Lake,
That wommen holde in ful gret reverence.
Now wol I torne agayn to my sentence.
A col-fox, ful of sleigh iniquite,
That in the grove hadde woned yeres thre,
By heigh ymaginacioun forncast,
The same nighte thurghout the hegges brast
Into the yerd, ther, Chauntecleer the faire
Was wont, and eek his wyves, to repaire;
And in a bed of wortes stille he lay,
Til it was passed undern of the day,
Waytyng his tyme on Chauntecleer to falle;
As gladly doon these homicides alle,
That in awayte lyggen to mordre men.
O false mordrer lurkyng in thy den!
O newe Scariot, newe Genilon!
False dissimulour, O Greet Sinon,
That broughtest Troye al outrely to sorwe!
O Chauntecleer, accursed be that morwe,

That thou into that yerd floughe fro the bemes!
Thou were ful wel i-warned by thy dremes,
That thilke day was perilous to the.
But what that God forwot mot needes be
After the opynyoun of certeyn clerkis.
Witnesse on him that eny perfit clerk is,
That in scole is gret altercacioun
In this matere, and gret disputisioun,
And hath ben of an hundred thousend men.
But I ne cannot bulte it to the bren,
As can the holy doctor Augustyn,
Or Boece, or the Bischop Bradwardyn,
Whether that Goddes worthy forwetyng
Streineth me needely for to don a thing,
(Needely clepe I simple necessité);
Or elles if fre choys be graunted me
To do that same thing, or do it nought,
Though God forwot it, er that it was wrought:
Or if his wityng streyneth nevere a deel,
But by necessité condicionel,
I wol not han to do of suòh mateere;
My tale is of a cok, as ye schul heere,
That took his counseil of his wyf with sorwe,
To walken in the yerd upon the morwe,
That he hadde met the drem, that I tolde.
Wommennes counseils ben ful ofte colde;
Wommennes counseils broughte us first to woo,
And made Adam fro paradys to go,
Ther as he was ful merye, and well at ese.
But for I not, to whom it mighte displese,
If I counseil of wommen wolde blame,
Passe over, for I sayde it in my game.
Red auctours, wher thay trete of such mateere,
And what they sayn of wommen ye may heere,
These been cokkes wordes, and not myne;
I can noon harme of no womman divine.
Faire in the sond, to bathe hire merily,
Lith Pertelote, and alle hire sustres by,
Agayn the sonne; and Chauntecleer so free
Sang merier than the mermayde in the see;

For Phisiologus seith sikerly,
How that thay singen wel and merily.
And so byfel that as he caste his eye,
Among the wortes on a boterflye,
He was war of this fox that lay ful lowe.
No thing ne liste him thanne for to crowe,
But cryde anon "cok, cok," and up he sterte,
As man that was affrayed in his herte.
For naturelly a beest desireth flee
Fro his contrarie, if he may it see,
Though he nevere erst hadde seyn it with his eye,
This Chauntecleer, whan he gan him espye,
He wolde han fled, but that the fox anon
Saide, "Gentil sire, allas! wher wol ye goon?
Be ye affrayd of me that am youre freend?
Now certes, I were worse than a feend,
If I to yow wolde harm or vileynye.
I am nought come youre counsail for tespye.
But trewely the cause of my comynge
Was oonly for to herkne how that ye singe.
For trewely ye have als merye a stevene,
As eny aungel hath, that is in hevene;
Therwith ye han in musik more felynge,
Than hadde Boece, or eny that can synge.
My lord youre fader (God his soule blesse)
And eek youre moder of hire gentilesse
Han in myn house ibeen, to my gret ese;
And certes, sire, ful fayn wolde I yow plese.
But for men speke of syngyng, I wol saye,
So mot I brouke wel myn eyen tweye,
Save you, I herde nevere man so synge,
As dede youre fader in the morwenynge.
Certes it was of herte al that he song,
And for to make his vois the more strong,
He wolde so peyne him, that with bothe his eyen
He moste wynke, so lowde he wolde crien,
And stonden on his typtoon therwithal,
And strecche forth his nekke long and smal.
And eke he was of such discrecioun;
That ther nas no man in no regioun

That him in song or wisdom mighte passe.
I have wel rad in daun Burnel the Asse
Among his vers, how that ther was a cok,
For that a prestes sone yaf him a knok
Upon his leg, whil he was yong and nyce,
He made him for to lese his benefice.
But certyn ther nis no comparisoun
Betwix the wisdom and discrecioun
Of youre fader, and of his subtilté.
Now syngeth, sire, for seinte Charité,
Let se, konne ye youre fader countrefete?"
This chauntecleer his wynges gan to bete,
As man that couthe his tresoun nought espye,
So was he ravyssht with his flaterie.
Allas! ye lordes, many a fals flatour
Is in youre courtes, and many a losengour,
That plesen yow wel more, by my faith,
Than he that sothfastnesse unto yow saith.
Redeth Ecclesiaste of flaterie;
Betth war, ye lordes, of here treccherie.
This chauntecleer stood heighe upon his toos,
Strecching his nekke, and held his eyen cloos,
And gan to crowe lowde for the noones;
And daun Russel the fox sterte up at oones,
And by the garget hente Chauntecleer,
And on his bak toward the woode him beer.
For yit was ther no man that hadde him sewed.
O destiny, that maist not ben eschewed!
Alas, that Chauntecleer fleigh fro the bemes!
Allas, his wif ne roughte nought of dremes!
And on a Friday fel al this mischaunce.
Certes such cry ne lamentacioun
Was nevere of ladies maad, when Ilioun
Was wonne, and Pirrus with his streite swerd,
Whan he hadde hent Kyng Priam by the berd,
And slayn him (as saith us Eneydos),
As maden alle the hennes in the clos,
Whan they hadde seyn of Chauntecleer the sighte.
But sovraignly dame Pertelote schrighte,
Ful lowder than dide Hasdrubales wyf;
Whan that hire housbonde hadde lost his lyf,

And that the Romayns hadde i-brent Cartage,
Sche was so ful of torment and of rage.
That wilfully into the fyr sche sterte,
And brende hirselven with a stedefast herte.
O woful hennes, righte so criden ye,
As, whan that Nero brente the cité
Of Rome, criden senatoures wyves,
For that here housbondes losten alle here lyves;
Withouten gult this Nero hath hem slayn.
Now wol I torne to my tale agayn;
This sely wydwe, and eek hire doughtres tuo,
Herden these hennes crie and maken wo,
And out at dores sterten thay anoon,
And seyen the fox toward the grove goon,
Ank bar upon his bak the cok away;
They criden, "Out! harrow and weylaway!
Ha, ha, the fox!" and after him they ran,
And eek with staves many another man;
Ran Colle our dogge, and Talbot, and Garlond,
And Malkyn, with a distaf in hire hond;
Ran cow and calf, and eek the very hogges,
So were they fered for berkyng of the dogges
And schowtyng of the men and wymmen eke,
Thay ronne so hem thoughte here herte breke,
Thay yelleden as feendes doon in helle;
The dokes criden as men wolde hem quelle;
The gees for fere flowen over the trees;
Out of the hyves cam the swarm of bees;
So hidous was the noyse, a benedicite!
Certes he jakke straw, and his meyné,
Ne maden nevere schoutes half so schrille,
Whan that thay wolden eny Flemyng kille,
As thilke day was maad upon the fox.
Of bras thay broughten bemes, and of box,
Of horn, of boon, in whiche thay blewe and powpede
And therewithal thay schrykede and thay howpede;
It semede as that hevene schulde falle.
Now, goode men, I praye you herkneth alle;
Lo, how fortune torneth sodeinly
The hope and pride eek of hire enemy!

This cok that lay upon the foxes bak,
In all his drede, unto the fox he spak,
And saide, "Sire, if that I were as ye,
Yet schulde I sayn (as wis God helpe me),
Turneth ayein, ye proude cherles alle!
A verray pestilens upon yow falle!
Now am I come unto this woodes syde,
Maugre youre heed, the cok schal heer abyde;
I wol him ete in faith, and that anoon."
The fox answerde, "In faith, it schal be doon."
And as he spak that word, al sodeinly
This cok brak from his mouth delyverly;
And heigh upon a tree he fleigh anoon.
And whan the fox seigh that he was i-goon,
"Allas!" quod he, "O Chauntecleer, allas!
I have to yow," quod he, "y-don trespas,
In-as-moche as I makede yow aferd,
Whan I yow hente, and broughte out of the yerd;
But, sire, I dede it in no wikke entente;
Com doun, and I schal telle yow what I mente.
I schal saye soth to you, God help me so!"
"Nay than," quod he, "I schrewe us bothe tuo
And first I schrewe myself, bothe blood and boones,
If thou bigile me any ofter than oones.
Thou schalt no more, thurgh thy flaterye,
Do me to synge and wynke with myn eye.
For he that wynketh, whan he scholde see,
Al wilfully, God let him never the!"
"Nay," quod the fox, "but God yive him meschaunce,
That is so undiscret of governaunce,
That jangleth whan he scholde holde his pees."
Lo, such it is for to be reccheles,
And necgligent, and truste on flaterie.
But ye that holden this tale a folye,
As of a fox, or of a cok and hen,
Taketh the moralité thereof, goode men.
For seint Poul saith, that al that writen is,
To oure doctrine it is i-write i-wys.
Taketh the fruyt, and let the chaf be stille.
Now goode God, if that it be thy wille,

As saith my lord, so make us alle good men ;
And bringe us to his heighe blisse. Amen.

GOOD COUNSEIL.

Fle fro the pres, and dwelle with sothfastnesse :
Suffice thee thy good, though hit be smal ;
For hord hath hate, and clymbyng tikelnesse,
Pres hath envye, and wele blent over al
Savour no more then thee behove shal ;
Do wel thy-self that other folk canst rede,
And trouthe thee shal delyver, hit ys no drede.

Peyne thee not eche croked to redresse
In trust of hir that turneth as a bal,
Gret reste stant in lytil besynesse ;
Bewar also to spurne ayein a nal,
Stryve not as doth a crokke with a wal ;
Daunte thy-selfe that dauntest otheres dede,
And trouthe thee shal delyver, hit is no drede.

That thee is sent receyve in buxomnesse,
The wrastling of this world asketh a fal ;
Here is no hoom, here is but wyldernesse.
Forth pilgrime, forth ! forth best, out of thy stal !
Loke up on hye, and thonke God of al ;
Weyve thy lust, and let thy gost thee lede,
And trouthe shal thee delyver, hit is no drede.

NOTES AND REFERENCES.

1. *History.*—Pauli's "Pictures of Old England" (valuable for social conditions, etc., in Chaucer's time); Jusserand's English "Way-faring Life in the Fourteenth Century"; Wright's "History of Domestic Manners and Sentiments in England During the Middle Ages"; Cutt's "Scenes and Characters in the Middle Ages"; Brown's "Chaucer's England." S. Lanier's "Boys' Froissart" and Bulfinch's "Age of Chivalry" may be used with class.

2. *Chaucer.*—Ward's "Life of" (English Men of Letters Series), Lowell's Essay on, in "My Study Windows"; Minto's "English Poets"; Haweis's "Chaucer for Schools"; Alexander Smith's Essay on, in "Dreamthorpe" (contains prose version of "Knight's Tale"; not strictly reliable, but gives graphic pictures of chivalry); Saunders's "Canterbury Tales"; Lounsbury's "Chaucer," three volumes. The poem on "The Pilgrim and the Ploughman" in Palgrave's "Visions of England," p. 82, is admirable from critical as well as poetical point of view, and should be read with class.

3. *Chaucer's Works.*—Edition in Clarendon Press series is recommended; at present it contains The Prologue, The Knight's, Nonne Prestes', Prioress', Monk's, Clerk's, Squire's tales, The Rhyme of Sir Thopas, and a number of the minor poems.

For works not included in this edition, Bell's or Gilman's "Chaucer" may be used, also Wright's "Canterbury Tales," with notes.

4. *Langland.*—Wharton's "History of English Poetry," section 8; Morley's "English Writers," vol. iv.

5. *Language.*—Marsh's "Lectures on the English Language"; Lounsbury's "English Language"; Earle's "Philology of the English Tongue"; Carpenter's "English in the Fourteenth Century"; Trench's "English Past and Present."

TABLE III.—CHAUCER'S CENTURY, 1300–1400.

ENGLAND.			FOREIGN COUNTRIES.
SOVEREIGNS.	LITERATURE.	HISTORICAL EVENTS.	
Edward III., 1327–1377.	**Chaucer's** birth, 1340.	Death of Bruce, 1329.	ITALY.
	Lawrence Minot: Poems, 1350; Poems on Wars of Edward III., 1352.	Battle of Halidon Hill, 1333.	**Dante,** 1265–1321.
		Edward claims France from Brabant, 1339.	"Divina Commedia," begun about 1307.
	Sir John Mandeville: Travels, Voyages, 1356.	Beginning of Hundred Years' War, 1339.	**Petrarch,** 1304–1374.
			Sonnets and Poems.
	Chaucer probably page to Lionel's wife, 1357.	Battles of Crécy and Neville's Cross, 1346.	**Petrarch** crowned at Rome, 1341.
		Gunpowder first used at Crécy.	**Boccaccio,** 1313–1375.
	Wm. Langland, 1332–1400: "Vision of Piers Plowman."	First appearance of Black Death, 1349.	"Decameron," 1350.
			"Teseide."
Richard II., 1377–1399.	**Chaucer** taken prisoner by the French, 1359; his "Dethe of Blanche the Duchess," 1369; employed on a mission to Pisa and Genoa, meets Petrarch, 1372; Appointed Controller of Customs, 1374.	First statute of Præmunire, 1353.	War between Florence and Pisa. English auxiliaries employed by the latter, 1362.
		Battle of Poictiers, 1356.	
		Peace of Bretigny, 1360.	Artists:
		Renewal of French War, 1368.	**Giotto,** 1276–1336.
		Uprising of Jack Straw, 1378.	**Taddeo Gaddi,** 1300–1366.
			Ghiberti, 1378–1455.
[Henry IV., 1399–1413.	**John Barbour:** "The Bruce," 1375.	Wat Tyler's revolt, 1381.	**Brunelleschi,** 1377–1446.
		Condemnation of Wyclif at Blackfriars, 1382.	GERMANY.
	John Wyclif, 1324–1384; Translation of the Bible; Treatise "De Domino."	Suppression of the Poor Preachers, 1382.	The Meistersinger.
		Death of Wyclif, 1384.	**Hubrecht Van Eyck.**
	Chaucer sent on mission to France, 1377.	Truce with France, 1389.	FRANCE.
	John Trevisa: Translation of Higdens's "Polychronicon," 1387.	Persecution of Lollards, 1399.	**Froissart,** 1337-1410.
			Chronicles.
	Chaucer appointed Clerk of King's Works at Windsor, 1390.		
	John Gower, 1325–1408 (?); "Confessio Amantis," 1391 (?).		
	Chaucer is granted a pension of £20 a year, 1394; pension doubled, 1399; his death, 1400.		

PART II.

PERIOD OF ITALIAN INFLUENCE.

(1400–1660.)

PERIOD OF ITALIAN INFLUENCE.

1400 to 1660.

Chapter I.

The Revival of Learning.

THE COMING OF THE NEW LEARNING TO ENGLAND.

The century following the death of Chaucer is generally regarded as "the most barren" in the history of the literature. Indeed, after the year 1400, we find little evidence of a fresh and vigorous life in English literature until the year 1579, when Edmund Spenser's first poem was given to the world. Yet the fifteenth century is nevertheless of far-reaching importance in the history of England's mental growth. It was a time of national education. If England did not produce great literature, she received from many sources new thoughts and impulses, which replenished and broadened her life, and which later found expression in her literary work. In the fifteenth century England passed definitely out of the bounds of the Middle Ages, and came to share as a *nation* in the inspiration of the Renaissance, which, in the century before, only such rare individual minds as Chaucer and Wyclif had known by anticipation. The feudal society of the middle ages was finally shattered in England by the Wars of the Roses (1455–1485), in which great numbers of the old nobility perished. The outworn scholastic learning, the relic of the mediæval monastic schools, was cast aside, and the reorganization of the entire educational

The New Learning.

system of England according to the advanced ideas of Italy was begun.

In the early years of the fifteenth century, the old learning had ceased to satisfy, and the new had not yet come. At Oxford the spirit of free inquiry, stimulated by Wyclif, had been sternly suppressed. Versifiers worked painstakingly after the pattern set by Chaucer; but literature, like learning, waited the breath of a new impulse. So England lay—

> "Between two worlds,
> One dead, the other powerless to be born." *

Then the new life manifested itself amid the breaking up of the old order. At Oxford, between 1430 and 1485, three colleges were established, and a Library was founded by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester. About the middle of the century Henry VI. founded King's, and Margaret of Anjou Queen's College, Cambridge, and, in the same reign, the great school of Eton was established. Three Universities arose in Scotland between 1410 and 1494. But even more important than the increased opportunities for education, was the introduction of new methods and subjects of study. The knowledge of Greek life and literature, almost wholly lost during the Middle Ages, had stirred Italy with the power of a fresh revelation. Chrysoloras, an ambassador from Constantinople, had begun to teach Greek in Florence in 1395, and upon the Fall of Constantinople (1453) numbers of Greek scholars took refuge in Italy, bringing precious manuscripts and the treasures of an old thought which Europe hailed as "new." Italy became the University of Europe, and, toward the end of the fifteenth century, English scholars learned at Padua, at Bologna, or at the Florence of

Foundation of Colleges.

* Matthew Arnold's "Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse."

Lorenzo di Medici, what they taught at Oxford or at Cambridge. Cornelius Vitelli, an Italian exile, taught Greek at Oxford before 1475; there, too, William Grocyn lectured on Greek, in 1491, after he had studied under Vitelli, and in Florence and Venice. Among Grocyn's hearers was the young *Sir Thomas More*, who was later to embody the new spirit in his history of Richard III., and in the *Utopia*. We have thus an illustration of the way in which the New Learning sprung from Italian to Englishman, and from the English scholar to the English writer, thus passing out of the college into the wider sphere of literature. Among this band of reformers was Thomas Linacre, a learned physician; John Colet, who studied the New Testament in the original, and who started a system of popular education by founding in 1510 the Grammar School of St. Paul; Erasmus, the famous Dutch scholar, who taught Greek at Cambridge, and wrote at More's house his *Praise of Folly*.

Printing.

Side by side with the new learning came the new means men had found for its diffusion. William Caxton, who had learned the strange art of printing at Bruges, returned to England in 1476(?), and set up his press at Westminster at "the sign of the Red Pale." Here he published the *Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers* (1477), the first book printed in England. Caxton was no mere tradesman; he was prompted by a deep and unselfish love for literature. His press gave England the best he knew—the poems of Chaucer, the *Morte d'Arthur* of Sir Thomas Malory, a noble book on which Tennyson based his *Idyls of the King*. Our first printer was himself an industrious translator; the favorite of royal and noble patrons of learning. "Many noble and divers gentle men" discussed literary matters with him in his humble workshop; some books he printed under the protection of the King himself; Earl Rivers, the

Queen's brother, a scholar and a pioneer of the "New Learning," was his friend and patron.

The discovery of the new world.

While the touch of Greek beauty and philosophy, restored and immortal after their burial of a thousand years, was thus reanimating Europe, the horizon of the world was suddenly enlarged by a series of great discoveries. In 1486 Diaz discovered the Cape of Good Hope; in 1492 Columbus penetrated the sea of darkness and gave to civilization a new world; and in 1497 Vasco da Gama rounded Africa and made a new path to India. England shared in this fever of exploration, and in 1497 the Cabots, sent by Henry VII., "to subdue land unknown to all Christians," saw the main land of America. We can hardly overestimate the impetus given to the mental life of Europe by such a sudden rush of new ideas. The opportunities for life and action were multiplying; man's familiar earth was expanding on every side. The air was charged with wonder and romance; the imaginations of explorers were alive with the dreams of a poet, and cities shining with gold, or fountains of perpetual youth, were sought for in the excitement of sensation which made the impossible seem a thing of every day.

Copernicus.

In the midst of all the new activity, Copernicus (1500) put forth his theory that, instead of being the center of the universe, round which the whole heavens revolved, the solid earth was but a satellite in motion round the central sun. While this conception, so startling to men's most fundamental notions, was slow to gain general acceptance, it was another element of wonder and of change.

The Church was quickened by the currents of this new life. Men chafed at its corrupt wealth, and narrow mediæval views. The Bible was translated and made the book of the people. Luther, the type of the unfettered,

individual conscience, faced pope and cardinal with his "Here I stand, Martin Luther; I cannot do otherwise: God help me." This mighty upheaval shook England as well as Germany. The year of 1526 saw the introduction of Tyndale's translation of the Bible, and ten years later the policy of Henry VIII. withdrew the Church in England from the headship of the pope.

The Reformation.

Thus England came to share in the diverse activities of the Renaissance, intellectual, maritime, and religious; in the revival of learning, the discovery of the world, and the Reformation. In the fifteenth century, she had absorbed and stored up many vital influences; early in the sixteenth century these slowly accumulated forces, these new emotions and ideas, began to find an outlet in the work of a new class of writers, and we reach the threshold of the Elizabethan era, the time when the Renaissance found utterance in English literature.

Summary.

THE EXPRESSION OF THE NEW LEARNING IN LITERATURE.

The first conspicuous example of the influence of Italy on English verse is found in the poems of *Sir Thomas Wyatt* and of *Henry Howard*, Earl of Surrey. These noblemen belonged to the new class of "Courtly Makers,"* poets of the court circle, in whose brilliant and crowded lives the making of verses was but the graceful and incidental accomplishment of the finished cavalier. Poetry was a court fashion, and Henry VIII., a patron of the new learning, was himself a writer of songs. Both Wyatt and Surrey were translators as well as imitators of the Italian poetry, and

Wyatt and Surrey.

* *Maker* is a poet, one who creates. Poet from Greek ποιήτης, a maker. Troubadour, or *trouvère*, from the French *trouver*, to find; one who invents, or makes.

their effect on literature was even greater than the intrinsic value of their work. They introduced the sonnet, which Petrarch had recently brought to great perfection—almost the only highly artificial poetic form ever successfully transplanted to England. Surrey did even more for the future of English poetry. In his partial translation of Virgil's *Æneid*, he adopted from the Italian the unrhymed ten-syllable measure (iambic pentameter), which we call blank verse. This metre the dramatists of Elizabeth's time thus found ready to their hand. Used in the first English tragedy, the *Gorboduc*, or *Ferrex and Porrex*, of Sackville and Norton (1562), improved by Marlowe and by Shakespeare, it was made the epic verse of English poetry in *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*. But Wyatt and Surrey did more than use Italian metres and poetic forms; they had absorbed, also, the sentiment and thought of Italy, and, in their songs and sonnets, deal with "the complexities of love," and kindred themes, according to the best Italian models. While we may weary of their conventional gamut of sighs and groans, we must think of these Courtly Makers as doing a great work by bringing to English poetry that new Italy which was the fairy godmother of Elizabethan literature. The publication, in 1557, of the work of these two poets, in a collection known as *Tottel's Miscellany of Uncertain Authors*. did much to popularize the new style of writing; and with that year the Elizabethan period may conveniently be said to begin.

Italian Influence.

The extent and importance of Italy's influence in England, whether on education or literature, can be appreciated only by careful study.

"Every breeze was dusty with the golden pollen of Greece, Rome, and of Italy."* Sir Thomas More wrote a life of Pico di Mirandola, a great leader in the new Italian

* Lowell's Essay on Spenser in "Among My Books," p. 149.

culture. In Sackville's *Mirror for Magistrates* (1563), we recognize the influence of Dante, and the *Faerie Queene* of *Edmund Spenser* (1590) is aglow with the warmer and more prodigal beauty of the South, and filled with reminiscences of the romantic poems of Tasso and Ariosto.

Through the example and stimulus of Italy, the literatures of Greece and Rome were made a living element in English culture. Not only did scholars and the fine ladies of the court pore over their Plato in Greek; translators were busily at work making the great classics the common quarry for all who could read the English tongue. During the latter half of the sixteenth and early part of the seventeenth centuries, Virgil's *Æneid*, Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, numbers of Seneca's plays, and Homer, in the famous translation of Chapman, were thus made English literature. The Elizabethan writers delighted in a somewhat ostentatious display of this newly acquired learning, and their works are often filled with classic allusions which we should now consider commonplace. But as a quickening power their effect was incalculable. Shakespeare's use of Sir Thomas North's translation of *Plutarch's Lives*, admirably illustrates the way in which the Translator supplied material for the Author. Out of North's version Shakespeare built his *Julius Cæsar*, *Coriolanus*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and, to some extent, *Timon of Athens*. The literature of Italy was likewise thrown open to the English reader. Harrington translated Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* (1591), Fairfax translated Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered* (1600), while hundreds of Italian stories were circulated in England and became the basis of many a drama.

The Work of the Translators.

ELIZABETHAN ENGLAND.

The thought and imagination of England, thus expanding under the stimulus of the *Renaissance*, found many conditions in the reign of Elizabeth which favored their expression in literature.

In the two preceding reigns much of the national force had been spent in religious controversies. Edward VI. (1547–1553) had forced Protestantism upon a nation not, as a whole, fully prepared to accept it; Mary (1553–1558) with a religious zeal as pathetic as, in our eyes, it was cruel and mistaken, had striven to persecute the people back into Roman Catholicism. In Elizabeth's reign we pass out of the bitterness and confusion of this warfare of religions, into a period of comparative quiet. The religious and political difficulties which beset Elizabeth on her accession in 1558, slowly sank out of sight under her firm and moderate rule. Patience and toleration did much to soften the violence of the religious parties; the fierce fires of martyrdom, which had lit up the terrible reign of Mary, were cold, and the nation, relieved from pressing anxieties, was comparatively free to turn to other issues. The very year in which Shakespeare is supposed to have come up to London to seek his fortune (1587) saw the final removal of a threatened danger by the execution of Mary Queen of Scots.

Freedom from Religious Persecution.

But the reign was more than a period of relief from past struggles or persecution; it was marked by a rapid advance in national prosperity and by a wide-spread increase in the comforts and luxuries of life. Among the people there were many causes of contentment. Improved methods of farming doubled the yield per acre; the domestic manufacture of wool greatly increased, and homespun came into favor. In

Prosperity of the People.

many little ways, by the introduction of chimneys, of feather beds, pillows, and the more general use of glass, the conveniences of living were greatly increased. The sea, as well as the land, yielded a large revenue. Not only did the English fishing boats crowd the Channel, but hardy sailors brought back cod from the Newfoundland banks, or tracked the whale in the vast solitudes of the polar seas.

England was laying the foundations of her future commercial and maritime supremacy. Her trade increased with Flanders and with the ports of the Mediterranean, and her merchant ships pushed to Scandinavia, Archangel, and Guinea. In 1566 Sir Thomas Gresham built the Royal Exchange in London, a hall in which the merchants met as the Venetians in their Rialto. Toward the end of the sixteenth century, the famous East India Company was established.

Growth of Commerce.

With the ease and wealth that sprung from this increasing prosperity, came that delight in beauty, that half-pagan pleasure in the splendid adornments of life, which characterize the Italian Renaissance. Life, no longer shut within the heavy masonry of the feudal castle, ran glittering in the open sunshine. Stately villas were built, with long gable roofs, grotesque carvings, and shining oriels, and surrounded with the pleached walks, the terraces, the statuary, and the fountains of an Italian garden.

The Splendor of Life.

The passion for color showed itself among the wealthier classes in a lavish magnificence and eccentricity of costume. The young dandy went "perfumed like a milliner,"* and often affected the fashions of Italy as the Anglo-maniac of our own day apes those of England. In its luxury of delight in life and color, the nation bedecked itself

Dress.

* "King Henry IV.," act i. sc. 3.

"With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With cuffs, and ruffs, and farthingales, and things,
With scarfs and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all that knavery."*

Moralists and Puritans bitterly denounced the extravagance and absurdities of the rapidly changing fashions. "Except it were a dog in a doublet," writes an author of the time, "you shall not see any so disguised as are my countrymen of England."† But ridicule and reproof were alike powerless to check the nation's holiday mood. Men put off their more sober garments to rustle in silks and satins, to sparkle with jewels; they were gorgeous in laces and velvets, they glittered with chains and brooches of gold, they gladly suffered themselves to be tormented by huge ruffs, stiff with the newly discovered vanity of starch.

Shakespeare, whom we cannot imagine over-precise, is fond of showing such fashionable vanities in an unfavorable light, and from more than one passage we may suppose him to have felt an intense, country-bred dislike for painted faces and false hair. On the other hand, when we read his famous description of Cleopatra in her barge, we appreciate how all this glow of color appealed to and satisfied the imagination of the time.‡ The same spirit showed itself in the costly banquets, in the showy pageants or street processions, with their elaborate scenery and allegorical characters, in the revels like those with which Queen Elizabeth was received at Kenilworth (1575), in the spectacular entertainment of the mask, a performance in which poet, musician, and—as we should say—the stage manager, worked together to delight

* "Taming of the Shrew," act iv. sc. 3.
† Harrison's "Elizabethan England" (Camelot Series, p. 108).
‡ "Antony and Cleopatra," act ii. sc. 2.

mind, eye, and ear. Milton has this splendor in mind when he writes:

> "There let Hymen oft appear
> In saffron robe, with taper clear,
> In pomp, and feast, and revelry,
> With mask and antique pageantry,
> Such sights as youthful poets dream
> On summer eves by haunted stream." *

But the Elizabethan passion for dress and ornament is but a surface indication of the immense delight in life which characterizes the time. If we would appreciate the vital spirit of this crowded and bewildering age, we must feel the rush of its superb and irrepressible energy, pouring itself out through countless channels. England was like a youth first come to the full knowledge of his strength, rejoicing as a giant to run his course, and determined to do, to see, to know, to enjoy to the full. The fever of adventure burned in her veins; Drake sailed round the world (1577–1580); the tiny ships of Hawkins, Frobisher, Gilbert, and the rest parted the distant waters of unplowed seas. The buccaneers plundered and fought with the zest and unwearied vigor of the Viking. When Sir Walter Raleigh was taken prisoner in 1603, he is said to have been decked with four thousand pounds' worth of jewels; yet courtier and fine gentleman as he was, he could face peril, hunger, and privation, in the untracked solitudes of the New World. With an insatiable and many-sided capacity for life typical of his time, Raleigh wrote poetry, boarded Spanish galleons, explored the wilderness, and produced in his old age a huge *History of the World*. In their full confidence of power, men carried on vast literary undertakings, like Sidney's *Arcadia*, Drayton's *Poly-*

Elizabethan Delight in Life.

* "L'Allegro."

olbion, or Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, the magnitude of which would have daunted a less vigorous generation, Nothing wearied, nothing fatigued them; like Raleigh, they could "toil terribly." The young Francis Bacon —lawyer, philosopher, and courtier—wrote to Cecil with an inimitable audacity: "I have taken all knowledge to be my province."

National Pride.

And all this young life, with its varied spheres of action, was still further quickened by a deep national pride in the growing greatness of England, and by a feeling of chivalric loyalty to the Queen. Religious differences gave way before a common bond of patriotism. The men that faced "the Great Armada" were united by a common hatred of Spain, a common devotion to England and to her Queen. The destruction of this huge armament made every English heart beat with a new pride of country, that became a moving power in the literature of the time. We feel the exultant thrill of this triumph in those stirring words in Shakespeare's *King John:*

> "This England never did nor never shall
> Lie at the proud feet of a conqueror,
> But when it first did help to wound itself.
> Now these her princes are come home again,
> Come with three corners of the world in arms.
> And we shall shock them, naught shall make us rue,
> If England to herself do but rest true."*

Loyalty to the Queen.

And the centre of this new nationality was the Queen. Capricious, vain, and fickle as Elizabeth was, she awakened a devoted loyalty denied to the gloomy and relentless Mary, or to the timorous and ungainly James. She had a quick and practical sympathy with the new intellectual and literary activities of her time. The first regular tragedy was

* "King John," act v. sc. 7.

produced before her, and her interest helped the development of the struggling drama.

"The versatility and many-sidedness of her mind enabled her to understand every phase of the intellectual movement about her, and to fix by a sort of instinct on its highest representative."*

As we review the achievements of Elizabethan England, we can see that the same magnificent energy which makes England prosperous at home and triumphant upon the seas, is the motive power back of the greatest creative period of her literature. Looking at this great time as a whole, we must see England as "a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep and shaking her invincible locks —as an eagle mewing her mighty youth and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam."† Elizabethan literature is but one outlet for this imperious energy; it is the new feeling for life that creates the drama as well as discovers kingdoms far away. This is indeed the Renaissance—the re-birth.

Summary.

EDMUND SPENSER.

Edmund Spenser was born in London about 1552. There is some dispute as to his parentage, but he appears to have belonged to a respectable Lancashire family. After attending the Merchant Taylor's school in London, he went to Pembroke College, Cambridge, as a sizar, or free scholar, in 1569. His first published poems, translations from Du Bellay and Petrarch, appeared in the same year in a poetical miscellany called *The Theatre for Worldlings*. The work is smooth and creditable, but the especial value of the poem is its indication of Spenser's early interest in the French and Italian literature.

* Green's "History of the English People," ii. p. 319.

† Milton's "Areopagitica."

While at college Spenser became acquainted with Gabriel Harvey, who figures in the literary history of the time as a learned, if somewhat formal and narrow-minded critic, deeply interested in the development of English poetry. Spenser left Cambridge after taking his master's degree, in 1576, and spent two years in the north, probably with his kinsfolk in Lancashire. Shortly before 1579 he became acquainted with Sir Philip Sidney, the mirror and pattern of the English gentleman of the time, then a young man of about Spenser's age. Tradition has it that Spenser wrote his *Shepherd's Calendar* during a stay at Penshurst, Sidney's country place. The poem received immediate recognition as a work which marked the coming of a new and original poet. It is an Eclogue, or pastoral poem, in twelve books, one for each month. Spenser weaves into its dialogue some of his recent country experiences, including his unsuccessful suit of a lady he calls "Rosalind." He asserts his Puritanism, condemns the laziness of the clergy, and pays the customary tribute to the vanity of the Queen. In Elizabeth's time the great avenue to success was through the royal favor, and Spenser tried to push his fortunes at court through his friend Sidney and the Earl of Leicester. Sidney was out of the Queen's good graces, and had left in disgust to weave the airy tissue of his *Arcadia*.

Leicester had Spenser appointed secretary to Lord Grey, the new deputy to Ireland, and in 1580 the young poet left the brilliant England of Elizabeth, with its gathering intellectual forces, for a barbarous and rebellious colony. In this lawless and miserable country he spent the rest of his life, except for brief visits to England; "banished," as he bitterly writes, "like wight forlorn, into that waste where *he* was quite forgot."

Lord Grey was recalled in 1582, but Spenser remained in Dublin about six years longer as clerk in the Chancery

Court. We find an unintentional irony in the fact that the former incumbent, from whom Spenser purchased the post, a certain Ludovic Briskett, wished to "retire to the quietness of study." Spenser was rewarded for his services by a gift of the castle of Kilcolman, part of the forfeited estate of the Desmonds. There Sir Walter Raleigh found him

"Amongst the cooly shade
Of the green alders of the Mullae's shore," *

and heard from the poet's own lips the first three books of his masterpiece, the *Faerie Queene*. Raleigh, with great and generous admiration, prevailed upon Spenser to accompany him to London, where the first installment of the *Faerie Queene* appeared in the same year (1590). Spenser remained in London about a year, learning the miseries of a suitor for princes' favors, and then returned in bitter indignation to his provincial seclusion. Here, in 1594, he married Elizabeth Boyer, "an Irish country lass," and paid her a poet's tribute in his *Amoretti*, or love sonnets, and in the splendid *Epithalamion*, or marriage hymn, a poem filled with a rich and noble music. Here also, besides writing certain minor poems, he completed six of the twelve books that were to make up the first part of the *Faerie Queene*. About 1595 Spenser again visited London, and in the following year published his *Prothalamion*, or song before marriage. Apart from its poetical value, this poem has a personal interest. Through it we are able to determine Spenser's birthplace, for he speaks of London as

"My most kindly nurse,
That to me gave this life's first native source."

From it, too, it would appear that he was again an unsuccessful suitor at court. Spenser returned to Ireland

* "Colin Clout Come Home Again,"—read this entire passage, beginning line 56.

in 1598, having been appointed sheriff of Cork. Shortly after, his house was burned and plundered in the rebellion of Tyrone. Spenser barely escaped with his wife and children. He soon afterward went to London as bearer of dispatches. Here he died a few weeks later (January 16, 1599) in a lodging house, a ruined and broken-hearted man. Ben Jonson wrote: "He died for lack of bread in King Street, and refused twenty pieces sent to him by my Lord of Essex, saying that he had no time to spend them."

Spenser stands alone, the one supremely great undramatic poet of a play-writing time. In his youth he had, indeed, composed nine comedies, now lost, but the quality of his genius was apart from the dramatic temper of his greatest poetical contemporaries. With a wonderful richness and fluency of poetic utterance, with the painter's feeling for color, and the musician's ear for melody, Spenser lacked the sense of humor, the firm grasp of actual life, indispensable to the successful dramatist. From one aspect, Spenser's work expresses the spirit and deals with the problems of his time. In the *Faerie Queene*, the struggle of the Church of England with the Church of Rome, a vital issue for Elizabeth and her people, is imaged by the opposing figures of the saintly Una and the foul and dissembling Duessa: what Spenser deemed the righteous severity of Lord Grey's Irish administration is symbolized by Artegal, the knightly personification of Justice. But while current events or questions are thus introduced under the thin veil of allegory, while from time to time we catch the more or less distorted image of some great contemporary, Mary Queen of Scots or Sir Philip Sidney, from another aspect the *Faerie Queene* impresses us as remote from the substantial world of fact, enveloped in an enchanted atmosphere peculiarly its own. In its visionary pages

Spenser as a Poet.

Spenser revives a fading chivalry, clothing it in fantastic but beautiful hues, at a time when the author of *Don Quixote* was about to ridicule its decaying glories with his melancholy scorn. Yet unreal and luxurious as the *Faerie Queene* may seem, Spenser had in it a distinctly practical and moral object. Under the mask of allegory he aimed to show the earthly warfare between good and evil, representing the contending virtues and vices by the different personages of the story. The general object of the poem was to "fashion a perfect gentleman," by showing the beauty of goodness and its final triumph. But this moral purpose, overlaid with lavish color and confused by minor or conflicting allegories, is often lost sight of by the reader; sometimes, we are inclined to think, by the poet himself. We are rather led to enjoy without question the beauty which delights the eye, or the rhythmical undulations of a verse which satisfies the ear. Moral purpose and allegory are alike obscured by the intricacies of a story, which, as we advance, reminds us of a river scattering its divided forces through countless channels, until it ends choked in sand. But the imperishable charm of the poem is independent of its story or of its declared purpose. No poet before Spenser had called out such sweet and stately music from our English speech, and none had so captivated by an appeal to the pure sense of beauty. Spenser was a high-minded Englishman, a student of the ideal philosophy of Plato, with a touch of Puritan severity; but he had, above all, the warm and beauty-loving temper of the Renaissance. In his solitary Kilcolman, amidst the insecurity, pillage, and misery of unhappy Ireland, he felt the full fascination of Italy, an alluring southern magic which to Ascham seemed like "the enchantments of the Circes." In the *Faerie Queene*, the half-pagan and gorgeous beauty of the Italian Renaissance finds its most

perfect expression in English poetry, modified and restrained by Spenser's serenity and spirituality and by his English conscience. With him we are not, as with Chaucer, admitted to the mirth and jolly fellowship of the common highway; rather, like Tennyson's *Lady of Shalott* in her high tower, we see in a glass only the passing reflection of knight and page. There are moods when this rests and satisfies; then again we look down to Camelot at life itself, and the mirror cracks from side to side.

PROTHALAMION.

I.

Calme was the day, and through the trembling ayre
Sweete breathing Zephyrus did softly play,
A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
Hot Titans beames, which then did glyster fayre;
When I, whom sullein care,
Through discontent of my long fruitlesse stay
In Princes Court, and expectation vayne
Of idle hopes, which still doe fly away,
Like empty shaddowes, did afflict my brayne,
Walkt forth to ease my payne
Along the shoare of silver streaming Themmes;
Whose rutty Bancke, the which his River hemmes,
Was paynted all with variable flowers,
And all the meades adorned with daintie gemmes,
Fit to decke maydens bowres,
And crowne their Paramours
Against the Brydale day, which is not long:
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

II.

There, in a Meadow, by the River's side,
A Flocke of Nymphes I chaunced to espy,
All lovely Daughters of the Flood thereby,
With goodly greenish locks, all loose untyde,
As each had bene a Bryde;
And each one had a little wicker basket,
Made of fine twigs, entrayled curiously,
In which they gathered flowers to fill their flasket,

And with fine fingers cropt full feateously
The tender stalkes on hye.
Of every sort, which in that Meadow grew,
They gathered some; the Violet, pallid blew,
The little Dazie that at evening closes,
The virgin Lillie, and the Primrose trew,
With store of vermeil Roses,
Te deck their Bridegroomes posies
Against the Brydale day, which was not long:
Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

III.

With that I saw two Swannes of goodly hewe
Come softly swimming downe along the Lee;
Two fairer Birds I yet did never see:
The snow, which doth the top of Pindus strew,
Did never whiter shew,
Nor Jove himselfe, when he a Swan would be
For love of Leda, whiter did appeare;
Yet Leda was, they say, as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing neare:
So purely white they were,
That even the gentle streame, the which them bare,
Seem'd foule to them, and bad his billowes spare
To wet their silken feathers, least they might
Soyle their fayre plumes with water not so fayre,
And marre their beauties bright,
That shone as heaven's light,
Against their Brydale day, which was not long:
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

IV.

Eftsoones the Nymphes, which now had Flowers their fill,
Ran all in haste to see that silver brood,
As they came floating on the christal Flood;
Whom when they sawe, they stood amazed still,
Their wondering eyes to fill:
Them seem'd they never saw a sight so fayre,
Of Fowles, so lovely, that they sure did deeme
Them heavenly borne, or to be that same payre
Which through the Skie draw Venus silver teeme;
For sure they did not seeme
To be begot of any earthly Seede.

But rather Angels, or of Angels breede:
Yet were they bred of Somers-heat, they say,
In sweetest Season, when each flower and weede
The earth did fresh aray;
So fresh they seem'd as day,
Even as their Brydale day, which was not long:
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

V.

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew
Great store of Flowers, the honour of the field,
That to the sense did fragrant odours yield,
All which upon those goodly Birds they threw,
And all the Waves did strew,
That like old Peneus Waters they did seeme,
When downe along by pleasant Tempes shore,
Scattered with flowres, through Thessaly they streeme,
That they appeare, through Lillies plenteous store,
Like a Brydes chamber flore.
Two of those Nymphes, meane while, two Garlands bound
Of freshest Flowres which in that Mead they found,
The which presenting all in trim array,
Their snowie foreheads therewithall they crown'd,
Whilst one did sing this Lay,
Prepar'd against that day,
Against their Brydale day, which was not long:
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

VI.

"Ye gentle Birdes, the world's faire ornament,
And heavens glorie, whom this happie hower
Doth leade unto your lovers blissfull bower,
Joy may you have, and gentle hearts content
Of your loves couplement!
And let faire Venus, that is Queene of love,
With her heart-quelling Sonne upon you smile,
Whose smile, they say, hath vertue to remove
All loves dislike, and friendships faultie guile
Forever to assoile.
Let endlesse Peace your steadfast hearts accord,
And blessed Plentie wait upon you(r) bord;
And let your bed with pleasures chast abound,
That fruitfull issue may to you afford,

Which may your foes confound,
And make your joyes redound
Upon your Brydale day, which is not long:
Sweete Themmes! runne softlie, till I end my song."

VII.

So ended she; and all the rest around
To her redoubled that her undersong,
Which said, their bridale daye should not be long:
And gentle Eccho, from the neighbor ground
Their accents did resound.
So forth those joyous Birdes did passe along
Adowne the Lee, that to them murmurde low,
As he would speake, but that he lackt a tong,
Yet did by signes his glad affection show,
Making his streame run slow:
And all the foule which in his flood did dwell
Gan flock about these twaine, that did excell
The rest, so far as Cynthia doth shend
The lesser starres. So they, enranged well,
Did on those two attend,
And their best service lend
Against their wedding day, which was not long:
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

VIII.

At length they all to mery London came,
To mery London, my most kyndly Nurse,
That to me gave this Lifes first native sourse,
Though from another place I take my name,
An house of auncient fame.
There when they came, whereas those bricky towres
The which on Themmes brode aged backe doe ryde,
Where now the studious Lawyers have their bowers:
There whylome wont the Templer Knights to byde,
Till they decayd through pride;
Next whereunto there standes a stately place,
Where oft I gayned giftes and goodly grace
Of that great Lord, which therein wont to dwell;
Whose want too well now feels my freendles case:
But ah! here fits not well
Olde woes, but joyes, to tell

Against the Brydale daye, which is not long:
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

IX.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble Peer,
Great Englands glory, and the Worlds wide wonder,
Whose dreadfull name late through all Spaine did thunder,
And Hercules two pillors standing neere
Did make to quake and feare.
Faire branch of Honour, flower of Chevalrie!
That fillest England with thy triumphes fame,
Joy have thou of thy noble victorie,
And endlesse happinesse of thine owne name
That promiseth the same.
That through thy prowesse, and victorious armes,
Thy country may be freed from forraine harmes,
And great Elisaes glorious name may ring
Through al the world, fil'd with thy wide alarmes,
Which some brave muse may sing
To ages following,
Upon the Brydale day, which is not long
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

X.

From those high Towers this noble Lord issuing,
Like radiant Hesper, when his golden hayre
In th' Ocean billowes he hath bathed fayre,
Descended to the Rivers open vewing,
With a great traine ensuing.
Above the rest were goodly to bee seene
Two gentle Knights of lovely face and feature,
Beseeming well the bower of any Queene,
With gifts of wit, and ornaments of nature,
Fit for so goodly stature,
That like the Twins of Jove they seemed in sight,
Which decke the Bauldricke of the Heavens bright:
They two, forth pacing to the Rivers side,
Receiv'd those two faire Brides, their Loves delight;
Which at th' appointed tyde,
Each one did make his Bryde
Against their Brydale day, which is not long:
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song

THE ENGLISH DRAMA BEFORE SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare is so much a part of our English civilization, we accept his gift to us so easily, and are so familiar with his greatness, that it is well to remind ourselves of his place as the King of all literature. Thomas Carlyle wrote of him: "I think the best judgment, not of this country only, but of Europe at large, is pointing to the conclusion that Shakespeare is the chief of all poets hitherto; the greatest intellect who, in our recorded world, has left a record of himself in the way of literature;" * and Emerson says, speaking for our own branch of the English people: "Of all books dependent upon their intrinsic excellence, Shakespeare is the one book of the world. . . Out of the circle of religious books, I set Shakespeare as the one unparalleled mind."† Criticism cannot explain how, or why, the country-bred son of a Warwickshire wool-dealer should have possessed this supreme gift; it is the miracle of genius; but we can partly understand how surrounding conditions favored the expression of Shakespeare's genius through a dramatic form. It is beyond our philosophy to analyze the nature of the mysterious force shut within a seed, although we may appreciate the conditions which help its development. Let us look at Shakespeare in the light of some of those surroundings in which his genius worked.

The Elizabethan Drama.

Shakespeare did not create that dramatic era of which he was the greatest outcome; he availed himself of it. He lived in the midst of one of the world's few great dramatic periods—a period equaled only, if equaled at all, by the greatest epoch in the drama of Greece. The Elizabethan drama was more than a national amuse-

* "Heroes and Hero Worship; The Hero as a Poet."

† "Representative Men; Shakespeare."

ment. More fully than any other form of literary or artistic expression, it interpreted and satisfied the craving of the time for vigorous life and action. The theatre was then, as in classic Greece, a national force, and a means of national education. An immense popular impulse was back of the Elizabethan dramatist. The wooden play-houses were daily filled with turbulent crowds, and scores of playwrights were busy supplying the insatiable public with countless dramas. Shakespeare was sustained by a hearty, if not always discriminating, appreciation; he was stimulated by the fellowship, or rivalry, of a host of competitors.

Shakespeare Part of a Dramatic Period.

At first sight, this dramatic activity may seem to have sprung suddenly into being in answer to a new popular demand. The first regular tragedy was about the time of Shakespeare's birth, and he was twelve years old before the first regularly licensed theatre was erected in England (1576).

The Preparation for the Elizabethan Drama.

But the passion for life and action did not create the Elizabethan drama out of nothing; it rather transformed and adapted to its use a drama which had been established for centuries. This drama, brought into England sometime after the Norman Conquest, had grown out of the need which the Church felt for some means of popular religious instruction. Short scenes, or plays, illustrating some legend of the saints, or Bible story, were acted first by the clergy, and later by the professional players, or by the Guilds. These Miracle plays, as they were called, because they dealt with wonderful, or supernatural, subjects, were popular in England during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and continued to be acted in Shakespeare's time. There were other kinds of plays, of which we need not speak particularly—the Moral play, an allegorical performance, intended to teach some moral

lesson, and the Interlude, a short scene, or dialogue, often played between (*interludo*) the courses at feasts. The earliest Moral play extant dates from the time of Henry VI., but mention is made of some still earlier. Interludes were composed by John Heywood, in Henry VIII.'s reign, and produced at court. The introduction of historical characters among the allegorical personages of the morality play—Riches, Death, Folly, and the like—was an important step towards the regular historical drama.* These early plays, although full of interest for the student, have, as a rule, but little poetic merit. To our modern eyes, they often seem irreverent, and lacking in dignity, but they pleased and instructed a simple-minded and illiterate audience; they cultivated and kept alive a taste for acting, and so prepared the way for a dramatic development under the re-creating touch of the New Learning.

In taking the further step from the Interlude to the more regular dramatic forms, England was helped by the Revival of classical Learning and by the example of Italy. Her first regular comedy, the *Ralph Roister Doister* of Nicholas Udall, 1551, was written in imitation of the Latin comic dramatist, Plautus; her first tragedy, the *Gorboduc, or Ferrex and Porrex*, of Sackville and Norton, while it dealt with a subject in the legendary history of England, followed the style of the Latin tragic poet Seneca. The numerous translations from the latter writer † are a proof of his influence and popularity. But the forces creating a

The Beginning of Regular Drama.

* Bale's "King Johan" is one of the earliest examples of this, but it was probably not printed until 1538, and had little influence. Another early play is the "Conflict of Conscience."

† Between 1559 and 1566, five English authors applied themselves to the task of translating Seneca. Ten of his plays collected and printed together in 1581 remain a monument of the English poets' zeal in studying the Roman pedagogue.

drama in England were too strong and original to make it a mere classic imitation; it might borrow from Rome or Italy, but it had vitality and character of its own.

Among the native forces thus shaping a new drama out of mediæval Miracle plays or classic adaptations, was the intense patriotic pride which, in the days of the Armada, stirred England to more widespread interest in her history, and to a warmer pleasure in the image of her triumphs. The *Chronicle Histories* of England were ransacked for subjects, and her past reviewed in dramas which were the forerunners of Shakespeare's great series of English historical plays. Among the early works of this class are, *The Famous Victories of Henry V.*, acted before 1588, *Sir Thomas More*, about 1590, *The Troublesome Raign of King John*, printed in 1591, and *The New Chronicle History of King Leir and his three daughters, Gonerill, Ragan, and Cordella*, acted two years later (1593). The English historical drama was thus a native growth, brought into being by a genuine national impulse. It helps us to estimate the motive power of this impulse if we turn a moment from the drama to other forms of literature.

Influence of Patriotism on Growth of Drama.

Patriotism while thus molding the drama was giving new life to history and verse. Learned men like Stowe, Harrison, and Hollingshead, were embodying in prose painstaking researches into English history and antiquities. Hollingshead and Harrison's *Description and History of England, Scotland and Ireland* (first edition, 1577), a good example of works of this class, supplied material to Shakespeare for his historical plays. In the same way an enormous quantity of verse draws its inspiration from England and her history. William Warner set forth the history of England from the Deluge to the time of Elizabeth in a much-read poem of ten thousand

lines (*Albion's England*, 1586); Samuel Daniel dealt with English history in his *Barons' Wars* (1596), a poem on the reign of Edward II., and in his *Heroical Epistles* (1598): while later Michael Drayton wrote his splendid ballad *The Battle of Agincourt* and *The Polyolbion* (1613), "my strange herculean toil" he appropriately calls it, a poetical description of England in thirty books containing about one hundred thousand lines. All these writers were bidding the people to

> "Look on England,
> The Empress of the European Isles.
> The mistress of the ocean, her navies
> Putting a girdle round about the world." *

From the historical plays already named we pass easily to a higher order of drama in the *Edward II.*, of Christopher Marlowe, Shakespeare's great predecessor, until we reach the climax of England's patriotic drama in the work of Shakespeare himself.

About 1580, we find the drama rapidly taking form in London through the work of a group of rising dramatists, many of whom brought from the universities a tincture of the new learning. Prominent among these were *John Lyly* (b. 1553, d. 1606), the Euphuist, who produced a play before 1584; *Thomas Kyd* (d. about 1595), whose Spanish Tragedy was written in a ranting and extravagant style much ridiculed by Shakespeare and the later dramatists; *George Peele* (b. about 1552, d. about 1597), whose chronicle of Edward I. (1593) holds an important place in the development of the historical drama; *Robert Greene* (b. 1560, d. 1592) who, like many of his fellow playwrights, led a wild and dissipated life, friendless, except in a few ale houses. In his *Honorable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, Greene gives some charming scenes of English country life. The

Shakespeare's Predecessors.

* Massinger, "The Maid of Honor," act i. sc. 1.

name of this unhappy writer will always be associated with his spiteful and jealous reference to Shakespeare as an "upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hyde*, supposes he is as able to bombast out a blanke-verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes factotum, is, in his own conceyt, the only 'Shake-scene' in a countrey."* But, greater than all these in the tragic intensity of his genius and the swelling majesty of his "mighty line," was *Christopher Marlowe* (b. 1564, d. 1593), the immediate forerunner of Shakespeare. When Marlowe began to write, the form of the English drama was still unsettled. Under the influence of its classic models, tragedy was inclined to be stiff, stilted, and formal; while in contrast with the work of the scholarly and somewhat artificial writers, there were rude, popular interludes in jingling rhymes, full of rough, clownish tricks and jests, and without unity and proportion. Marlowe's fine touch did much to reduce this confusion to order. His verse is the finest before Shakespeare, and stormy and riotous as was his life, his work shows the true artist's unselfish devotion to a high and beautiful ideal. Marlowe was a son of a Canterbury shoemaker, and was born two months before Shakespeare. He graduated at Cambridge, and came to London in 1581 to plunge into the vortex of reckless and lawless life that circled round the theatre. Passionate, unquiet, ambitious, Marlowe is spoken of as an atheist and a blasphemer. Before he is thirty he is stabbed with his own dagger in a low tavern at Deptford. The touch of the unknown, which he thirsted for like his own Faustus, stops him in the midst of his doubts, his passionate longings, his defiance, his love-making, and his fame, —and at length he is quiet.

* In his pamphlet, a kind of dying confession, "Greene's Groatsworth of Wit Bought with a Million of Repentance."

Marlowe's earliest play (*Tamburlaine*, First Part before 1587, Second Part 1590) portrays the insatiable thirst for power, the spirit of the typical conqueror longing for "the sweet fruition of an earthly crown." Another of Marlowe's tragedies, *The Jew of Malta*, is generally thought to have furnished Shakespeare with some hints for his Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice*. *Edward II.* drew more firmly the lines of the English historical drama, while *Dr. Faustus*, with its magnificent bursts of poetry, and the accumulating terror of its tragic close, is full of that overmastering longing for the unattainable, which seems to have been the strongest characteristic of Marlowe's restless nature. In these famous lines from *Tamburlaine*, Marlowe himself seems to speak to us :

> "Nature, that framed us of four elements
> Warring within our breast for regiment,
> Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds :
> Our souls whose faculties can comprehend
> The wondrous architecture of the world,
> And measure every wandering planet's course,
> Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
> And always moving as the restless spheres,
> Will us to wear ourselves and never rest."

Plays were acted in England long before any theatres were built. The Miracle plays had been produced on temporary scaffolds, or on a two-storied erection, something like a huge doll's house on wheels, called a *pageant*. The Interludes or the early dramas were often played before the Queen, or before some great noble, on a platform at one end of the huge halls, perhaps at a great banquet or festival. But plays were a popular pastime also, performed in the open air in the court-yards of the Inns ; and these square Inn-yards, overlooked by the galleries or balconies which ran around the

The Theatre.

inclosing walls of the Inn, are supposed to have furnished the model for the regular theatres. The growing delight in play-going seems to have produced a general demand for more permanent and commodious accommodations. One building regularly set apart for the performance of plays is known to have been in use before 1576. In the same year the "Black-friars Theatre" was opened, the first theatre regularly licensed. From this time the play houses rapidly increased, and when Shakespeare came up to London (about 1587) a number were in active operation. Shakespeare's own theatre, "The Globe," built 1593, lay across the Thames from London in the "Bankside," a part of Southwark, close to the river. Other famous theatres of the day were "The Fortune," "The Rose," and "The Curtain," at the last of which Marlowe is known to have acted. The theatres were of two kinds, public and private. The first were large six-sided wooden buildings, roofed over above the stage and thatched, the pit or yard being without shelter from the sun or rain. Galleries ran round the walls, as in the Inn-yards. The stage projected into the pit, which was alive with disorderly crowds who stood on the bare ground, joking, fighting, or shoving to gain the best places.* There was little attempt at scenery. In the old plays we find such significant stage directions as these: "Exit Venus; or, if you can conveniently, let a chair come down from the top of the stage and draw her up."† In more than one place through the Choruses of *Henry V.* Shakespeare seems to be impatient of the slender resources of his stage-setting, as when he asks:

"Can this cock-pit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram

* See Shakespeare's "Henry VIII.," act iii. sc. 3.

† In Green's "Alphonsus"—quoted by Collier. "Annals of the Stage," vol. iii. p. 357.

> Within this wooden O, the very casques,
> That did affright the air at Agincourt? "*

And in the wonderful description that precedes the battle of Agincourt, he complains;

> "And so our scene must to the battle fly;
> Where (O for pity) we shall much disgrace—
> With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
> Right ill-disposed, in brawl ridiculous,—
> The name of Agincourt; yet sit and see,
> Judging true things by what these mockeries be."†

The private theatres were smaller and more comfortable than the public. They had seats in the pit and were entirely under roof. Performances were given by candle or torch light, and the audiences were usually more select. The following description of Mr. Symonds gives us a vivid notion of the performance of a play in Shakespeare's time:

"Let us imagine that the red-lettered play-bill of a new tragedy has been hung out beneath the picture of Dame Fortune [*i. e.*, at "The Fortune" theatre, the great rival of Shakespeare's theatre, "The Globe"]; the flag is flying from the roof, the drums have beaten and the trumpets are sounding for the second time. It is three o'clock upon an afternoon of summer. We pass through the great door, ascend some steps, take our key from the pocket of our trunk-hose and let ourselves into our private room upon the first or lowest tier. We find ourselves in a low, square building, not unlike a circus; smelling of sawdust and the breath of people. The yard below is crowded with simpering mechanics and prentices in greasy leathern jerkins, servants in blue frieze with their masters' badges on their shoulders, boys and grooms elbowing each other for bare standing ground and passing jests on their neighbors. Five or six young men are already seated before the curtain playing

* Chorus to "Henry V.," act i.
† Chorus to act iv.

cards and cracking nuts to while away the time. A boy goes up and down among them offering various qualities of tobacco for sale and furnishing lights for the smokers. The stage itself is strown with rushes; and from the jutting tiled roof of the shadow supported by a couple of stout wooden pillars, carved with satyrs at the top, hangs a curtain of tawny-colored silk. This is drawn when the trumpets have sounded for the third time and an actor in a black velvet mantle with a crown of bays upon his flowing wig, struts forward, bowing to the audience. He is the Prologue.

"The prologue ends.

"The first act now begins. There is nothing but the rudest scenery; a battlemented city wall behind the stage, with a placard hung out upon it, indicating that the scene is Rome. As the play proceeds this figure of a town makes way for some wooden rocks and a couple of trees, to signify the Hyrcanian forest. A damsel wanders alone in the woods, lamenting her sad case. Suddenly a card-board dragon is thrust from the sides upon the stage and she takes to flight. The first act closes with a speech from an old gentleman, clothed in antique robes, whose white beard flows down upon his chest. He is the Chorus. . . . The show concludes with a prayer for the Queen's Majesty uttered by the actors on their knees." *

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

His Youth.

There is on Henley Street, in Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire, an old house, with gabled roof and low-ceilinged rooms, which every year is made the object of thousands of pilgrimages. Here William Shakespeare was born, on or about the 23d day of April, 1564. His father, John Shakespeare, the son of a small farmer in the neighboring village of Snitterfield, added to his regular business of glover, sundry dealings in wool, corn, and hides, and possibly the occu-

* "Shakespeare's Predecessors in the English Drama," by J. A. Symonds, p. 289.

pation of butcher. His mother, Mary Arden, the daughter of a wealthy farmer near Stratford, was connected with one of the oldest and most distinguished families in Warwickshire. The Ardens came of both Norman and Saxon blood, and thus represented "the two great race-elements that have gone to the making of the typical modern Englishman." * The influences about Shakespeare's youth were such as growing genius instinctively appropriates to its use. Then, as now, Warwickshire was full of that abundant and peaceful beauty which has come to represent for us the ideal English landscape. In Shakespeare's day its northern part was overgrown by the great forest of Arden, a bit of primeval woodland like that which we enter in *As You Like It;* while southward of the river Avon, which runs diagonally across the county, stretched an open region of fertile farm land. Here were warm, sunny slopes, gay with those wild-flowers that bloom forever for the world in Shakespeare's verse; low-lying pastures, where meditative cows stand knee-deep in grass, and through which wind the brimming waters of slow-flowing and tranquil streams. Stratford lies in this more southern portion; but in Shakespeare's day the forest of Arden reached to within an easy distance of it for an active youth. Near his native town the young Shakespeare could loiter along country lanes, past hawthorn hedge-rows or orchards white with May, coming now and then on some isolated farmhouse or on the cluster of thatched cottages which marked a tiny village. There was Snitterfield, where he must have gone to visit his grandfather; Shottery, where he wooed and won Anne Hathaway. There, in the midst of this rich midland scenery, was his own Stratford; with its low wood and plaster houses and straggling streets, its mas-

* *Vide* article on "Shakespeare," by J. Spencer Baynes, in Ency. Brit., ninth ed.

sive grammar school, where, as a boy, he conned his Lilly's Latin grammar. A little apart, by the glassy Avon, stood Old Trinity Church, its lofty spire rising above the surrounding elms. There is abundant evidence that Shakespeare loved Warwickshire with a depth of attachment that nothing could alter. These early surroundings entered into and became a permanent part of his life and genius, and his works are full of country sights and sounds. He shows us rural England in such scenes as that of the sheep-shearing in *The Winter's Tale;* he contrasts the free woodland with the court in *As You Like It;* he defines for us the essence of the ideal shepherd's life,* and in many a song, written to be sung in crowded London theatres, his imagination escapes to the fields and flowers of his native Warwickshire.

And Shakespeare's Warwickshire added to natural beauty the charm of local legend and the traditions of a splendid past. Within easy reach of Stratford lay Warwick, with its fine old castle, once the home of the great King-maker of the Wars of the Roses. The whole region was bound by tradition and association to that great civil strife which is one of the chief themes of Shakespeare's plays on English history. Near by was Kenilworth, the castle of Elizabeth's favorite, the Earl of Leicester, where the Queen was received (1575) with those magnificent revels which the boy Shakespeare may have witnessed. Traveling companies of players seem to have visited Stratford during Shakespeare's early years, whose performances he doubtless witnessed. He may even have gazed at the wonders of a Miracle play at Coventry, a town some twenty miles distant, where these plays were frequently produced by the Guilds.

Besides all that he gained from such surroundings and

* Lines beginning "To sit upon a hill," 3 "Henry VI.," act ii. sc. 5.

experiences, Shakespeare had received some instruction at the town grammar school. Here he acquired, or began to acquire, what his learned and somewhat pedantic fellow-dramatist, Ben Jonson, called his "small Latin and less Greek," however much that may have been. In 1578 John Shakespeare, who had been prosperous and respected, began to lose money, and it is generally supposed that, in consequence, Shakespeare was taken from school and put to some employment. We are left to conjecture concerning these years of his life; but we know that in 1582 he married Anne Hathaway, a woman eight years older than himself. A few years later, about 1585 to 1587, Shakespeare left Stratford and went up to London, as so many youthful adventurers are doing and have done, to seek his fortune. If we choose to believe a story which there seems no sufficient cause for entirely disregarding, the immediate reason for this step was Shakespeare's quarrel with a neighboring landed proprietor, Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote Hall. Shakespeare is said to have been brought before this gentleman for deer stealing. "For this," says the original authority for the story, "he was prosecuted by that gentleman (Lucy), as he thought somewhat too severely; and, in order to revenge the ill-usage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him, to that degree that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire for some time and shelter himself in London."* This story is probably not without some foundation; but in any case, Shakespeare's establishment in London is exactly what his circumstances would lead us to expect. In 1585, he had a wife and two children to support, his father's money affairs had gone from bad to worse, and

School.

* Nicholas Rowe, "Life of Shakespeare."

Shakespeare, strong as we may imagine in the hopes and confidence of youth and genius, had every reason to feel provincial Stratford too cramped for his powers.

"The spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes." *

In addition to all this, James and Richard Burbage, two famous actors in the company with which Shakespeare became connected, are supposed to have been Warwickshire men. If this were the case, Shakespeare may have been encouraged by the prospect of their assistance.

When Shakespeare reached London (1587?) the drama was rapidly gaining in popular favor; clever young playwrights were giving it form, and Marlowe had recently produced his *Tamburlaine*. We know nothing of Shakespeare's life during his first few years in London. It is supposed that he studied French and Italian under John Florio, a noted teacher of that time. There is a story that he was first employed at a theatre in holding the horses of those who rode to the play, and that he had a number of boys to assist him. This, however, is generally distrusted. We do know that Shakespeare made a place for himself among the crowd of struggling dramatists, arousing the envy of Greene by his rapid advance in favor; and that by 1592 he was established as a successful actor and author. In some way he seems to have commended himself to the young Earl of Southampton, to whom he dedicated his first poem, the *Venus and Adonis*, in 1593. Shakespeare seems to have begun his work as a dramatist, by adapting and partially re-writing old plays. *Titus Andronicus*, a coarse and brutal tragedy, was probably one of the plays thus touched up by Shakespeare in his prentice

Shakespeare in London.

* "Antony and Cleopatra," act iv. sc. 4.

period. His arrangement of *Henry VI.* (Part I.) was brought out in 1592, and seems to have done much to bring him into notice. Among these earlier plays (written before 1598) were *The Comedy of Errors*, in which Shakespeare joins the imitators of Plautus; *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Love's Labor Lost*, into which many characteristic features of the Italian comedy were introduced; and thus we see that Shakespeare, like the other dramatists of his time, turned at the very outset to classic models and contemporary Italy. Prof. Dowden points out that certain characters and situations in this last-mentioned play were used again in a modified form in the later Italian study, *The Merchant of Venice.* The poetic fantasie of *The Midsummer Night's Dream* also belongs to this period. But Shakespeare, also, shared in the intense patriotism of the time; in 1593 he produced *Richard II.*, and the other plays of his great historical series followed in rapid succession. At Christmas of this year Shakespeare is known to have acted with Burbage and the other members of the Lord Chamberlain's company before Queen Elizabeth. Everything indicates that, so far as his worldly affairs were concerned, Shakespeare steadily prospered. In these active and hard-working years, he grew in fortune as well as in reputation; he showed himself practical and capable, a man of business as well as a transcendent genius, and, by his character, he won the love and respect of his fellows. By 1597 he was able to buy a home for himself in his beloved Stratford. In 1599 he was one of the proprietors of the "Globe Theatre," built in that year. In 1606 a further purchase of one hundred and seven acres of land at Stratford is made by William Shakespeare, *Gentleman.* Thus, while he is adding to the treasures of the world's literature, the thoughts and ambitions of this country-bred Shakespeare seem to return and centre about the Stratford of his youth.

Up to this time, Shakespeare's success had been in comedy and in the historical drama. He had, indeed, written *Romeo and Juliet*, that rapturous and romantic tragedy of ill-fated love, and, in scattered passages, had given hints of his power to sound the depths of yet profounder passion. In 1601, he began, in *Julius Cæsar*, the great series of plays which rank him among the supreme tragic poets of the world. In play after play, he now turns from the humorous and gayer side of life, to face its most terrible questions, to reveal to us the very depths of human weakness, agony, and crime. Some think that these great tragedies were written out of the suffering and bitterness of Shakespeare's own experience; that, through the loss or treachery of friends, or some other personal sorrow, life at this time grew dark and difficult for him. Whatever griefs gave him this insight, it is certain that he somehow gained the knowledge for which even genius must pay the price of suffering. Shakespeare exhibits in the plays of this period a full understanding of the darkest aspects of life. Here is shown us sin, the hideous ulcer at the heart of life, poisoning its very source, degrading souls, and bringing with it a train of miseries which confound alike the innocent and the guilty.

In *Macbeth* we are present at the ruin of a soul, standing irresolute at the brink of the first crime and then hurrying recklessly from guilt to guilt; in *Othello* we see the helplessness of a "noble nature" in the hands of fiendish ingenuity and malice; Ophelia, the "fair rose of May," and Hamlet, perish with the guilty King and Queen; the outcast Lear, "more sinned against than sinning," and the spotless Cordelia fall victims to a monstrous wickedness

"Not the first
Who with best meaning have incurred the worst."

To Chaucer's shrewd eye and sunny good humor, Shakespeare added the sublime depth and earnestness of a far rarer and richer nature. If he was tolerant, like Chaucer, it was not because he was capable of an easy indifference, or "peyned him not eche crokked to redresse"; it was because, knowing the worst of life, he could yet accept it with cheerfulness and hope. For Shakespeare always shows us that high endeavors, greatness, and innocence, cannot really fail so long as they remain true to themselves, because they are their own exceeding great reward. It is enough that Brutus was "the noblest Roman of them all," though he lie dead for a lost cause under the gaze of the conquering Octavius. Worldly success may mean spiritual ruin; worldly ruin spiritual success. Shakespeare does not explain the dark riddle of life; he does say with unequaled earnestness, "Woe unto them that call darkness light and light darkness, that put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter."

Toward the close of his life, Shakespeare passed in his art out of this tragic mood, to write some of the loveliest of his comedies, with undiminished freshness and creative vigor. The imagination which at the beginning of Shakespeare's work budded forth in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, the fairy land of Oberon and Titania, gives being to the dainty Spirit Ariel, speeding at the command of Prospero, or cradled in the bell of the cowslip; while, in the *Winter's Tale*, the stress of tragedy over, we can fancy ourselves back again in Warwickshire with Shakespeare, breathing its country odors and gazing on the

> "daffodils,
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty."*

As Shakespeare's fortune and engagements permitted him, he seems to have spent more and more time in his

* "Winter's Tale," act iv. sc. 3.

native place; and he appears to have returned there about 1610 or 1612. He had said his last to the world; for a few silent years, that appeal profoundly to our imaginative interest, he lived in the midst of the scenes and associations of his boyhood, and then, on the 23d of April, 1616, the fifty-second anniversary, it is supposed, of his birth, he closed his eyes on the world.

Retirement of Stratford.

Shakespeare speaks to all times and nations for the English nature and genius. He gathers and sums up the best that has gone before him—the Celtic wit, fancy, and deftness; the Teutonic solidity and sincerity, its earnestness, morality, and reverence for the unseen. To this capacious nature, drawing its forces from the genius of two races, awakened Italy gives her tribute; and through it the English Renaissance finds its supreme poetic utterance. This man, then, stands for the English people, a king over them for all time. "Here, I say," Carlyle writes, "is an English king, whom no time or chance, Parliament or combination of Parliaments can dethrone! This king, Shakespeare, does not he shine in crowned sovereignty, over us all, as the noblest, gentlest, yet strongest of rallying-signs; indestructible; really more valuable in that point of view than any other means or appliance whatsoever? We can fancy him as radiant aloft over all the Nations of Englishmen a thousand years hence. From Paramatta, from New York, wheresoever, under what sort of parish-constable soever, English men and women are, they will say to one another: 'Yes, this Shakespeare is ours; we produced him, we speak and think by him; we are of one blood and kind with him.'" *

* "The Hero as Poet" in "Heroes and Hero-Worship," by Thomas Carlyle.

TABLE OF SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.

(F. J. Furnival.)

I. PRE-SHAKESPEARIAN GROUP.

Touched by Shakespeare.

Titus Andronicus (1588–90).
1 Henry VI. (1590–91).

II. EARLY COMEDIES.

Love's Labor Lost (1590).
Comedy of Errors (1591).
Two Gentlemen of Verona (1592–93).
Midsummer Night's Dream (1593–94).

III. MARLOWE-SHAKESPEARE GROUP.

Early History.

2 and 3 Henry VI. (1591–92).
Richard III. (1593).

IV. EARLY TRAGEDY.

Romeo and Juliet (? two dates, 1591, 1596–97).

V. MIDDLE HISTORY.

Richard II. (1594).
King John (1595).

VI. MIDDLE COMEDY.

Merchant of Venice (1596).

VII. LATER HISTORY.

History and Comedy United.

1 and 2 Henry IV. (1597–98).
Henry V. (1599).

VIII. LATER COMEDY.

(a) *Rough and Boisterous Comedy.*

Taming of the Shrew (? 1597).
Merry Wives (? 1598).

(b) *Joyous, Refined, Romantic.*

Much Ado about Nothing (1598).
As You Like It (1599).
Twelfth Night (1600–1601).

(c) *Serious, Dark, Ironical.*

All's Well (? 1601–1602).
Measure for Measure (1603).
Troilus and Cressida (? 1603; revised 1607 ?).

IX. MIDDLE TRAGEDY.

Julius Cæsar (1601).
Hamlet (1602).

X. LATER TRAGEDY.

Othello (1604).
Lear (1605).
Macbeth (1606).
Antony and Cleopatra (1607).
Coriolanus (1608).
Timon (1607–1608).

XI. ROMANCES.

Pericles (1608).
Cymbeline (1609).
Tempest (1610).
Winter's Tale (1610–11).

XII. FRAGMENTS.

Two Noble Kinsmen (1612).
Henry VIII. (1612–13).

Poems.

Venus and Adonis (? 1592).
Lucrece (1593–94).
Sonnets (? 1595–1605).

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE—INTRODUCTION.

The Merchant of Venice, one of the most delightful of Shakespeare's comedies, is thought to have been composed between 1594 and 1598. Within these limits Shakespearian scholars differ as to its precise date, but all agree that it was not later than 1598, as mention is made of it in that year.

Date of Composition.

Like Chaucer and many early authors, Shakespeare did not invent his own plots; he freely appropriated whatever story seemed suited to his purpose—an old play, an Italian novel, a story of Boccaccio's, a chronicle of English History, or Plutarch's *Lives of Illustrious Men*. There is a real value in tracing the materials which Shakespeare used. It gives us some hint of the extent and direction of his reading, and it fills us with wonder to see how his genius uses scattered hints or the slight outline of a story, and how his magic wand transforms the ordinary into a something "rich and strange." Doubtless there was more than one reason why Shakespeare relied on others for his plots; but one only need be mentioned. Dr. Furness reminds us of the extreme rapidity with which Shakespeare worked—writing about forty plays in twenty years, or, on an average, one every six months during his entire working career—and then adds: "Thus, driven by the necessity of speed on the one hand, and by anxiety to catch the popular fancy on the other, is it any wonder that Shakespeare never stopped to devise a plot?" *

Sources of the Plot.

The Merchant of Venice is no exception to Shakespeare's general rule in this particular, but the especial source or sources from which he derived his material have been much discussed. It is enough to say here

* Furness Var. Ed. "Merchant of Venice," 289, which see, also, for full discussion of probable date of play and sources of the plot.

that there seems to have been an earlier English play on which Shakespeare's was founded. Either the unknown author of this earlier play, or Shakespeare himself, was largely indebted for the story to an Italian novel, "*Il Pecorone*, of Ser Giovanni. Some think that Shakespeare also used a book of Declamations called *Silvayn's Orator* (1596), which contains a speech about "a Jew who would for his debt have a pound of the flesh of a Christian."

It is important for us to notice that the origin of the story is another reminder of the bond between Renaissance England and Italy. It is, also, proper to add that Shakespeare, or his unknown predecessor, has combined two separate and distinct stories, the story of the Caskets, and that of the Bond given for the pound of flesh.

The Play.

The Merchant of Venice, like so many of Shakespeare's plays, seems surrounded by an atmosphere peculiar to itself. By its very title two things are suggested—*Venice*, and all the magic, beauty, and romance that the name itself stands for and implies; and *Commerce*, that spirit of trade with which the Venetian Republic is forever associated and on which the greatness of the city was built. These two elements, skillfully intermingled, give to the play its characteristic atmosphere or coloring.

The spirit of beauty and sentiment speaks in the charming story, reclaimed from the realm of absolute romance only by the power of Shakespeare's art. To an Elizabethan audience there was a glamour in the Italian background, even in the casual mention of names and places, that came freighted with suggestion. To an Englishman of Shakespeare's day, this Italy of the Renaissance was a region of wonder and inspiration. Its marble palaces, its unmatched and curious treasures of art, its learning, its luxurious magnificence and pagan refine-

ments of pleasure, the warmth of its southern nights, the liquid blue of its southern skies—these things intoxicated the colder and more sober English nature, and bewildered the English conscience. An English traveler of the sixteenth century expresses the feelings of his countrymen when he speaks of Venice as, "this incomparable citie, this rich diadem and most flourishing garland of Christendom." * This is the scene to which Shakespeare brings us; the Venice which

> "Sate in state, throned on her hundred isles.
>
> . . . . .
>
> The pleasant place of all festivity,
> The revel of the earth, the mask of Italy." †

Nowhere in the play does Shakespeare so transport us by this magical spell of Italy as at its close. In the last act there is no note of discord. The stately garden of Portia's mansion, the soft stillness, the full-orbed moon, the touches of sweet music, the ecstatic lovers quickened into the perception of an underlying harmony in the universe and in "immortal souls," the dash of raillery and wit, the vague anticipation of an eternal order, all these things mean to us the grace of a long dead Italian night, until the curtain falls.

But if we are thus made to feel the beauty of Venice, her commercial greatness is, perhaps, even more strongly indicated. This is almost too obvious to require illustration. The note is struck at the very start in the allusion of Salarino to Antonio's argosies. Trade, the lending out of money gratis, the relation of debtor and creditor, the risks of distant traffic, the legal enforcement of a contract—all this purely business element is woven into the airy tissue of a romance. When Salarino declares

* Coryat's "Crudities," vol. ii. p. 76.

† Byron's "Childe Harold," canto iv. It will be well for the student to read the whole of this description.

that the Duke will never uphold the forfeiture of the bond, Antonio, the practical merchant, replies:

> "The Duke cannot deny the course of law;
> For the commodity that strangers have
> With us in Venice, if it be denied,
> Will much impeach the justice of the state;
> Since that the trade and profit of the city
> Consisteth of all nations." *

More is involved in the impartial enforcement of the law than the sympathetic Salarino realizes. The commercial relations of Venice are world-wide; weaken the general confidence in the justice of her tribunals, deny the obligation of a contract, and a blow is struck at the foundations of her supremacy. In such allusions we have the mercantile side of Venice, the city that "once did hold the gorgeous East in fee," whose very site was chosen for security and commerce, on the great trading sea of the mediæval world.

Looking at the play from its commercial side, the central figure for us on the Rialto, "Where merchants most do congregate," is not Antonio but Shylock. Not that Shylock typifies commercial Venice, as Portia seems to sum up and express its beauty and charm, but because in him we have the extreme instance of the money-lender and the money-getter. Indeed, money enters into the play in so many ways, that one critic believes its main object is to "depict the relations of man to property." †

Thus we have Portia the heiress, Bassanio the spend-thrift fortune-hunter, Shylock the usurer and money-lender, and Antonio the borrower, while Jessica and Lorenzo appear as the abstractors of money—to use the gentlest term. Money, our use or abuse of it, does

* Act iii. sc. 3.

† Gervinus, "Shakespeare Commentaries," vol. i. p. 326.

occupy a great place in the play; but we must look elsewhere for the central motive. Shylock's master passion is not the love of money, but the passion for revenge. So far as the play is concerned, this is the main-spring of his action, and he prefers his "weight of carrion flesh" to thirty thousand ducats. He conceives the idea of using the very laws of the state to gratify his hatred of Antonio, and of perpetrating no less a crime than murder, in the open court, and under the cover of legal sanction. According to the view taken in the play, Shylock has a perfect legal right to do this;—a right, it must be remembered, which even Portia does not question. On this Shylock doggedly takes his stand, demanding merely "justice and his bond." On every hand his appeal to justice is met by a counter-appeal for mercy; we are told that "twenty merchants, the Duke himself, and the magnificoes of greatest port," all persuaded with him.*

Salarino begs for *mercy*; Shylock declares "the Duke shall grant me *justice*." † The Duke, using the same argument afterward employed by Portia, asks:

> "How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?"

only to be met by the same answer—

> "What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?"

And a little later, Portia urges the necessity for mercy in her famous plea, and, as she confronts the inexorable Shylock, the spirit of forgiveness and the spirit of revenge, Christian charity and the pharisaical reliance on the technical observance of the letter of the law, stand, as they do throughout the play, in dramatic contrast.

The central thought and dramatic motive of the play seems then to be one quite in keeping with the general tenor of Shakespeare's work, and, we are tempted to sup-

* Act iii. sc.

† Act iii. sc. 3.

pose, with the character of Shakespeare himself. Human weakness requires another law than that of rigid justice. Neither in our heavenly nor our earthly relations dare we "stand upon our bond." Shylock, entrenched in the support of a lower and earthly law, fails to see upon what compulsion he "*must* be merciful." But Shakespeare, through Portia, points to the obligation of the higher law; he tells us that there is something "not nominated in the bond," even charity; the grace of a mutual forbearance without which human life would be literally unlivable. He enforces in his way the parable of the unjust steward, "Shouldst thou not, therefore, have had compassion upon thy fellow servant even as I had pity on thee?"

Shylock is by no means the only offender against this law of charity. His hatred against Antonio has been excited partly by wanton insults and brutality. When Shylock recounts all he had endured, and how Antonio has called him dog, he is met by the taunting answer:

> "I am as like to call thee so again,
> To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too." *

And when after the Christian invocation of mercy in the trial scene, the Duke asks,

> "What mercy can you render him, Antonio?"

Gratiano flippantly interposes,

> "A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake," †

and it may be questioned whether there is not a spice of malice in the apparently liberal terms proposed by Antonio. The play is, therefore, no mere exhibition of the Jew's hatred; it dares to show besides this the shortcomings of the Christian, and to point to all the great lesson of charity.

* Act i. sc. 3. † Act iv. sc. 1.

The strongly opposed characters of Shylock and Portia are the principal figures in the play, around which its interest and action centre, and to which the other personages are strictly and properly subordinated. Antonio is a moping and poor-spirited creature, without energy, without strength enough to hate, or, of course, to love, whose flesh is really worth nothing else but "to bait fish withal." Whatever we may think of Bassanio, there is certainly nothing about him to distract our attention from the central male character of the play.

Characters.

Shakespeare would have us see something more in Shylock than the grasping and revengeful Jew, "incapable of pity, void and empty of any dram of mercy." With a force of character which we sharply contrast with the feebleness of Antonio, with that intellectual superiority which so often characterized the mediæval Jew, he is the despised and ill treated member of a persecuted race, and after the loss of his daughter the very boys of Venice hoot at the old man's heels. Hunter writes: "Had the Jew been able to resent in proper time and with proper impunity, any wrongs that might have been inflicted upon him, his resentment would have had vent, and might have left his heart capable of charity; but he had to endure, without retaliation, injury and insult, time after time, until his heart became hardened as a stone that would whet keenly the knife of vengeance should legal justice ever give him an opportunity of obtaining redress."* Shylock speaks but the truth when he exclaims, "If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge"; and we cannot wonder that to him the logic of his conclusion seems unanswerable. "If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge." But Shakespeare has not given us this

* "New Illustrations of Shakespeare," Rev. James Hunter, p. 15.

tragic figure of Shylock, with its bitterness, avarice, severity, and tenacity of purpose, without a hint of another side to the man's nature of which we know nothing. There is a world of suggestion in his agonized outburst, when that Job's comforter, the "good" Tubal, mentions the fate of the turquoise ring. "Out upon thee, thou torturest me, Tubal; it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor. I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys."* We should not then unthinkingly condemn Shylock; while we cannot excuse him, we should rather regard him as the melancholy consequence of the lack of charity among those who profess and call themselves Christians.

Portia is the centre of the beauty and charm of the play. The inheritor of wealth, not the accumulator of it, surrounded by a golden atmosphere of culture, ease, and splendor, she can give royally. She is perhaps the most intellectual of all Shakespeare's women; she alone rises to the crisis in the trial, while the court, her husband, and Antonio stand helpless. Yet, she puts off nothing of her womanhood when she puts on the lawyer's robe of Bellario's representative.

In our nineteenth century she would have run great risk of being what we call "strong-minded," but, happily for the lovers of Shakespeare's Portia, she lived in other times. A keen, high-bred, witty, charming woman, playful, dignified, and loving; with all she has—happy to commit herself to her husband "to be directed."

* Act. iii. sc. 1.

The Merchant of Venice.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF VENICE.
PRINCE OF MOROCCO, } *Suitors to Portia.*
PRINCE OF ARRAGON, }
ANTONIO, *the Merchant of Venice.*
BASSANIO, *his Friend, Suitor to Portia.*
GRATIANO, } *Friends to Antonio and Bassanio.*
SALANIO, }
SALARINO, }
SALERIO, *a Messenger.*
LORENZO, *in love with Jessica.*
SHYLOCK, *a Jew.*
TUBAL, *a Jew, his Friend.*
LAUNCELOT GOBBO, *Clown, Servant to Shylock, afterwards Servant to Bassanio.*
OLD GOBBO, *Father to Launcelot.*
LEONARDO, *Servant to Bassanio.*
BALTHAZAR, } *Servants to Portia.*
STEPHANO, }
PORTIA, *a rich Heiress.*
NERISSA, *her Waiting-maid.*
JESSICA, *Daughter to Shylock.*
Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants to Portia, and other Attendants.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. A Street.

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

1. *Sooth.*—Means truth; *sooth*sayer, a truthsayer, or prophet. See character of soothsayer in "Julius Cæsar."

1. *Sad.* The sadness of Antonio is made so prominent that some have called it the "keynote" of the play. Dr. Furness points out that the play is a comedy, not a tragedy, as "Hamlet," or "Macbeth," where the keynote is given in the midnight ghost, and the witches, and blasted heath. He finds the explanation in a note of Professor Allen, that "If Antonio were not represented as a melancholy man, and, therefore, *crochety*, he would not have been so extravagantly devoted to a friend, nor would he have signed such a bond." His melancholy is the keynote, not as portending disaster, but as explaining how a merchant and man of affairs could afterwards behave as a "*want-wit*" in signing the Jew's bond.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.
Salan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind,
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me sad.
Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew docked in sand,
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,

8. *Ocean.*—This word is a tri-syllable. In many cases, as in words ending in *tion*, *cion*, the metre indicates that, in Shakespeare's time, both vowels were sounded.

9. *Argosies.*—Merchant vessels. Probably corrupted from "ragusye," a vessel of Ragusa, an old Adriatic seaport with which Venice had an early trade.

10. *Signiors.*—Lords; *seignory*, dominion. So used in Shakespeare. Eng. *sire*, or *sir*.

10. *Burghers.*—Citizens, freemen of a borough.

11. *Pageants.*—In allusion to enormous machines, in the shape of castles, dragons, etc., drawn about the streets in ancient shows and miracle plays; as our floats in street processions. See description in Scott's "Kenilworth," vol. ii. chap. vii.

27. *Andrew.*—The name of his ship. Perhaps from Andrea Doria. See Ency. Brit., 9th ed., vol. vii. p. 366.

28. *Vailing* her high-top, *i. e.*, lowering her mast by tilting over in the sand.

And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing bechanced would make me sad?
But tell not me: I know Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.
Ant. Believe me, no. I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad,
Salar. Why, then you are in love.
Ant. Fie, fie!
Salar. Not in love neither? Then let's say you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh and leap, and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes
And laugh, like parrots at a bag-piper;
And others of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, *and* GRATIANO.

Salan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:
We leave you now with better company.
Salar. I would have stayed till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

50. *Janus.*—He swears by that double-faced divinity who was represented as both laughing and sad. Look up Janus in "Classical Dictionary.' Classical allusions are frequent in the works of Shakespeare and his contemporaries, and illustrate the recent revival of interest in classical studies. The student should look them up as they occur thoughout the play, and find out how and why they are used.

61. *Prevented.*—Used in the old sense of anticipated. How derived?

Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.
Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.
Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?
Salar. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.
[*Exeunt* SALARINO *and* SALANIO.
Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you; but at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.
Bass. I will not fail you.
Gra. You look not well, signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.
Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano:
A stage where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
Gra. Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man whose blood is warm within
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks,—
There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dressed in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!"
O, my Antonio, I do know of these

79. *Fool.*—Not foolish person, but a professional Jester, a character often found in old plays. See the Fool in "Lear," Touchstone in "As You Like it," also Wamba in Scott's "Ivanhoe." The Jester formed a part of the household establishment of kings or nobles.

That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; when, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait
For this fool-gudgeon, this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo.—Fare ye well awhile:
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you, then, till dinner-time.
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried.

[*Exeunt* GRATIANO *and* LORENZO.

Ant. Is that anything now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well, tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promised to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts

104. *Exhortation.*—Perhaps an allusion to a Puritan sermon, too long to be finished before dinner. Slurs upon Puritanism are frequent among the Elizabethan dramatists; See Malvolio in "Twelfth Night." Why was this? How did Puritans regard the stage?

110. *Gear.*—Purpose, matter, affair.

124. *Continuance, i. e.* continuance *of.*

125. *To be abridged.*—Infinitive used as a noun or gerund. Complain *of the abridgement.*

Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.
Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And if it stand as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assured,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlocked to your occasions.
Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advisèd watch
To find the other forth, and by adventuring both,
I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost; but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.
Ant. You know me well, and herein spend but time
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore speak.
Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues. Sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages.
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia:
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;

159. *Prest*, ready, from Lat. *praestus*. Fr. *prêt*.

For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renownèd suitors; and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O, my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth
Try what my credit can in Venice do:
That shall be racked, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is, and I no questions make
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Belmont. A Room in PORTIA'S House.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Por. By the troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are. And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no small happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple. But this reasoning is not in

182. *Presently, i. e.*, immediately—at once.

the fashion to choose me a husband.—O me, the word *choose!* I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father.—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you,) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly but one whom you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them, and as thou namest them I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself.

Ner. Then is there the county Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown, as who should say, "An you will not have me, choose." He hears merry tales and smiles not; I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker: but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neopolitan's, a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a-capering: he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you, then, to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you

225. *Weeping philosopher.*— Who was the weeping philosopher?

will come into the court and swear that I have a poor penny-worth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; but, alas! who can converse with a dumb-show? How oddly he is suited! I think, he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is a little better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket, for, if the devil

244. *Oddly Suited.*—The richer English of Shakespeare's time were fond of extravagant, ill-assorted, and sometimes foreign fashions in dress. Bishop Hall, in one of his satires, says:

> "They naked went; or, clad in ruder hide,
> Or home-spun russet, void of forraine pride:
> But thou canst maske in garish gauderie,
> To suit a foole's far-fetched liverie.
> A French head, joyned to necke Italian,
> Thy thighs from Germaine, and brest from Spain;
> An Englishman in none, a foole in all;
> Many in one, and one in severall."

"These foreign fashions did not escape Shakespeare's ridicule," says Mr. Edwin Goadby. "The Duke of York, in 'Richard II.,' complains that the king is too much engrossed with the

> "Report of fashions in proud Italy,
> Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
> Limps after, in base imitation."

250. *Frenchman.*—What were the relations between the English, French, and Scotch at this time?

be within, and the temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I wish them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company with the Marquess of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so was he called.

Ner. True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The four strangers seek you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco, who brings word the prince his master will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.
Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.—
Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Venice. A public Place.

Enter BASSANIO *and* SHYLOCK.

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—well.
Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.
Shy. For three months,—well.
Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound,—well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Oh, no, no, no, no :—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient : yet his means are in supposition : he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies ; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men : there be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves and water-thieves, I mean pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats ;—I think, I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may ; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork ; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following ; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

311. *Rialto.*—There were three places in Venice called the Rialto—one of the islands on which Venice was built ; the Exchange building built on this island, where merchants transacted their business ; and the bridge connecting the island with St. Mark's quarter. Shylock uses the word as we would say, "I understand upon 'Change." In Coryat's "Crudities," published in 1766, we find, "The first place of Venice that was inhabited is that which they now call the Rialto, which word is derived from *rivus altus*, that is, a deepe river, because the water is deeper there than about the other islands."—Vol. i. p. 201. See also note on line 336.

313. *Squandered.*—Scattered, not wasted. Note the various countries with which Antonio is said to trade, especially Mexico. The discovery of new countries was an important element in the Renaissance ; such references are frequent in Shakespeare and his contemporaries.

323. *Conjured.*—What miracle is here referred to?

Enter ANTONIO.

Bass. This is Signior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian,
But more, for that in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store,
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
Do you desire?—[*To* ANTONIO.] Rest you fair, good signior;
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,

332. *Usance.*—Or usury, meant interest, not, as with us, an illegal rate. Christians considered it wrong to take any interest for the use of money.

336. *Merchants most, etc.*—In Coryat's "Crudities" we find, "The Rialto, which is at the farther side of the bridge as you come from St. Mark's, is a most stately building, being the Exchange of Venice, where the Venetian gentlemen and the merchants doe meete twice a day, betwixt eleven and twelve o'clock in the morning, and between five and six o'clock of the afternoon. This Rialto is of a goodly height, built all with brick, as the palaces are, adorned with many fair walks or open galleries, that I have before mentioned, and it hath a pretty quadrangle court adjoining to it."—Vol. i. pp. 211, 212.

344. *Wealthy.*—The cautious Jew implies that he himself is not wealthy. Note a similar action, probably imitated by Scott, in Isaac's loan to Ivanhoe. "Ivanhoe," vol. i. chap. vi.

I'll break a custom.—Is he yet possessed
How much you would?
Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.
Ant. And for three months.
Shy. I had forgot:—three months; you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and let me see,—But hear you:
Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.
Ant. I do never use it.
Shy. When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's sheep,—
This Jacob from our holy Abram was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third,—
Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?
Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would say
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromised,
That all the eanlings which were streaked and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire,
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.
Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob served for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But swayed and fashioned by the hand of Heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?
Shy. I cannot tell: I make it breed as fast.—
But note me, signior.
Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul producing holy witness
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!
Shy. Three thousand ducats;—'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve;—then let me see the rate.
Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?
Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto, you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;

For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spet upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to then; you come to me, and you say,
"Shylock, we would have moneys": you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
"Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this:—
"Fair sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last;
You spurned me such a day; another time
You called me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys?"
Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spet on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; for when did friendship take
A breed of barren metal of his friends?
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.
Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stained me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me.
This is kind I offer.
Bass. This were kindness.
Shy. This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond, and, in a merry sport,

407. See Introduction to "Merchant of Venice."
419. *Doit.*—A coin of small value.

If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Expressed in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body it pleaseth me.
Ant. Content, in faith: I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.
Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me:
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.
Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months—that's a month before
This bond expires—I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.
Shy. O father Abram! what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealing teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others!—Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.
Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.
Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's,
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you.
Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.
[*Exit* SHYLOCK.
This Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.
Bass. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.
Ant. Come on, in this there can be no dismay;
My ships come home a month before the day.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Belmont. A Room in PORTIA'S House.

Enter the Prince of MOROCCO, *and his Followers;* PORTIA, NERISSA, *and others of her Train. Flourish cornets.*

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowed livery of the burnished sun
To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath feared the valiant; by my love, I swear,
The best regarded virgins of our clime
Have loved it too. I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.
Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing;
But, if my father had not scanted me
And hedged me by his wit to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renownèd prince, then stood as fair
As any comer I have looked on yet,
For my affection.
Mor. Even for that I thank you:
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—
That slew the Sophy and a Persian prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,—
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young suckling cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice

478. *Wit.*—Foresight, wisdom.
485. *Sophy.*—A title given to the Emperor of Persia.

Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand,
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose,—if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage: therefore be advised.

Mor. Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple: after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then,
To make me blest or cursed'st among men!

[*Cornets, and exeunt.*

Scene II.—Venice. A Street.

Enter Launcelot Gobbo.

Laun. Certainly, my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me—"Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot," or "good Gobbo," or "good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away." My conscience says,—"No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo;" or, as aforesaid, "honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels." Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: "Via!" says the fiend; "away!" says the fiend; "for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind," says the fiend, "and run." Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me—"My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,"—or rather an honest woman's son;—well, my conscience says, "Launcelot, budge not." "Budge," says the fiend: "Budge not," says my conscience. "Conscience," say I, "you counsel well;" "fiend," say I, "you counsel well:" to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who (God bless the mark) is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly, the Jew is

the very devil incarnation, and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run.

Enter old GOBBO, *with a basket.*

Gob. Master, young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to Master Jew's?

Laun. [*Aside.*] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father, who, being more than sand-blind, high gravel-blind, knows me not:—I will try confusions with him.

Gob. Master, young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to Master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me, whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young Master Launcelot?—[*Aside.*] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters.—[*To him.*] Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man; and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what a will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you, *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Laun. Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to Fates and Destinies, and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three, and such branches of learning) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day! I know you not, young gentleman; but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy (God rest his soul) alive, or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me; it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. [*Kneels.*] Give me your blessing. Truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may, but in the end truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up. I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that; but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and, I am sure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got; thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem then that Dobbin's tail grows backward. I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord! how art thou changed! How doest thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How gree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service. You may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who indeed gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. —O rare fortune, here comes the man:—to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, *with* LEONARDO, *and other Followers.*

Bass. You may do so, but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters de-

livered, put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit a Servant.*

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy. Wouldst thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man, that would, sir,—as my father shall specify,—

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve—

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire,—as my father shall specify,—

Gob. His master and he (saving your worship's reverence) are scarce cater-cousins,—

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me,—as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,—

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both.—What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well; thou hast obtained thy suit:
Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath preferred thee, if it be preferment
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son.
Take leave of thy old master, and inquire
My lodging out. [*To his Followers.*] Give him a livery
More guarded than his fellows': see it done.

618. *Cater-cousins.*—Word of doubtful origin—meaning cousins in a remote degree.

641. *Guarded.*—Laced—ornamented; the trimming is supposed to *guard* the edge from being worn.

Laun. Father, in.—I cannot get a service, no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well: [*looking on his palm*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune. Go to, here's a simple line of life, here's a small trifle of wives, alas, fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming in for one man: and then, to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed, here are simple 'scapes: well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt* LAUNCELOT *and old* GOBBO.

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this.
These things being bought and orderly bestowed,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteemed acquaintance: hie thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavors shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit.*

Gra. Signior Bassanio,—

Bass. Gratiano.

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtained it.

Gra. You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano:
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;
Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults,
But where thou art not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit, lest, through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,

644. *Table.*—*I. e.*, the palm of his hand where he reads his fortune. Furness, following Allen's note, punctuates this with an exclamation after table, understanding the "which," used like the Latin as a causal relative. The sense then is "for it doth offer to swear," etc.

Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer books in my pocket, look demurely,
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say amen,
Use all the observance of civility
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more.
Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.
Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gage me
By what we do to-night.
Bass. No, that were pity.
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well:
I have some business.
Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest:
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in SHYLOCK'S House.

Enter JESSICA *and* LAUNCELOT.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so:
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee:
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter, do it secretly:
And so farewell; I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.
Laun. Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue.—Most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit: adieu!
Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot.— [*Exit* LAUNCELOT.
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be ashamed to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,

676. *Hat.*—In Shakespeare's time, hats were worn at meals.

If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—The Same. A Street.

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Salan. 'Tis vile unless it may be quaintly ordered,
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock, we have two hours
To furnish us.

Enter LAUNCELOT *with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify. [*Giving a letter.*

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand,
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master, the Jew, to sup to-night with my new master, the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this: tell gentle Jessica I will not fail her, speak it privately: [*Exit* LAUNCELOT.
Go, gentlemen,
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salar. Ay, marry, I'll begone about it straight.

Salan. And so will I.

711. *Torch-bearers.*—Furness, R. & J., p. 55, quotes Stevens: "Westward Hoe, 1607; 'He is just like a torch-bearer to maskers; he wears good cloathes, and is ranked in good company, but he doth nothing.' A torch-bearer seems to have been a constant appendage on every troop of masks. . . Queen Elizabeth's gentlemen pensioners attended her to Cambridge and *held torches* while a play was acted before her in the Chapel of King's College, on a Sunday evening."

Lor. Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.
Salar. 'Tis good we do so.
[*Exeunt* SALARINO *and* SALANIO.
Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?
Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house,
What gold and jewels she is furnished with,
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to Heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake;
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me, peruse this as thou goest:
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—The Same. Before SHYLOCK'S House.

Enter SHYLOCK *and* LAUNCELOT.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio;
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize
As thou hast done with me;—what, Jessica!
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out.—
Why, Jessica, I say!
Laun. Why, Jessica!
Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.
Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me,
I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?
Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:
There are my keys.—But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,

743. *Faithless.*—*I. e.*, unbelieving.

749. *What.*—An exclamation of impatience. "Julius Cæsar," act ii. sc. i.

Look to my house.—I am right loath to go:
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together,—I will not say, you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday last, at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in th' afternoon.

Shy. What, are there masques?—Hear you me, Jessica,
Lock up my doors, and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-necked fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnished faces:
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements,
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go:—Go you before me, sirrah,
Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir.—Mistress, look out at window, for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit.*

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring? ha!

Jes. His words were, "Farewell, mistress"; nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder

769. *Black Monday* is Easter Monday, and was so called on this occasion: "In the year 34th Edw. III., the 14th of April, 1360, and the morrow after Easter Day, King Edwarde with his hoast lay before the citie of Paris, which day was full darke of mist and haile, and so bitter cold that many men died on their horses' backs with the cold; therefore unto this day it hath been called Black Monday."—Stowe's Chronicles, p. 264.

788. *Hagar's offspring.*—"This allusion is very appropriate to the departure of his servant; Hagar having been *bondswoman* to Sarah, the wife of Abraham, and having quitted her, as Launcelot does Shylock, under the supposed grievance of too little indulgence. Gen., chap xvi. verses 1–9."—Farren, p. 24, quoted by Furness.

Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat: drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrowed purse.—Well, Jessica, go in,
Perhaps I will return immediately.
Do as I bid you; shut doors after you:
Fast bind, fast find;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*
Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—The same.

Enter GRATIANO *and* SALARINO, *masqued.*

Gra. This is the penthouse, under which Lorenzo
Desired us to make stand.
Salar. His hour is almost past.
Gra. And it is marvel he outdwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.
Salar. O! ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont
To keep obligèd faith unforfeited!
Gra. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chasèd than enjoyed.
How like a younker or a prodigal
The scarfèd bark puts from her native bay,
Hugged and embracèd by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weathered ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggared by the strumpet wind!

Enter LORENZO.

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo: more of this hereafter.
Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives

I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach ;
Here dwells my father Jew.—Ho, who's within ?

Enter JESSICA *above, in boy's clothes.*

Jes. Who are you ? Tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.
Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.
Jes. Lorenzo, certain ; and my love, indeed,
For who love I so much ? And now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours ?
Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.
Jes. Here, catch this casket : it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange :
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit ;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformèd to a boy.
Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.
Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames ?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
Why 'tis an office of discovery, love,
And I should be obscured.
Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once ;
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stayed for at Bassanio's feast.
Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.
[*Exit from above.*
Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.
Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily ;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her,
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath proved herself ;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placèd in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA.

What, art thou come ?—On, gentlemen ; away !

Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
[*Exit with* JESSICA *and* SALARINO.

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Who's there?
Gra. Signior Antonio?
Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano, where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock, our friends all stay for you:
No masque to-night: the wind is come about,
Bassanio presently will go aboard;
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.
Gra. I am glad on't, I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—Belmont. An Apartment in PORTIA'S House.

Enter PORTIA, *with the Prince of* MOROCCO, *and both their Trains.*

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince:—
Now make your choice.
Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears,
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
The second, silver, which this promise carries,
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
How shall I know if I do choose the right?
Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince:
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.
Mor. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see;—
I will survey the inscriptions back again.
What says this leaden casket?
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
Must give—for what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens. Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross,
I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.
What says the silver with her virgin hue?
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
As much as he deserves?—Pause there, Morocco,

And weigh thy value with an even hand.
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady;
And yet to be afeard of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve!—Why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I strayed no further, but chose here?—
Let's see once more this saying graved in gold:
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
Why, that's the lady: all the world desires her.
From the four corners of the earth they come
To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint.
The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of wild Arabia, are as thoroughfares now
For princes to come view fair Portia.
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits, but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like, that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation
To think so base a thought: it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she's immured,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stampèd in gold, but that's insculped upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed

895 900 905 910 915 920 925

916. *Hyrcanian.*—Rolfe says "Hyrcania was an extensive tract of country southeast of the Caspian Sea." Shakespeare three times mentions the tigers of Hyrcania: "3 Henry VI.," act i. sc. 4; "Macbeth," act iii. sc. 4; "Hamlet," act ii. sc. 2. *Cf.* Virgil's "Æneid," iv. 367.

920. *Insculped.*—"Insculped upon. Graven on the outside. The angel was worth about ten shillings. It had on one side a figure of Michael piercing the dragon,"

Lies all within. Deliver me the key:
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!
Por. There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*
Mor. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll. I'll read the writing.

[*Reads.*] *All that glisters is not gold;*
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd,
"Fare you well, your suit is cold."

Cold, indeed, and labor lost:
Then, farewell, heat, and, welcome, frost:
Portia, adieu, I have too grieved a heart,
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [*Exit.*
Por. A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains; go.
Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—Venice. A Street.

Enter SALARINO *and* SALANIO.

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship, I'm sure, Lorenzo is not.
Salan. The villain Jew with outcries raised the Duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.
Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the Duke was given to understand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica.
Besides, Antonio certified the Duke
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.
Salan. I never heard a passion so confused,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
"My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!

Fled with a Christian!—O my Christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealèd bag, two sealèd bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter!
And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stolen by my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!"
Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.
Salan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.
Salar. Marry, well remembered.
I reasoned with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarrièd
A vessel of our country richly fraught.
I thought upon Antonio when he told me,
And wished in silence that it were not his.
Salan. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.
Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return: he answered—"Do not so;
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love;
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there."
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.
Salan. I think he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embracèd heaviness
With some delight or other.
Salar. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*

996. *Sensible*,—Full of feeling, tender.

SCENE IX.—Belmont. A Room in PORTIA'S House.

Enter NERISSA, *with a Servitor.*

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain straight,
The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Enter the Prince of ARRAGON, PORTIA, *and their Trains. Flourish cornets.*

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contained,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnised;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoined by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I choose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage;
Lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I addressed me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead,
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath:"
You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:—
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
What many men desire:—that many may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach,
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:

1028. *Martlet*—A bird like our swallow. See "Macbeth," act i. sc. 7.

"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeservèd dignity:
O! that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare;
How many be commanded that command;
How much low peasantry would then be gleaned
From the true seed of honour; and how much honour
Picked from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new-varnished! Well, but to my choice:
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
I will assume desert.—Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

[*He opens the silver casket.*

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!
"Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves:"
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend and judge are distinct offices,
And of opposèd natures.

Ar. What is here?

[*Reads*]

The fire seven times tried this,
Seven times tried that judgment is
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss,
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silvered o'er, and so was this:
Take what wife you will to bed
I will ever be your head:
So be gone; you are sped.

1041. *Estates.*—"Not property, but dignity—status." Furness.
1044. *Cover.*—"Wear their hats as masters." Clarendon.

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here :
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.—
Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.

[*Exeunt* ARRAGON *and Train.*

Por. Thus hath the candle singed the moth.
O, these deliberate fools, when they do choose
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy,
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where is my lady ?

Por. Here, what would my lord ?

Mes. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord.
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets,
To wit (besides commends and courteous breath)
Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love :
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee, I am half afeard
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee.
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.
Come, come, Nerissa, for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio lord, Love, if thy will it be !

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Venice. A Street.

Enter SALANIO *and* SALARINO.

Salan. Now, what news on the Rialto ?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there unchecked, that Antonio hath

a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place, a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

Salan. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapped ginger or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio—O, that I had a title good enough to keep his name company——

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Salan. Ha, what sayest thou? Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Salan. Let me say "amen" betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock, what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Salan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damned for it.

Salar. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salan. Out upon it, old carrion, rebels it at these years?

1104. *Narrow seas.*—The English Channel.

1105. *Goodwins.*—Goodwin Sands, off the coast of Kent; see ref. "King John," act v. sc. 5.

1105. *I think they call the place.*—Salarino's doubt about the name is an artistic way of reminding us, first that an Italian, not an Englishman, is speaking: the scene is in Venice; second, of the time covered by the play. Antonio's ship has had time to sail from Venice to England, be wrecked, and the news reported again at Venice.

1109. *Knapped ginger.*—Nibbled ginger.—That gossips, *i. e.*, old women, were fond of ginger may be inferred from "Meas. for Meas.," act iv. sc. 3.—Furness.

Shy. I say my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and rhenish. But tell us, do you hear, whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match; a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that used to come so smug upon the mart: Let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh; what's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal; if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million, laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe, a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt* SALANIO, SALARINO, *and Servant.*

Enter TUBAL.

Shy. How now, Tubal? what news from Genoa? Hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort. The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now: two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so; and I know not what's spent in the search: why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief, and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing: no tears, but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa——

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. ——hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God! I thank God! Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal. Good news, good news:—Ha, ha! . . . hear . . . in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me. I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him: I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor. I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

1180. *Hear.*—Here, in quartos. Furness suggests that Shylock feared to trust the rumor of Antonio's loss referred to in the opening of this scene as having unchecked on the Rialto and which he must have heard. He is too wary to speak of it when talking with Salarino. He accepts it only when reassured to by Tubal, who spoke with the escaped sailors, "*here*," in Genoa."

1200. See Introduction to "Merchant of Venice," p. 113.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue: go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Belmont. A Room in PORTIA'S House.

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, *and Attendants.*

Por. I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two
Before you hazard, for in choosing wrong
I lose your company; therefore, forbear awhile.
There's something tells me, but it is not love,
I would not lose you,—and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality;
But lest you should not understand me well
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought)
I would detain you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right,—but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me:
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'erlooked me, and divided me:
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours. O, these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights;
And so, though yours, not yours;—prove it so,
Let Fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I speak too long; but 'tis to peise the time,
To eke it and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose,
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio: then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

1230. *Peise.*—Stevens says: "From the Fr. *peser*, and therefore means to retard by hanging weights." See "Richard III.," act v. sc. 3, 105; "King John," act ii. sc. 1, 575.

1230. *Rack.*—Hunter notices that in politics and morals Shakespeare is

Bass. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love.
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire as treason and my love.
Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforcèd do speak anything.
Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.
Por. Well then, confess and live.
Bass. Confess and love,
Had been the very sum of my confession:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance:
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.
[*Curtain drawn from before the caskets.*]
Por. Away then, I am locked in one of them,
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.
Let music sound, while he doth make his choice,
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music. That the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream
And watery deathbed for him. He may win;
And what is music then? then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crownèd monarch; such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage.—Now he goes,
With no less presence but with much more love
Than young Alcides when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With blearèd visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit: go, Hercules,
Live thou, I live:—with much, much more dismay,
I view the fight than thou that mak'st the fray.

always on the side of justice and humanity. That while this sentiment would find approval in these times, it would not be agreeable to the public officials of his own day who were then employing torture in the tower of London. He speaks of it as a "bold utterance." See Furness, "Merchant of Venice," p. 138.

A song, the whilst BASSANIO *comments on the caskets to himself.*

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourishèd?
Reply, reply.
It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed, and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies,
Let us all ring fancy's knell:
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.
All. *Ding, dong, bell.*

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves:
The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damnèd error but some sober brow
Will bless it and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who, inward searched, have livers white as milk,
And these assume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crispèd snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
Upon supposèd fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but a guilèd shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,

Bass. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love.
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire as treason and my love.
Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforcèd do speak anything.
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Por. Well then, confess and live.
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To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,

Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence!
Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy!
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstacy,
In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess:
I feel too much thy blessing! make it less,
For fear I surfeit!
Bass. What find I here?
[*Opening the leaden casket.*
Fair Portia's counterfeit. What demigod
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are severed lips
Parted with sugar breath, so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs,
The painter plays the spider and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men
Faster than gnats in cobwebs. But her eyes,
How could he see to do them? having made one
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnished: yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune:

[*Reads.*]
You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true,
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleased with this,

1323. *Counterfeit.*—Meaning likeness. See "Hamlet": "Look here, upon this picture, and on this—the counterfeit presentment of two brothers;" act iii. sc. 4; and also Shakespeare's Sonnet xvi. 8: "Your painted counterfeit."

And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your Lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll.—Fair lady, by your leave,
I come by note, to give and to receive. [*Kissing her.*
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause, and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so,
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirmed, signed, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better, yet for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich;
That, only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractised,
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord. I give them with this ring,
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,

Only my blood speaks to you in my veins,
And there is such confusion in my powers
As after some oration, fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleasèd multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Expressed, and not expressed. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.
Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy. Good joy, my lord and lady!
Gra. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For, I am sure, you can wish none from me,
And, when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you
Even at that time I may be married too.
Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.
Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me one,
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours,—
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You loved, I loved for intermission.
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
For wooing here until I sweat again,
And swearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achieved her mistress.
Por. Is this true, Nerissa?
Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal.
Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?
Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.
Bass. Our feast shall be much honoured in your marriage.
Gra. But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?
What! and my old Venetian friend Salerio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* SALERIO.

Bass. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.
Por. So do I, my lord;
They are entirely welcome.
Lor. I thank your honour.—For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.
Saler. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it.—Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives* BASSANIO *a letter.*
Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.
Saler. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind; his letter there
Will show you his estate. [BASSANIO *reads the letter.*
Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio. What's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.
Saler. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost!
Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead, else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?—
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.
Bass. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper. Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had

Ran in my veins,—I was a gentleman:
And then I told you true, and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you,
My state was nothing, I should then have told you,
That I was worse than nothing; for indeed,
I have engaged myself to a dear friend,
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures failed? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India,
And not one vessel scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?
Saler. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man,
He plies the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the state
If they deny him justice. Twenty merchants,
The Duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him,
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.
Jes. When I was with him I have heard him swear
To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Then twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.
Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?
Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best-conditioned and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom

The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.
Por. What sum owes he the Jew?
Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.
Por. What, no more?
Pay him six thousand and deface the bond:
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First go with me to church, and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
When it is paid, bring your true friend along;
My maid Nerissa, and myself, meantime,
Will live as maids and widows. Come away,
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day.
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—
But let me hear the letter of your friend.
Bass. [*Reads.*] *Sweet Bassanio, My ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low; my bond to the Jew is forfeit, and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.*
Por. O love, despatch all business, and be gone.
Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste; but till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Venice. A Street.

Enter SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO, *and Gaoler.*

Shy. Gaoler, look to him: tell not me of mercy.
This is the fool that lent out money gratis.
Gaoler, look to him.
Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.
Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond.
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.

Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause,
But since I am a dog, beware my fangs.
The Duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.
Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.
Shy. I'll have my bond: I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond: and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking: I will have my bond. [*Exit.*
Salar. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.
Ant. Let him alone:
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know;
I oft delivered from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.
Salar. I am sure, the Duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.
Ant. The Duke cannot deny the course of law:
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state,
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
These griefs and losses have so bated me
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—

1537. *Naughty.*—Rolfe says: "This word was formerly used in a much stronger sense than at present. In 'Much Ado,' v. 2, the villain Borachio is called a 'naughty man,' and Gloster, in 'Lear,' iii. 7, when the cruel Regan plucks his beard, addresses her as 'Naughty Lady!' *Cf.* Proverbs vi. 12; 1 Sam. xvii. 28; James i. 21. Below, v. 1, a 'naughty world,'—a wicked world."

1537. *Fond.*—Foolish, silly. This is the original meaning of the word. See "Lear," act iv. sc. 7: "I am a very foolish fond old man." See Skeat. Etymolog. Dict.

1555. See Introduction to "Merchant of Venice," p. 109.

Well, gaoler, on.—Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Belmont. A Room in PORTIA'S House.

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* BALTHAZAR.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord, your husband,
I know, you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.
Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestowed
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return.
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you,

Lor. Madam, with all my heart
I shall obey you in all fair commands.
Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well till we shall meet again.
Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!
Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.
Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.
[*Exeunt* JESSICA *and* LORENZO.
Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest-true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua: see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;
And look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.
Bal. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.
[*Exit.*
Por. Come on, Nerissa: I have work in hand
That you yet know not of. We'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.
Ner. Shall they see us?
Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two;
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;

1617. *Tranect.*—Rolfe says: "This is the reading of the old editions, but the word occurs nowhere else. It may be a misprint for 'traject,' as Rowe suggested. This would be the English equivalent of the French *trajet* Italian, *traghetto.*" Coryat (Crudities) says: "There are in Venice thirteen ferries or passages, which they commonly call traghetto, where passengers may be transported in a gondola to what part of the city they will. K. thinks the tranect was the tow-boat of the ferry."

And speak between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died,
I could not do withal: then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not killed them.
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—The Same. A Garden.

Enter LAUNCELOT *and* JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore, be of good cheer; for, truly, I think you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. So the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother. Well, you are gone, both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enow before; e'en as many as could well live one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be porkeaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here he comes.

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo, Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth, for, in converting Jews to Christians you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots. Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarreling with occasion? Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows, bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [*Exit.*

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnished like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing. It is very meet
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life,
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, then
In reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,

And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawned with the other, for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.
Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.
Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.
Lor. I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.
Jes. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.
Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.
Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Venice. A Court of Justice.

Enter the DUKE; *the Magnificoes;* ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SALERIO, *and others.*

Duke. What, is Antonio here?
Ant. Ready, so please your grace.
Duke. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
Ant. I have heard
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am armed
To suffer with a quietness of spirit
The very tyranny and rage of his.
Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.
Salar. He's ready at the door. He comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange

Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touched with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never trained
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.
Shy. I have possessed your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats? I'll not answer that,
But, say, it is my humour: is it answered?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answered yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some that are mad if they behold a cat;
Masters of passion, sway it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer.
As there is no firm reason to be rendered,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answered?
Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

1762. *Baned.*—Destroyed, poisoned. A.-S., bana, a murderer; rats-bane, rat poison.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.
Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?
Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.
Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?
Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew.
You may as well go stand upon the beach
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do anything most hard
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart. Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means;
But with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.
Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.
Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them: I would have my bond.
Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?
Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts
Because you bought them:—shall I say to you,
Let them be free; marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be seasoned with such viands? You will answer,
The slaves are ours. So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh which I demand of him
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine, and I will have it.

1799. *How shalt thou hope, etc.*
1800. *What judgment shall I dread, etc.* } Note these two lines carefully.

They express accurately the different feeling of the Christian and the Jew. They not only anticipate the point on which this scene turns, but sum up concisely the central motive of the play. See Introd. p. 110, *supra.*

If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?
Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.
Salar. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.
Duke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger.
Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.
Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me.
You cannot better be employed, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, *dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?
Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace.
[*Presents a letter.*
Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.
Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.
Gra. O, be thou damned, inexorable dog
And for thy life let justice be accused!
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Governed a wolf, who, hanged for human slaughter,

1820. *Padua.*—One of the great Italian universities was at Padua. At first this was exclusively a School of Law.

Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallowed dam
Infused itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starved, and ravenous.
Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.
Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.
Where he is?
Ner. He attendeth here hard by
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.
Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.
Clerk. [*Reads.*] *Your grace shall understand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick; but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio, the merchant; we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion, which, bettered with his own learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation, for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.*
Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

Enter PORTIA *for* BALTHAZAR.

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?
Por. I did, my lord.
Duke. You are welcome; take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?
Por. I am informèd th'roughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?
Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?
Shy. Shylock is my name.
Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.
[*To* ANTONIO.] You stand within his danger, do you not?
Ant. Ay, so he says.
Por. Do you confess the bond?
Ant. I do.
Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed:
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoken thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,

1891. *Strained.*—*I. e.*, mercy is not a matter of compulsion.

1892. *Rain.*—It is sent to *all*, without respect to persons, as impartially as the rain. *Cf.* St. Matt. chap. v. ver. 45: "He maketh His sun to shine on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."

1910. *Justice.*—*Cf.* "Meas. for Meas.," act ii. sc. 2.

"Alas! Alas!
Why all the souls that were were forfeit once
And He that might the 'vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should

Which if thou wilt follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.
Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the Law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?
Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.
Por. It must not be: there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree establishèd;
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.
Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!
Por. I pray you let me look upon the bond.
Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.
Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offered thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven,
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.
Por. Why, this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful:
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid, according to the tenour.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the Law,

But judge you as you are? O think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips
Like man new made."

Same thought incidentally expressed in "Hamlet": "Use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping?"—Act ii. sc. 2.

Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.
Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.
Por. Why then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true. O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.
Shy. Ay, his breast;
So says the bond:—doth it not, noble judge?—
"Nearest his heart:" those are the very words.
Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so expressed; but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it: 'tis not in the bond?
Por. You, merchant, have you anything to say?
Ant. But little; I am armed and well prepared.
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well.
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge

Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.
Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteemed above thy life;
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.
Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by to hear you make the offer.
Gra. I have a wife whom I protest I love:
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.
Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.
Shy. These be the Christian husbands. I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian.
We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.
Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
The Court awards it, and the Law doth give it.
Shy. Most rightful judge!
Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:
The Law allows it, and the Court awards it.
Shy. Most learned judge!—A sentence! come, prepare!
Por. Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.
Gra. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew:—O learned judge!
Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thyself shalt see the Act;
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured,
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gra. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew:—a learned judge!
Shy. I take this offer then; pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.
Bass. Here is the money.
Por. Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice;—soft!—no haste:
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O Jew, an upright judge, a learned judge!
Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less nor more
But just a pound of flesh: if thou takest more
Or less than a just pound,—be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple, nay if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.
Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
Por. He hath refused it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.
Gra. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shy. Why then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.
Por. Tarry, Jew,
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien,
That, by direct or indirect attempts,
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party against the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the State,
And the offender's life lies in the mercy

Of the Duke only, against all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly and directly too,
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant, and thou hast incurred
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.
Gra. Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself;
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the State,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou must be hanged at the State's charge.
Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's:
The other half comes to the general State,
Which humbleness may drive into a fine.
Por. Ay, for the State; not for Antonio.
Shy. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.
Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?—
Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.—
Ant. So please my lord the Duke, and all the Court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it
Upon his death unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more,—that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;

2084. See Introduction to "Merchant of Venice," p. 111.

2093. *Become a Christian.*—In Coryat's "Crudities" we find the following: "For this I understand is the main impediment to their conversion: all their goods are confiscated as soon as they embrace Christianity, and this I heard is the reason, because whereas many of them do raise their fortunes by usury, insomuch that they do not only sheare, but also fleece many a poore Christian's estate by their griping extortions, it is therefore decreed by the Pope and other free Princes in whose territories they live, that they shall make a restitution of all their ill-gotten goods, and so disclogge their soules

The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possessed
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.
Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon, that I late pronouncèd here.
Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?
Shy. I am content.
Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
Shy. I pray you give me leave to go from hence.
I am not well. Send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.
Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.
Gra. In christening thou shalt have two godfathers,
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. [*Exit* SHYLOCK.
Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.
Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon,
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.
Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.
[*Exeunt* DUKE *and his Train.*
Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.
Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.
Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,

and consciences when they are admitted by Holy Baptisme into the bosom of Christ's Church. Seeing then, when their goods are taken from them at their conversion they are left even naked and destitute of their means of maintenance, there are fewer Jewes converted to Christianity in Italy than in any other country in Christendom, whereas in Germany, Poland, and other places the Jewes that are converted (which doth often happen) enjoy their estates as they did before."

2105. *Ten.*—This would make twelve men to hurry him to the gallows—what does that mean?

And therein do account myself well paid:
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me when we meet again:
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.
Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further:
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute
Not as a fee. Grant me two things, I pray you;
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you.
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.
Bass. This ring, good sir? alas, it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this.
Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.
Bass. There's more depends on this than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation:
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.
Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers.
You taught me first to beg, and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answered.
Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife:
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.
Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad-woman,
And know how well I have deserved this ring,
She would not hold out enemy forever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you.
[*Exeunt* PORTIA *and* NERISSA.
Ant. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring:
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandement.
Bass. Go, Gratiano; run and overtake him
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house. Away! make haste.
[*Exit* GRATIANO.

Come, you and I will thither presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont. Come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. A Street.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,
And let him sign it; we'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home.
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en.
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.
Por. That cannot be.
His ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so I pray you, tell him: furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.
Gra. That will I do.
Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.—
[*To* PORTIA.] I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.
Por. [*To* NERISSA.] Thou may'st, I warrant. We shall have old swearing
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them and outswear them too.
[*Aloud.*] Away! make haste: thou know'st where I will tarry.
Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house?
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Belmont. The Avenue to PORTIA'S House.

Enter LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

Lor. The moon shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,

2183. *The moon shines bright.*—After the tragic strains of the fourth act, the key changes, and the play closes peacefully with moonlight, music, and love; this is indicated by the opening words. With quiet and contemplation

And they did make no noise, in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls
And sighed his soul towards the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.
Jes. In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismayed away.
Lor. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love
To come again to Carthage.
Jes. In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.
Lor. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.
Jes. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith
And ne'er a true one.
Lor. In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.
Jes. I would out-night you did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
Steph. A friend.
Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?
Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont; she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

mingles a touch of pathos. All the love stories referred to end unhappily, as though Lorenzo were contrasting his happiness with the trouble of others. Look up the allusions, and find in what plays Shakespeare has treated the stories of Cressid and of Thisbe.

Lor. Who comes with her?
Steph. None but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet returned?
Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!
Lor. Who calls?
Laun. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo, and Mistress Lorenzo? sola, sola!
Lor. Leave holloing, man;—here.
Laun. Sola! where? where?
Lor. Here.
Laun. Tell him, there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news: my master will be here ere morning.
[*Exit.*
Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter; why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air. [*Exit* STEPHANO.
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls:
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn:
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. [*Music.*

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.
Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted: Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA, *at a distance.*

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

2264. *The man that hath no music, etc.*—"All deep things are Song. It seems somehow the very central essence of us, Song; as if all the rest were but wrappages and hulls! The primal element of us; of us, and of all things. The Greeks fabled of Sphere-Harmonies: it was the feeling they had of the inner structure of Nature; that the soul of all her voices and utterances was perfect music. Poetry, therefore, we will call musical Thought. The Poet is he who thinks in that manner. . . . See deep enough, and you see musically; the heart of Nature *being* everywhere music, if you can only reach it."—Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero-Worship—The Hero as Poet." *Cf.* Shylock's attitude toward music and masques, in his directions to Jessica, act ii. lines 772–782.

2271. *Candle.*—Morley thus explains the especial significance of this and the two speeches following. Lorenzo and Jessica are lifted into sympathy with the harmony in the universe and in immortal souls, and earthly music is used as a type of this underlying harmony and associated with it. Earthly music and that inward harmony, closed in by the vesture of decay, is but

Ner. When the moon shone we did not see the candle.
Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters:—Music: hark!
Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.
Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect.
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.
Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.
Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season seasoned are
To their right praise, and true perfection!—
Peace, ho!—the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awaked.
Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceived, of Portia.
Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.
Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.
Por. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they returned?
Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.
Por. Go in, Nerissa;
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;
Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you. [*A tucket sounded.*
Lor. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet.
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.
Por. This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick;

an anticipation, to be lost hereafter as the candle's light in the glory of the moon. "Man's endeavor to establish the kingdom of heaven within him shines royally, till it has blended with, and is lost in, the supreme glories of eternal love." Morley's Introduction to "Merchant of Venice," Cassell's Ed.

It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, *and their Followers.*

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes
If you would walk in absence of the sun.
Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me:
But God sort all! You are welcome home, my lord.
Bass. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend:
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.
Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.
Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.
Gra. [*To* NERISSA.] By yonder moon, I swear, you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?
Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me, whose posy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*
Ner. What talk you of the posy or the value?
You swore to me when I did give it you
That you would wear it till your hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.
Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.
Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.
Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbèd boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;

A prating boy, that begged it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.
Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift:
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands:
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it
Nor pluck it from his finger for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief:
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.
Bass. [*Aside.*] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it.
Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begged it, and, indeed,
Deserved it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begged mine;
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.
Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you received of me.
Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it: it is gone.
Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.
Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.
Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When naught would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.
Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,

You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleased to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:
I'll die for't but some woman had the ring.
Bass. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it; but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begged the ring, the which I did deny him,
And suffered him to go displeased away,
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforced to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady,
For, by these blessèd candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have begged
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.
Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house.
Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you:
I'll not deny him any thing I have.
Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.
Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.
Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforcèd wrong;
And in the hearing of these many friends
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself——
Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one:—swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.
Bass. Nay, but hear me.
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.
Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,

the literature of the early seventeenth century, by their quaintness, or majesty of style. Out of this wide range we will select one writer, Francis Bacon, for a somewhat more extended study.

Bacon's Life.

Francis Bacon was born in London, January 22, 1561. His father was Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, and one of the most trusted of the early statesmen of Elizabeth; a yet more famous statesman, Lord Burleigh, was his uncle by marriage. From his earliest years, Bacon was thus connected with the court and with public life. When he was eighteen, his prospects were greatly changed by the sudden death of his father. Bacon, who was the younger son, was thus left insufficiently provided for, and was compelled to make his own way in the world. He accordingly entered upon the study of the law, and although Lord Burleigh showed no disposition to assist him, his advance was exceedingly rapid. He was made a barrister in 1582, Solicitor-General in 1601, Attorney-General in 1613, and Lord Chancellor in 1617. From this brilliant public success we get no idea of Bacon's inner life and deepest aspirations. He declared, in a letter to Lord Burleigh, written at the outset of his career, "I confess that I have as vast contemplative ends, as I have moderate civil ends; for I have taken all knowledge to be my province." He early resolved that he would strive to benefit the race by the discovery of truth; and, although he seems at times to have been diverted by worldly necessities or worldly ambitions, he was always true at heart to his lofty purpose. From his inability to reconcile contending interests, the love of place and power, with the unselfish devotion to knowledge, springs the tragedy of Bacon's life. In 1621, Bacon's worldly ambitions were overthrown at a stroke. He was accused of having taken bribes in his office of Lord Chancellor. He piteously

confessed the charge, and was henceforth a ruined man in reputation and in fortune. Bacon spent the remainder of his life in the composition of some of the great philosophical and scientific works on which his fame chiefly rests. With Bacon, the philosopher and scientist, however, the student of English literature is not directly concerned. The story of his closing years is very pitiable. "The Lord Chancellor," said his former patron, the young favorite, Buckingham, "the Lord Chancellor is so sick that he cannot live long." He still showed a brave front to the world, and moved about with a courtly retinue, like the shadow of his former self, so that Prince Charles said of him: "This man scorns to go out in a snuff;" but, for all this, the wound was deep, and bled inwardly. He caught cold, from exposure, while engaged in a scientific experiment, and died a few days later, April 9, 1626.

Bacon is generally considered the greatest man of the Elizabethan age, with the single and inevitable exception of Shakespeare. Dean Church calls him "The brightest, richest, largest mind but one, in the age which had seen Shakespeare and his fellows." Yet, speaking strictly, Bacon holds a place in English literature almost by accident, and in spite of himself. He deliberately chose to be a Latin rather than an English writer, having no confidence in the stability of his own language, and believing that it would "at one time or another play the bank-rowte (bankrupt) with books." He even went so far as to have his *Advancement of Learning* translated from English into Latin, so convinced was he of the superiority of the latter tongue. This book in its original form, *The Essays*, *The History of Henry VII.*, and a fragment, *The New Atlantis*, are substantially all that English prose can claim out of the great mass of Bacon's writings.

Yet, while Bacon thought little of his work as an English writer, and threw the weight of his immense energy in other directions, it is his English works that have best held their own. In Raleigh's prose we encounter more impassioned and noble eloquence, as in those rare places in the *History of the World*, where he seems to suddenly leave the ground and soar in the celestial spaces; but Bacon's style has a more even excellence. Incidental and slight as Bacon's connection was with the literature of his own language, a high critical authority has recently pronounced him "one of the greatest writers of English prose before the accession of Charles I." *

Incredible as it would have seemed to Bacon, it is by *The Essays* that he is best known to the general reader. By an "essay," Bacon meant the first trial, or weighing, of a subject, as distinguished from a finished treatise.† His essays are pithy jottings on great subjects, informally set down, with no attempt to carry the thought to its full or natural conclusion. They read like the note-book of a profound thinker, a shrewd observer of life, a politic and active man of affairs. They are brief, suggestive, without an ornament, but closely packed with thought. They give us the concentrated results of Bacon's experience, and are often comparable to the proverbial sayings in which wise men have delighted since the days of Solomon. Often they go to the heart of the matter with one quick thrust, as in the famous sentence: "Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction and the clearer revelation of God's favour." ‡

His Essays.

* Saintsbury's "Elizabethan Literature," p. 209.

† Essay—assay—a test, or examination of metals; O. F., *assai*; Latin, *exagium*. See Skeat's "Etymological Dictionary."

‡ Essay on Adversity.

Bacon's own account of the object of the *Essays* is, that he "endeavored to make them not vulgar, but of a nature whereof much should be found in experience and little in books; so that they should be neither repetitions nor fancies;" and he desires that they should "come home to men's business and bosoms."

Three editions of the *Essays* were published in Bacon's life-time; the first in 1597, the second in 1612, and the third in 1625. The first edition contained only ten essays, but by the third edition the number had been increased to fifty-eight.

We are apt to undervalue these essays on the first reading, and it is only through long familiarity that their wisdom and depth really reveal themselves. The essay here given is one of those which exhibit the high purposes of Bacon in strange and melancholy contrast to his actual performance. Yet we should not conclude that he was deliberately insincere, for his whole life was one tragic contradiction. In thinking of his shortcomings we should remember, also, the nobility of his ideals. "If ever a man," says Dean Church, "had a great object in life and pursued it through good and evil report, through ardent hope, and keen disappointment to the end, with unwearied patience and unshaken faith, it was Bacon, when he sought for the improvement of human knowledge, for the glory of God, and the relief of man's estate." *

SELECTION FROM BACON'S ESSAYS.

OF GREAT PLACE.

Men in great place are thrice servants—servants of the sovereign or state, servants of fame, and servants of business; so as they have no freedom, neither in their persons, nor in their actions, nor in their times. It is a strange desire to seek power and to lose liberty, or to seek power over others, and to lose power over a man's self. The

* Church's "Life of Bacon."

rising unto place is laborious, and by pains men come to greater pains: and it is sometimes base and by indignities men come to dignities. The standing is slippery, and the regress is either a downfall, or at least an eclipse, which is a melancholy thing: "Cum non sis qui fueris non esse cur velis vivere." Nay, men cannot retire when they would, neither will they when it were reason, but are impatient of privateness, even in age and sickness, which require the shadow; like old townsmen, that will be still sitting at their street door though thereby they offer age to scorn. Certainly great persons had need to borrow other men's opinions to think themselves happy, for if they judge by their own feeling, they cannot find it; but if they think with themselves what other men think of them, and that other men would fain be as they are, then they are happy as it were by report, when, perhaps, they find the contrary within; for they are the first that find their own griefs, though they be the last that find their own faults. Certainly, men in great fortunes are strangers to themselves, and while they are in the puzzle of business, they have no time to tend their health, either of body or mind; "Illi mors gravis incubat, qui notus nimis omnibus, ignotus moritur sibi." In place there is licence to do good and evil, whereof the latter is a curse: for in evil, the best condition is not to will, the second not to can. But power to do good is the true and lawful end of aspiring; for good thoughts, though God accept them, yet towards men are little better than good dreams, except they be put in act, and that cannot be without power and place, as the vantage and commanding ground. Merit and good works is the end of man's motion, and conscience of the same in the accomplishment of man's rest; for if a man can be partaker of God's theatre, he shall likewise be partaker of God's rest: "Et conversus Deus, ut aspiceret opera, quæ fecerunt manus suæ, vidit quod omnia essent bona nimis," and then the Sabbath. In the discharge of thy place set before thee the best examples, for imitation is a globe of precepts; and after a time set before thee thine own example, and examine thyself strictly whether thou didst not best at first. Neglect not also the examples of those that have carried themselves ill in the same place; not to set off thyself by taxing their memory, but to direct thyself what to avoid. Reform, therefore, without bravery or scandal of former times and persons; but yet set it down to thyself, as well to create good precedents as to follow them. Reduce things to the first institution, and observe wherein and how they have degenerated, but yet ask counsel of both times—of the ancient time what is best, and of the later time what is fittest. Seek to make thy

course regular, that men may know beforehand what they may expect: but be not too positive and peremptory, and express thyself well when thou digressest from thy rules. Preserve the right of thy place, but stir not questions of jurisdiction ; and rather assume thy right in silence, and *de facto*, than voice it with claims and challenges. Preserve likewise the rights of inferior places, and think it more honour to direct in chief than to be busy in all. Embrace and invite helps and advices touching the execution of thy place; and do not drive away such as bring thee information, as meddlers, but accept of them in good part.

The vices of authority are chiefly four: delays, corruption, roughness, and facility. For delays, give easy access; keep times appointed: go through with that which is in hand, and interlace not business but of necessity. For corruption, do not only bind thine own hands or thy servants' hands from taking, but bind the hands of suitors also from offering ; for integrity used doth the one, but integrity professed, and with a manifest detestation of bribery, doth the other; and avoid not only the fault but the suspicion. Whosoever is found variable, and changeth manifestly without manifest cause, giveth suspicion of corruption ; therefore, always, when thou changest thine opinion or course, profess it plainly, and declare it, together with the reasons that move thee to change, and do not think to steal it. A servant or a favourite, if he be inward, and no other apparent cause of esteem, is commonly thought but a by-way to close corruption. For roughness, it is a needless cause of discontent: severity breedeth fear, but roughness breedeth hate. Even reproofs from authority ought to be grave, and not taunting. As for facility, it is worse than bribery, for bribes come but now and then; but if importunity or idle respects lead a man, he shall never be without; as Solomon saith, "To respect persons it is not good, for such a man will transgress for a piece of bread."

It is most true what was anciently spoken—"A place showeth the man ; and it showeth some to the better, and some to the worse." "Omnium consensu, capax imperii, nisi imperasset," saith Tacitus of Galba ; but of Vespasian he saith, "Solus imperantium, Vespasianus mutatus in melius"—though the one was meant of sufficiency, the other of manners and affection. It is an assured sign of a worthy and generous spirit, whom honour amends—for honour is, or should be, the place of virtue—and as in nature things move violently to their place, and calmly in their place, so virtue in ambition is violent, in authority settled and calm. All rising to great place is by a winding

stair; and if there be factions, it is good to side a man's self while he is in the rising, and to balance himself when he is placed. Use the memory of thy predecessor fairly and tenderly; for if thou dost not, it is a debt will surely be paid when thou art gone. If thou have colleagues, respect them; and rather call them when they look not for it, than exclude them when they have reason to look to be called. Be not too sensible or too remembering of thy place in conversation and private answers to suitors; but let it rather be said, "When he sits in place, he is another man."

ELIZABETHAN SONGS.

Songs had been popular in England from an indefinitely early period. The genuine poetry of the people—the ballads—was sung in early times to the accompaniment of the dance. But the song was greatly developed in the Elizabethan times, and was given a more permanent and honorable place in literature. The plays of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher, and other Elizabethan dramatists, contain some of the loveliest of English songs, and, apart from this, many poetical miscellanies, or popular collections of songs and sonnets, were published in the later sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. The following selections will give some hint of the freshness and musical beauty of the Elizabethan lyrics; but the student will find it worth his while to become more fully acquainted with them through such books as Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*, or some of the more recent collections from the Elizabethan song books.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

Come live with me, and be my love;
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-linèd slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
An if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.

The shepherd-swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

—*Marlowe.*

GOOD-MORROW.

Pack clouds away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air, blow soft; mount, larks, aloft,
To give my love good-morrow.
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow;
Bird, prune thy wing; nightingale, sing,
To give my love good-morrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin-redbreast;
Sing, birds in every furrow;
And from each hill let music shrill
Give my fair love good-morrow.

Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow;
You pretty elves, among yourselves,
Sing my fair love good-morrow.

—*Thomas Heywood.*

(About 1640.)

THE NOBLE NATURE.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald and sere:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night,—
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

—*Ben Jonson.*

SONG.

Crabbed Age and Youth
Cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather,
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare:
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short,
Youth is nimble, Age is lame:
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold,
Youth is wild, and Age is tame:—
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee;
O! my Love, my Love is young!
Age, I do defy thee—
O sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

—*Shakespeare*

SONNET.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

—*Shakespeare.*

SONG.

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one for another given:
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven:
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his because in me it bides:
My true-love hath my heart and I have his.

—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

TABLE IV.—REVIVAL OF LEARNING, 1400–1540.

ENGLAND.			FOREIGN COUNTRIES.
SOVEREIGNS.	LITERATURE.	HISTORICAL EVENTS.	
Henry IV., 1399–1413.	Poets of Chaucer's school:		
	Occleve, 1365 (?)–1450 (?).	Battle of Homildon Hill, 1402.	Council of Constance, 1414–1418.
	"Gouvernail of Princes."	Revolt of the Percys, 1403.	John Huss burned, 1415.
	Lament for Chaucer.	French descents on England, 1404.	**Thomas a Kempis**, 1380–1471.
	John Lydgate, 1370 (?)–1460.	Revolt of Archbishop Scrope, 1405.	"Imitation of Christ."
	"The Falls of Princes."	Battle of Agincourt, 1415.	
Henry V., 1413–1422.	**James I. of Scotland**, 1394–1437.	Siege of Orleans, 1429.	
	Imprisoned in England (1405–1424).	Death of Joan of Arc, 1431.	
	"The King's Quhair."		
Henry VI., 1422–d. 1471.	**Dunbar**, 1460–1513 (?).		
	"Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins," 1507.		
	John Skelton, 1460–1529.		
	"Bowrge of Court."		
	"Boke of Phyllyp Sparowe."		
	Sir J. Fortescue.		
	"Difference between Absolute and Limited Monarchy," 1450.	Cade's insurrection, 1450.	**Savonarola**, 1452–1498.
	R. Pecock, 1390 (?)–1461.	First battle of St. Albans, begins Wars of the Roses, 1455.	**Guttenberg** prints Mazarin Bible, 1453.
	"The Repressor of Overmuch Blaming of the Clergy," 1449.	Battle of Towton, 1461.	Constantinople taken, 1453.
	Sir Thos. Malory, middle of 15th century.		**Chrysoloras** teaches Greek in Italy, c. 1395.
Edward IV., 1461–1483.	"Morte d'Arthur," about 1470.	**Caxton** settles in England, cir. 1471–1477.	Lorenzo de Medici reigns in Florence. Under him, revival of arts and letters, 1469–1492.
Edward V., 1483.	"Morte d'Arthur" printed, 1485.		
	Caxton, 1422 (?)–1491.		
	"Game and Play of Chess," printed 1474.		

TABLE IV.—REVIVAL OF LEARNING, 1400–1540—*continued.*

ENGLAND.			FOREIGN COUNTRIES.
SOVEREIGNS.	LITERATURE.	HISTORICAL EVENTS.	
	"Translation of Æsop's Fables," 1475.		Artists :
	Grocyn teaches Greek at Oxford, 1491.	Battle of Bosworth, 1485.	**Ghirlandajo**, 1449–1494.
	Linacre at Oxford, 1491.		**Leonardo da Vinci**, 1452–1519.
	Erasmus in England, 1497.		**Michael Angelo**, 1475–1564.
Richard III., 1483–1485.	Ballads, *e. g.*		**Raphael**, 1483–1520.
	A Geste of Robin Hode, 1475 (?).		
	Battle of Otterbourne.	Battle of Spurs and Battle of Flodden, 1513.	Rise of lyric poetry. **Vittoria Colonna**, 1490–1547.
Henry VII., 1485–1509.	Chevy Chase, about 1500.		Romantic epic rose under **Aristo**, 1474–1533 ; **Orlando Furioso**, 1478–1516.
	Dean Colet founds St. Paul's School, 1512.		Rise of Italian Drama.
	Stephen Hawes, 1483 (?)–1513 (?).	Wolsey becomes chief Minister, 1513.	**Aretino** and **Trisino**, 1478–1550.
	"Pastime of Pleasure," 1506.		**Machiavelli**, 1469–1527.
	Sir Thomas More, 1480–1535.		Prose.
	"Utopia," 1516.		**Copernicus**, 1473–1543.
	Wm. Tyndale, 1484 (?)–1536.		**Luther**, 1483–1546.
	Translation, New Testament, 1525.	Quarrel of Luther with Henry VIII., 1521.	Publishes his ninety-five theses, 1517.
	The Practice of Prelates, 1531.		Before Diet at Worms, 1521.
	Sir Thomas Wyatt, 1503–1541 and		Translation of New Testament.
Henry VIII., 1509–1547.	**Henry Howard**, Earl of Surrey, about 1516–1547, introduce Italian sonnet.	Henry VIII. resolves on divorce, 1527. Persecution of Protestants.	**Diaz** discovers Cape Good Hope, 1486.
	Roger Ascham, 1515–1568.		**Columbus** discovers America, 1492.
	"Toxophilus," 1544.	Acts of Supremacy and Succession, 1534.	**Cabot** discovers American mainland, 1497.
	Coverdale, 1488–1568.		**Vasco da Gama** discovers sea route to India, 1498.
	Translation of the Bible, 1535.		First stone of St. Peter's at Rome, laid, 1506.
	Cranmer's Bible, 1540.		

TABLE V.

SOVEREIGNS.	RISE OF THE DRAMA—1110–1566.
	The first known dramatic production in England the French Miracle play, "St. Katherine,' acted at Dunstable about 1110.
	Institution of the Festival of Corpus Christi (1264) gave an impulse to performance of plays.
	Street plays or pageants first performed about 1268.
	Whitsuntide plays at Chester about 1268; probably in French at this date.
	East Midland play, "Abraham and Isaac," middle of fourteenth century.
Henry V., 1413–1422.	York cycle of plays about 1340–1350; earliest known MS., 1430.
Henry VI., 1422, died 1471.	Townley cycle of about thirty plays belonging to Widkirk Abbey.
Wars of the Roses, 1455.	Coventry plays, 1485–1509.
Edward IV., died 1483.	Chester Whitsun-plays, "Fall of Lucifer";
Edward V., died 1483.	"Noah's Flood," etc.; composed probably
Richard III., died 1485.	early part of 14th century; earliest MS., 1581.
	Morality Plays: one setting forth the goodness of
Henry VII., 1485–1509.	the Lord's Prayer, performed 1480, "Impatient Poverty," etc.
	INTERLUDES.
	John Heywood, (?)–d. 1565.
	"The Four P's," about 1530.
	Earliest extant **Regular Comedy.**
Henry VIII., 1509–1547.	**Nicholas Udal**, 1506–1557.
	"Ralph Roister Doister" (acted 1551), (published 1566.)
	"Gammer Gurton's Needle," by **Bishop Still**, about 1566.
	Thomas Sackville, 1536–1608.
	"Ferrex and Porrex," or the Tragedy of Gorboduc, played 1561, printed in 1565.

TABLE VI.—ELIZABETHAN PERIOD, *cir.* 1557–1637.

ENGLAND.			FOREIGN COUNTRIES.	
HISTORICAL EVENTS.	POETRY AND PROSE.	DRAMATISTS CONTEMPORARY WITH SHAKESPEARE.	FRANCE	SPAIN.
Edward VI. died, 1553. English Book of Common Prayer, 1548. **Mary,** 1553–1559. Mary marries Philip of Spain, 1554. Persecution of Protestants begins, 1555. Loss of Calais, 1558. **Elizabeth,** 1559–1603. She restores Royal Supremacy and English Prayer Book. Royal Exchange built, 1566. First public theatre in Blackfriars, 1576. Other theatres in Shoreditch. "The Rose and the Curtain," 1576–1577. Drake sails for the Pacific, 1577. Revolt of the Desmonds, 1580. Massacre of Smerwick, 1580. Death Mary Stuart, 1587. Drake burns Spanish fleet at Cadiz, 1587.	**Tottel's** "Miscellany of Uncertain Authors," 1557. **George Gascoigne,** 1536 (?)–1577. "The Steel Glass," 1576. **Edmund Spenser,** 1552–1599. "The Shepherd's Calendar," 1579. "The Faerie Queen," 1590–1596. **Sir Walter Raleigh,** 1552–1618 "A History of the World," 1614. Poems. **Sir Philip Sidney,** 1554–1586. "The Arcadia," 1590. "The Defense of Poesie," 1595. **Richard Hooker,** 1553–1600. "Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity," 1594–1618. **Thos. Campion,** 1540–1623. Observations of the Art of English Poetry. **Francis Bacon,** 1561–1626. "Essays," 1597–1625. "Novum Organum," 1620.	**Christopher Marlowe,** 1564–1593. "Tamburlaine the Great," 1587. "Dr. Faustus." "The Jew of Malta." **Robert Greene,** 1560–1592. "Groat's worth of Wit," etc. **George Peele,** 1558(?)–1598(?). "King Edward I.," 1588 (acted). "Tale of Troy," 1589. **John Lyly,** 1553–1606. Euphues, 1579. "Alexander and Campaspe," 1584. **George Chapman,** 1559 (?)–1634. "All Fools," 1599. "The Widow's Tears," 1612. **Thomas Nash,** 1564 (?)–1601. "Pierce Pennilesse." **Thomas Kyd.** End of 16th century, "Cornelia," 1594. **Thomas Lodge,** 1558 (?)–1625. "The Wounds of the Civil War."	The Pléiade imitated classical models: **Ronsard,** 1524–1585. **Du Bellay,** 1525–1560. **Baif.** **Daurat.** **Belleau.** **Pontus de Tyard.** **Jodelle,** 1532–1573. "Cléopâtre," first regular French tragedy on antique model. "Eugène," first regular comedy. Foundation of philosophical prose by **Montaigne,** 1533–1592. Essays. **Malherbe,** 1556–1628. Poems. Rise of the drama under **Robert Garnier,** 1545–1601. "Les Juives."	Culmination of the Drama under **Lope de Rueda,** 1544–1567. **Lope de Vega,** 1562–1635. "The Star of Seville." "The Madrid Steel." **Cervantes,** 1547–1616. Plays and "Don Quixote." Part I., 1605. Part II., 1615. **Pedro Calderon,** 1600–1681. "Devotion to the Cross." "No Monster like Jealousy."

TABLE VI.—ELIZABETHAN PERIOD, *cir.* 1557–1637—*continued.*

ENGLAND.

HISTORICAL EVENTS.	POETRY AND PROSE.	DRAMATISTS CONTEMPORARY WITH SHAKESPEARE.
Defeat of Spanish Armada, 1588. Martin Marprelate Tracts, 1588. Revolt of Irish under Hugh O'Neill, 1598. Expedition of Essex in Ireland, 1599. Globe Theatre, 1599. James I., 1603–1625. Parliament claims to deal with both Church and State, 1604. Gunpowder plot, 1605. Expedition and death of Raleigh, 1617. Landing of Pilgrim Fathers in New England, 1620. Impeachment of Bacon, 1620. Charles I., 1625–1649.	**William Warner,** 1558–1606. Albion's England, 1586. **Michael Drayton,** 1563–1631. "Polyolbion," 1613–1622. "England's Heroical Epistles." **Samuel Daniel,** 1562–1619. "Civil Wars between York and Lancaster." Poems. **Richard Hakluyt,** 1553–1616. The Principal Voyages and Discoveries of the English Nation, 1589. Translations: Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso," by **Sir J. Harrington,** 1591. Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," by **Edward Fairfax,** 1600. Homer, by **George Chapman,** 1598.	**Thos. Middleton,** 1570–1627. "The Witch." **Ben Jonson,** 1573–1637. "Every Man in His Humour," acted, 1596. "Cynthia's Revels," acted, 1600. **Francis Beaumont,** 1586 (?)–1616. **John Fletcher,** 1576–1623. "Faithful Sheperdess." "Philaster," 1608. **Philip Massinger,** 1584–1640. "New Way to Pay Old Debts," 1633. **Thos. Dekker,** 1570–1637. "Canaan's Calamity," 1598. **John Webster,** 16th and 17th centuries, "The Duchess of Malfi;" written with Dekker, "Westward Ho." **John Ford,** 1586–1640. "Perkin Warbeck." **John Marston,** 1575–1633. "The Scourge of Villany," 1598.

FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

FRANCE.	GERMANY.
Alexandre Hardy, 1560–1631. **Pierre Corneille,** 1606–1684. "Médée." "Le Cid." "Cinna." ITALY. **Tasso,** 1544–1595. "Jerusalem Delivered," 1581. "Rinaldo." **Batista Guarini,** 1537–1612. "Pastor Fido." **Vasari,** 1513–1574. "Lives of the Painters." **Michael Angelo,** 1475–1564. **Titian,** 1477–1576. **Tintoretto,** 1518–1594.	Literature: **Hans Sach,** 1494–1576, Poems. **Paul Flemming,** 1609–1640, Poems. Science: **Grotius,** 1583–1645. **Kepler,** 1571–1630. Thirty years war begun, 1618. Art: **Rubens,** 1577–1640. **Van Dyck,** 1599–1641.

NOTES AND REFERENCES.

1. *History.*—(a) *Renaissance.*—Symond's article under that title, "Ency. Brit.," 9th ed.; Burkhardt's "Renaissance." An article on Pico della Mirandola (whose life was written by Sir T. More) will be found in Pater's "Renaissance." (b) *England.*—Thornbury's "Shakespeare's England"; Goadby's "Shakespeare's England"; Drake's "Shakespeare and His Times." The class may be advised to read Scott's "Kenilworth," Kingsley's "Westward Ho," also "With Essex in Ireland," by Hon. Emily Lawless. Froude's "History of England" covers this period.

2. *Spenser.*—Church's Life of, in English Men of Letters Series; Lowell's essay on, in "Among my Books"; "One Aspect of Spenser's Faery Queen," *Andover Review*, October, 1889. "Spenser," Grosart's ed.

3. *Elizabethan Drama, etc.*—For history of drama, introduction to Hudson's "Shakspere's Life, Art, and Characters"; Pollard's "English Miracle Plays" and Keltie's "British Dramatists" give specimen extracts. Symond's "Shakespeare's Predecessors in the English Drama"; Thayer's "Six best English Plays"; will be found useful for study of Shakespeare's contemporaries. *Shakespeare.*—Dowden's "Shakespeare Primer"; Lowell's essay on, in "My Study Windows"; Hunter's "Illustrations of the Life and Studies of Shakespeare"; Dowden's "Shakespeare, His Mind and Art"; Elze's "Life of Shakespeare"; Knight's "Life of Shakespeare"; White's "Shakespeare's Scholar"; Craik's "English of Shakespeare"; Abbott's "Shakespearian Grammar." Bayne's article on, in "Ency. Brit.," 9th Ed. is especially valuable for study of early environment.

4. *Bacon.*—Church's Life of, in English Men of Letters Series; Macaulay's Essay on.

5. *Elizabethan Songs.*—Palgrave's "Golden Treasury"; A. H. Bullen's "England's Helicon"; "Lyrics from the Dramatists of the Elizabethan Age"; Bell's "Songs from the Dramatists."

Chapter II.

The Puritan in Literature.

THE ENGLAND OF MILTON.

Although Shakespeare and Milton are familiarly linked together in our ordinary speech as the two greatest poets of England, in the whole spirit and nature of their work they have hardly anything in common. It is not merely that they are, for the most part, distinguished in separate provinces of poetry; that Shakespeare is above all the dramatic, and Milton the epic poet of the literature: the difference lies much deeper, and declares itself unmistakably at almost every point. Now, this is not entirely due to an inborn, personal difference in the genius of these two representative poets; it is due also to the difference in the spirit of the times they represent. For in a sense even Shakespeare was "of an age," as well as "for all time."* So far as we can guess from his work, he seems to have shared the orthodox politics of the Tudor times, distrusting the actions of the populace, and stanch in his support of the power of the king. In the true spirit of the Renaissance, Shakespeare's work is taken up chiefly with humanity in this world, rather than with its relations to any other; his dramas are alive with the crowding interests and activities which came with the Revival of Learning. But the England in which Milton lived and worked was stirred by far different emotions; its finest spirits were inspired by far different ideals. Milton interprets and expresses the England of Puritanism, as Shakespeare does the England of Elizabeth, and to understand the difference in the spirit of

Shakespeare and Milton Express the Spirit of Different Times.

* "He was not of an age, but for all time." From Ben Jonson's poem to the memory of Shakespeare.

their poetry, we must turn to history and grasp the broad distinction between the times they respectively represent.

Elizabethan and Puritan England.

At first sight the change from the England of Shakespeare to that of Milton seems an abrupt one. In point of actual time the two poets are close together, for at the death of Shakespeare Milton was eight years old. But little more than half a century lies between that England in which loyalty to Queen and Country so triumphed over religious differences that Romanist and Protestant fought the Armada side by side, and that England which hurried Charles I. to the scaffold, or in which Cromwell declared: "If I met the king in battle I would shoot him as soon as any other man." Yet in reality this change of the nation's mood was not hasty or unaccountable, but the natural result of a long and steady development.

We spoke of the Renaissance as the re-birth of the religious as well as of the intellectual life of Europe, and we saw that while in Italy the new life of the mind took form in what we call the Revival of Learning, in Germany the new life of the spirit had its outcome in that religious awakening we call the Reformation. If in Italy the Renaissance meant freedom of thought, in Germany it meant freedom of conscience. The Revival of Learning and the Reformation entered England almost side by side. If the enthusiasm for the New Learning, the color, the luxury, and the "enchantments of the Circes," had entered England from Italy, something also of the awakening of conscience and the protest against Romanism had come from Germany, to find a deep response in the kindred spirit of Teutonic England.

In our study of the Elizabethan period we have followed the first of these two influences. Let us look a moment at the second. Almost from the first, the tone of the New Learning in England had been colored by

the inherently religious temper of the English character. The knowledge of Greek which John Colet gained in semi-pagan Italy he applied to the study of the New Testament. Educational reformer as he was, he had the image of the child Christ placed over the head master's desk in St. Paul's Grammar School, with the inscription, "Hear ye Him." * Just as the introduction of the study of Greek at Oxford changed the horizon of the English mind, so the introduction of Tyndale's translation of the Bible was an incalculable spiritual force. "If God spare my life," Tyndale had said to a learned opponent, "ere many years I will cause that the boy that driveth the plough shall know more of the Scriptures than thou dost." And year after year the inestimable influence of an ever-widening knowledge of the Bible was at work in thousands of English households.

The Reformation in England.

Beginning among the upper stratum of society, the New Learning had worked downward until it touched the people. But the changes wrought by direct contact with the English Bible, if slower, were even more vital and more extended. The Bible became the literature of the people, telling the poorest and plainest of the essential things of life in words which all could understand. If we find a typical picture in the crowd of London shopkeepers and prentices crowding the pit of the "Fortune" or the "Globe," we find one no less typical in the eager throngs gathered about the reader of the Bible in the nave of St. Paul's. "The disclosure of the stores of Greek Literature had wrought the revolution of the Renaissance. The disclosure of the older mass of Hebrew Literature wrought the revolution of the Reformation."†

The English Bible.

* For account of Colet, read Green's "History of the English People," vol. ii p. 79, etc.

† Green's "History of the English People," vol. iii. p. 11. The whole passage, from p. 9 to p. 13, may be read in class.

With this new idea of religious liberty, the idea of political liberty became closely associated. Stimulated and emancipated by greater intellectual and religious freedom of inquiry, men began to scrutinize and discuss the whole theory of government. They grew restless under the arbitrary rule of the early Stuarts, as their minds rose to the conception of their supreme obligation to a higher law; to a Power above the will of the king in the State, above the will of man in the kingdom of God. In the early part of the seventeenth century many things combined to call out and develop these new feelings. The middle classes had advanced greatly during Elizabeth's reign, in prosperity, influence, and intelligence; the danger from Spain was at an end, and men were free to give themselves up to matters at home. But the natural growth of the nation towards a greater political and religious freedom was met by petulant opposition. Elizabeth had been wise enough to know when and how to yield to the will of her Parliament and people, but it was characteristic of the Stuarts to take a wrong position, and hold to it with an obstinate and reckless tenacity. The unkingly James (1603–1625) flaunted what he considered the "Divine Right" of his kingship in the face of an exasperated England. In the early years of the following reign (Charles I., 1625–1649), the growing Puritan sentiment was outraged by brutal persecution, the rising spirit of liberty insulted by flagrant violations of the long-established and sacred political rights of Englishmen. Thus the England that rose up in protest against the severities of Archbishop Laud and the tyranny and duplicity of Charles, was on fire with other interests, and other aspirations than that of Elizabeth; its energies were centered upon two great issues—Politics and Religion. In the one, it was determined to

Religious and Political Liberty closely Connected

Arbitrary Rule of the Early Stuarts

"vindicate its ancient liberties"; in the other, it "reasoned of righteousness and judgment to come." Among its great leaders in politics were Eliot, Hampden, Pym, and Cromwell; in literature it spoke in the strong, simple, biblical prose of John Bunyan, a poor tinker; its poet was John Milton.

LATER ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE.

But while the new ways of looking at the deepest questions of life, which for years had been agitating the Puritan element in England, were thus coming to the surface in history and in literature, during the early part of the seventeenth century many continued to write in the general manner and spirit of the Elizabethans. This later Elizabethan literature lies outside our present plan of study, but it cannot be passed over without a few words.

Later Elizabethan Drama.

The group of dramatists immediately preceding Shakespeare (see p. 91) had been followed by a number of men of genius who had the advantage of writing at a time when the theatre was a more recognized institution, and the general form of the drama had been fixed by successful experiment. *Ben Jonson*, whose first play, *Every Man in his Humor*, was brought out about 1596–98, is usually considered as the greatest of Shakespeare's fellow-playwrights; he doggedly fought his way to the front in the face of many obstacles, wrote many plays and masks, and after Shakespeare's death became the most prominent man of letters in England. *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, *Massinger*, *Ford*, *Chapman*, *Dekker*, and *Marston*, are a few of the most famous of these dramatists, and we see the influence of Italy in such plays as Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*, and *Vittoria Corombona*, or in the intense and passionate tragedies of *Cyril Tourneur*. Nevertheless, the decline

of the Elizabethan drama had begun before Shakespeare's death. Unlike Shakespeare, Ben Jonson was not content to "hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature," * and show the world of men and women as it actually existed: he thought that the poet's business was to point a moral and to reform society. He ridiculed the abuses and fashionable follies of the time by making the persons of his dramas represent the peculiar hobbies or "humors" of men, but in doing this his drama lost in faithfulness to life through a method which inclined him to make the mere caricature of what we call a "fad" take the place of a character. The method of Jonson, great as he was, was thus a distinct falling off from that of Shakespeare.

Ben Jonson, and Decline of Drama.

Apart from this, the decline of the drama is closely associated with the increase of the Puritans, among whom were its bitterest opponents. In the early seventeenth century this hostility to the stage increased; unsuccessful attempts were made (1619, 1631, 1633) to suppress Blackfriars Theatre, and the representation of plays on Sunday was prohibited. Many of the more respectable people stayed away from the theatres altogether, while those who came demanded plays of a more and more depraved character. Finally, about the beginning of the Civil War (1642), the theatres were closed altogether, and the drama almost ceased until the Restoration (1660).

Puritan Hostility to the Stage.

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY LYRISTS.

Most of the poetry of the early seventeenth century follows the general lines laid down by the Elizabethans, but with an obvious loss of creative power, and with less freshness, vigor, and depth. The first enthusiasm awakened by the coming of the new learning was largely

* "Hamlet," act iii. sc. 2.

spent, and men's energies were beginning to go out in new directions. Deprived of the strong inner impulse which sustained the earlier writers, poetry became more light, trifling, and affected. *Dr. John Donne* (1573–1631), a learned man and a genuine poet, delighted in a style of poetry often so far-fetched and fantastic as to deprive it of much of its value in the eyes of later readers, and there arose a group of graceful if somewhat artificial lyric poets who contented themselves with writing slight and pretty songs. Among these are *Richard Lovelace* (1618–1658), *Thomas Carew* (1598–1639), and *Sir John Suckling* (1609–1641). Each of these men holds an assured though minor place in literature by virtue of comparatively few poems; yet each has contributed to it at least one lyric which has become a classic. The same fantastic spirit which we have noted in Donne runs through much of their work, and it is also distinctly traceable in that of a group of poets in other respects widely separated. These are the religious poets, *George Herbert* (1592–1634), *Richard Crashaw* (1613–1650), *Henry Vaughan* (1622–1695), and *Francis Quarles* (1592–1644). *Robert Herrick* (1591–1674), rises above these by his greater simplicity and directness, and in the finer quality of his lyrical gift. His limpid and altogether charming verse is troubled by no depth of thought or storm of passion. The most of his verse reflects the pagan spirit of those who lie at ease in the warm sunshine; content to enjoy, they sigh that life is but a day, and lament as the lengthening shadow draws near. The closing verse of his poem, *To Corinna going a Maying*, is a good example of his familiar mood: the inevitable chill of regret creeps into the sunshiny lyric of May day, and his laughter ends in a sigh.

Robert Herrick.

> "Come, let us go, while we are in our prime!
> And take the harmless folly of the time!

We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short; and our days run
As fast away as does the sun:—
And as a vapour, or a drop of rain
Once lost, can ne'er be found again:
So when you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade;
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drowned with us in endless night.
Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna! come, let's go a Maying."

There is a captivating naturalness and freshness in Herrick's note; the rural England of his time is green forever in his verse, the hedgerows are abloom, the Maypoles gay with garlands. He sings

"Of brooks, of blossoms, buds and bowers,
Of April, May, and June, and July flowers."*

In Herrick's time England was racked with civil war, but neither the strife of Religions nor the tumults in the State seem to shatter his Arcadia; while king and Parliament are in deadly grapple, Herrick sings his dainty love-songs to Julia and Anthea, and "babbles of green fields."

In the midst of such poetry as this, slight, charming, or fantastic, there rises the mighty voice of Milton. In *Lycidas*, which may be said to conclude the poems of his earlier period, Milton too asks the pagan question, "Seeing that life is short, is it not better to enjoy?" but only to meet it with triumphant denial. This famous passage becomes of especial interest when we think that it was probably written with such poets as Carew and Herrick in mind; when we recognize in it the high seriousness and religious faith of Puritanism, squarely confronting the nation's lighter mood.

Herrick and Milton.

* "Hesperides."

"Alas! what boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. 'But not the praise,'
Phoebus replied, and touched my trembling ears:
'Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.'"

—*Lycidas*, lines 64 to 85.

SELECTIONS FROM THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY LYRISTS.

TO DAFFADILS.

Fair Daffadils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you;
We have as short a spring;

As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything,
We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

—*R. Herrick.*

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME.

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may:
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the Sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best, which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times, still succeed the former.

—Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.

—*R. Herrick.*

VERTUE.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridall of the earth and skie:
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angrie and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet dayes and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My musick shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and vertuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

—*George Herbert.*

GOING TO THE WARS.

To Lucasta.

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True: a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more.

—*Sir Richard Lovelace.*

THE RETREATE.

Happy those early dayes, when I
Shined in my Angell infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy ought
But a white, celestiall thought;
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first Love,
And looking back, at that short space,
Could see a glimpse of his bright face;
When on some *gilded Cloud* or *Flowre*
My gazing soul would dwell an houre,

And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinfull sound,
Or had the black art to dispence
A sev'rall sinne to ev'ry sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dresse
Bright *shootes* of everlastingnesse.
O how I long to travell back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plaine,
Where first I left my glorious traine;
From whence th' inlightened spirit sees
That shady City of Palme trees.
But ah! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way!
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move;
And, when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

—*Henry Vaughan.*

JOHN MILTON.

Shakespeare, the poet of man, was born in rural England; *John Milton*, into whose remote and lofty verse humanity enters so little, was born in Bread Street in the heart of London, December 9, 1608.

Boyhood at London, 1608-1624.

His early years were passed in a sober and orderly Puritan household among influences of refinement and culture. His father, John Milton, was a scrivener, an occupation somewhat corresponding to the modern conveyancer, but he was also well known as a musical composer. The younger Milton's faculty for music had thus an opportunity for early development, a fact of especial interest when we recall the distinctively musical character of his verse.

Milton was early destined "for the study of humane

letters," and given every educational advantage. He had private instruction, and about 1620 was sent to the famous Grammar School of St. Paul.* Here, to use his own expression, he worked "with eagerness," laying the foundation of his future blindness by intense application. He began to experiment in poetry, and we have paraphrases of two of the Psalms made by him at this time.

In 1624 Milton entered Christ's College, Cambridge, where he continued to work with the same steady and regulated enthusiasm. His youth was spotless and high-minded, with perhaps a touch of that austerity which deepened as he grew older. His face had an exquisitely refined and thoughtful beauty; his soft, light brown hair fell to his shoulders after the Cavalier fashion; his figure was well knit but slender; his complexion, "exceeding fair." From his somewhat delicate beauty and from his blameless life he gained the College nick-name of "the Lady." The year after he entered College he wrote his first original poem, *On the Death of a fair Infant Dying of a Cough*, and to this period also belong the resonant *Hymn to The Nativity*, and other short pieces.

Cambridge. 1624-1632.

After leaving Cambridge, Milton spent nearly six years at his father's country house at Horton, a village near Windsor, and about seventeen miles from London. Here he lived with books and nature, studying the classics and physical science, and leaving his studious quiet only for an occasional trip to town to learn something new in music or in mathematics.

Horton. 1632-1638.

Milton's *L'Allegro* † and *Il Penseroso*,‡ composed at this time, reflect both the young poet and his surroundings. Rustic life and superstitions are there blended with idyllic pictures of the Horton

L'Allegro and Il Penseroso.

* See *supra*, pp. 67, 209. † See p. 229. ‡ See p. 234.

landscape. In *L'Allegro* we hear the ploughman whistle at his furrow, the milkmaid sing at her work; we see the

> "Meadows trim and daisies pied,
> Shallow brooks and rivers wide,"

or mark the neighboring towers of Windsor

> "Bosomed high in tufted trees."

In both poems we detect Milton himself, a refined and serious nature, exquisitely responsive to whatever is best in life, with a quick and by no means narrow appreciation of things beautiful. The poems suggest to us a youthful Milton dreaming of gorgeous and visionary splendors in the long summer twilights, delighting in the plays of Jonson and Shakespeare, and spending lonely midnights in the loftiest speculations of philosophy; a Milton whose beauty-loving and religious nature was moved by the solemn ritual of the Church of England under the "high embowed roof" of a cathedral. In these poems, especially *L'Allegro*, Milton is very close to the Elizabethans. In their tinge of romance they remind us of Spenser, who, according to Masson, was Milton's poetic master, while in their lyrical movement they strikingly resemble certain songs of Fletcher in his pastoral drama, *The Faithful Shepherdess*.*

Comus. But *Comus* (1634), Milton's next work, shows the decided growth of a new and distinctively Puritan spirit. In its form, indeed, *Comus* belongs to the earlier age. It is a mask—one of those gorgeous dramatic spectacles which Renaissance England had learned from Italy, the favorite entertainment at the festivals of the rich, with which Ben Jonson so often delighted the Court of James. *Comus* has music

*See the beautiful lyric, "Shepherds all and Maidens Fair," in act ii. sc. 1, and "Song of the River God," in act iv. sc. 1 of this play.

and dancing, and it affords the requisite opportunity for scenic effects, yet there breathes through it the growing strain of moral earnestness. It shows us how purity and innocence can thread the darkest and most tangled ways of earth, unharmed and invincible, through the inherent might of goodness. In noble and memorable words Milton declares that if we once lose faith in this essential power of righteousness, and in the ultimate triumph of good over evil which that power is destined to secure, the very foundations of the universe give way.

> "Against the threats
> Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
> Which erring men call chance, this I hold firm:
> Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt,
> Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled;
> Yea, even that which Mischief meant most harm
> Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.
> But evil on itself shall back recoil,
> And mix no more with goodness, when at last,
> Gathered like scum, and settled to itself,
> It shall be in eternal restless change
> Self-fed and self-consumed. If this fail,
> The pillared firmament is rottenness,
> And earth's base built on stubble." *

We see the powers of heaven descend to protect beleagured innocence, and in the parting words of the attendant spirit we find both the practical lesson of the mask and the guiding principle of Milton:

> "Mortals, that would follow me,
> Love Virtue; she alone is free.
> She can teach ye how to climb
> Higher than the sphery chime;
> Or if Virtue feeble were,
> Heaven itself would stoop to her." *

In his next poem, the pastoral elegy of *Lycidas* (1637),

* "Comus."

the space between Milton and the Elizabethans continues to widen. From the enthusiasm for Virtue, he passes to an outburst of wrath and denunciation against those in the Church whom he considered the faithless shepherds of the flock.

Lycidas.

"The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,"

but the hour of retribution is at hand; already the

"two-handed engine at the door,
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more." *

The first thirty years of Milton's life had thus been lived almost wholly "in the still air of delightful studies."† Industrious and select reading was part of his systematic preparation for the life work he set himself. Up to this time he wrote little, although that little was enough to give him an honorable place among the poets of England; but already he was full of great designs, writing in 1637, "I am pluming my wings for a flight." To all he had learned from books he now added the widening influences of travel.

Travels. 1638–1639.

Leaving England in April, 1638, he passed through Paris to Italy, meeting many learned and famous men, among the rest the old astronomer Galileo, to whom he refers in the early part of *Paradise Lost*.

Meanwhile the civil troubles in England seemed gathering to a crisis, and Milton resolved to shorten his trip, because, as he wrote, "I considered it base that while my fellow-countrymen were fighting at home for liberty, I should be travelling abroad for intellectual culture."

We learn from the *Epitaphum Damonis*, a beautiful Latin elegy written at this time (1639), that Milton was already

* "Lycidas." For full analysis of this passage see Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies."

† Milton, "The Reason of Church Government," Int. book ii.

planning a great epic poem, but this project was to be rudely interrupted. England was on the brink of civil war, and after long years of preparation, Milton put aside his cherished ambitions and pursuits, and freely gave up his life and genius to the service of his country. Except for occasional sonnets, the greatest poet in England forced himself to write prose for more than twenty years. Most of this prose was written in the heat of "hoarse disputes," and is often marred by the bitterness and personal abuse which marked the controversies of that troubled time; but this is redeemed in many places by earnestness and a noble eloquence.

Return to England, and Prose Works. 1639-1660.

Prominent among the works of this prose period are the *Tractate on Education* (1644), and the splendid *Areopagitica*, a burning plea for the liberty of the press, of which it has been said: "Its defense of books and the freedom of books, will last as long as there are writers and readers of books." *

Meanwhile (1643), Milton had taken a hasty and unfortunate step in marrying Mary Powel, a young girl of less than half his age, of Royalist family, who proved unsuited to him in disposition and education. After the execution of Charles I. (1649) Milton ranged himself on the side of those who had taken this tremendous step, in a pamphlet on *The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*, and a month after its publication, was made the Latin, or foreign, Secretary to the newly established Commonwealth. His pen continued to be busy for the State, until in 1652 his eyes failed him through over-use, and he was stricken with total blindness. In this year his wife died, leaving him with three little girls. In 1656 he married Katherine Woodcock, who lived but little more than

* "Milton," Rev. Stopford Brooke, p. 45 (Classical Writers Series).

a year, and to whom he paid a touching tribute in one of his sonnets.*

In these later years of Milton's life, during which he suffered blindness, sorrow, and broken health, the cause for which he had sacrificed so much was lost, and England brought again under the rule of a Stuart king. Milton had been so vehement an advocate of the Parliament that we wonder at his escape; but, from whatever reason, he was not excepted from the general pardon put forth by Charles II. after his return (August 29, 1660). In the riotous years that followed, when England, casting off decency and restraint, plunged into "the mad orgy of the Restoration," Milton entered in earnest upon the composition of *Paradise Lost*, singing with voice

The Restoration. Later Poetic Period. 1660–1674.

> "unchanged
> To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil days,
> On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues,
> In darkness, and with dangers compassed round,
> And solitude." †

In his little house in Bunhill fields, near the London in which the pleasure-loving king jested at faith and honor, and held his shameless court amidst

> "The barbarous dissonance
> Of Bacchus and his revellers," ‡

the old poet lived his life of high contemplation and undaunted labor. At no time does Milton seem to us more worthy of himself; he is so heroic that we hardly dare to pity him. But wherever the fault lay, his daughters, whose privilege it should have been to minister to him, greatly increased his burdens. They are said to

* "Methought I saw my late espoused Saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave," etc.

† "Paradise Lost," bk. vii. ‡ *Ibid.*

have sold his books without his knowledge, and two of them counseled his maid-servant to "cheat him in his marketings."

When we reflect that the eldest daughter was but fourteen at the Restoration, and that the education of all had been neglected, we are inclined to judge less hardly, but we can scarcely wonder that Milton should have sought some means of relief from these intolerable discomforts. This he happily found through his marriage with Elizabeth Minshall, in 1663. Yet even when matters were at the worst, Milton seems to have borne them with a beautiful fortitude, "having a certain serenity of mind not condescending to little things." His one faithful daughter, Deborah, speaks of his cheerfulness under his sufferings from the gout, and describes him as "the soul of conversation." In the spirit of his *Sonnet on his Blindness*,* he was content to "only stand and wait," sending up the prayer out of his darkness,

> "So much the rather thou Celestial light shine inward."†

The words of one who visited him at this time help to bring Milton before us, dressed neatly in black, and seated in a large armchair in a room with dark green hangings, his soft hair still falling over his shoulders, his sightless eyes still beautiful and clear.

Paradise Lost was published in 1667, to be followed in 1671 by *Paradise Regained.* With the latter poem appeared the noble drama of *Samson Agonistes* (or the wrestler), and with it Milton's work was ended. He died on November 8, 1674, so quietly that those with him knew not when he passed away.

> "Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
> Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
> Dispraise or blame; nothing but well and fair,
> And what may quiet us in a death so noble." ‡

* See p. 240. † "Paradise Lost," bk. iv. ‡ "Samson Agonistes."

We are stimulated and thrilled by the thought of Milton's life, as at the sight of some noble and heroic action. Obviously it is not free from our common human shortcomings, but in its whole ideal and in its large results, we feel that it moves habitually on the higher levels, and is animated by no vulgar or ordinary aims. It is much that as a great poet Milton loved beauty, that as a great scholar he sought after truth. It is more, that above the scholar's devotion to knowledge, Milton set the citizen's devotion to country, the patriot's passionate love of liberty; that above even the employment of his great poetic gift, he set the high resolve to make his life "a true poem," and to live:

Milton's Ideal of Life.

"As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye." *

He has accordingly left us an example of solemn self-consecration to a lofty purpose, early undertaken, and steadfastly and consistently pursued. Milton's life was lived at high tension; he not only set an exacting standard for himself, he was also inclined to impose it upon others. He is so sublime that some of us are inclined to be a trifle ill at ease in his presence, or are apt to be repelled by a strain of severity far different from the sweet companionableness of Shakespeare. In Milton's stringent and austere ideal, we miss at times the saving grace of Shakespeare's charity, or we are almost moved to exclaim with Sir Toby:

"Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?" †

In *Samson Agonistes*, when Delilah pleads before her husband that she has sinned through weakness, she is met by an uncompromising reply:

* See p. 240, end of Sonnet on his arriving at the age of twenty-three.

† "Twelfth Night," act ii. sc. 3.

"if weakness may excuse,
What murderer, traitor, parricide,
Incestuous, sacreligious, but may plead it?
All wickedness is weakness, that plea therefore
With God or man will gain thee no remission." *

From such a rigorous insistence on condemnation in strict accord with the offense, our minds revert to Portia's inspired plea for mercy,† or to Isabella's searching question:

"How would you be
If He which is the top of judgment should
But judge you as you are?" ‡

However we may appreciate these differences in the spirit of two great poets, we do Milton wrong if we fail to honor and reverence him for that in which he was supremely great. We must remember that this intense zeal for righteousness was a master passion in the highest spirits of Milton's time, and that it is hard to combine zeal with tolerance. It is but natural that in the midst of the corrupt England of the Restoration, the almost solitary voice of the nation's better self could not prophesy smooth things. This Puritan severity is especially marked in the three great poems of Milton's later life. As a young man he had chosen a purely romantic subject for his projected epic,—the story of Arthur; his maturer interests led him to abandon this for a purely religious and doctrinal one; he treated of the fall of man and the origin of evil, that he might "justify the ways of God to men." *Paradise Lost*, with its sequel, *Paradise Regained*, constitute the one great contribution of the English genius to the epic poetry of the world. The style of these great works alone shows genius of the highest and rarest kind. By

Paradise Lost.

* "Samson Agonistes," l. 831. † "Merchant of Venice," act iv. sc. 1.
‡ "Measure for Measure," act ii. sc. 2.

the incomparable dignity and majesty of the verse, with its prolonged and solemn music, and the curious involution of its slowly unfolding sentences, we are lifted out of the ordinary or the trivial, into the incalculable spaces of that region into which it is the poet's object to transport us. In *Paradise Lost*, caught in the tremendous sweep of Milton's imagination, we see our whole universe, with its circling sun and planets hanging suspended in the black abyss of chaos,

"In bigness like a star."

Heaven, "the deep tract of Hell," and that illimitable and chaotic region which lies between, make up the vast Miltonic background, where legions of rebellious angels strive with God, and wherein is enacted the mysterious drama, not of men, but of the race of Man.

Milton and Shakespeare.

The attitude of Shakespeare toward that unseen and mysterious region which lies beyond the limits of our human experience, was that of the New Learning. He places us in the midst of our familiar world, and there we only catch at times the half-intelligible whisper of voices coming out of those blank surrounding spaces which no man can enter. Hamlet, slipping out of this little earthly circle of noise and light, can but whisper on the brink of the great blackness of darkness, that

"the rest is silence."

But Milton, with the new daring of Puritanism, took for his province that "undiscovered country" beyond the walls of this goodly prison, as Shakespeare, through Hamlet, called the world. At the beginning of his great epic he invokes "the Heavenly Muse,"

"That on the secret top
Of Oreb or of Sinai, didst inspire,
That Shepherd who first taught the chosen seed,

In the beginning how the heaven and earth
Rose out of chaos." *

He looks to the Hill of Sion,

" And Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God," *

rather than to Parnassus, and by Celestial guidance intends to soar "above the Aonian mount," and to pursue

" Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme." *

SELECTIONS FROM MILTON.

L'ALLEGRO.

Hence, loathèd Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy:
Find out some uncouth cell
  Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings
And the night raven sings,
  There, under ebon shades and low-browed rocks
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
  But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven ycleped Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore:
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing

* " Paradise Lost," bk. i.

6. *Jealous.*—The picture is that of a hen brooding on her nest, suspicious or *jealous* of intrusion.

7. *Sings.*—In this uncouth cell the only *singing* is the raven's croak. Contrast this with the singing of the lark, the bird of Dawn, l. 41–42, *infra.*

10. *Cimmerian.*—Who were the Cimmerians?

12. *Ycleped.*—Named or called.

As he met her once a-Maying,
There, on beds of violets blue
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathèd smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty
And, if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprovèd pleasures free:—
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine,
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,

24. *Buxom.*—Bowsome, flexible, obedient. *Cf.* use in Chaucer's "Good Counseil" (see p. 59). See also Skeat's Ety. Dict.

25. *Nymph.*—*I. e.*, Euphrosyne.

38. He is still addressing Euphrosyne or *Mirth.*

39. *Her.*—*I. e.*, Liberty, the mountain nymph.

45. *To come.*—Probably depends on "to hear" (l. 41), *i. e.*, to hear the lark *begin* his flight, and then descending come "in *the* spite *of* sorrow," etc., to the speaker's window. This description is not true to nature, from which charge Professor Masson attempts to defend Milton by a different interpretation. See note in Masson's edition.

And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before;
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill;
Some time walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great sun begins his state
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures:
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where, perhaps, some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses,
And then in haste her bower she leaves,

80. *Cynosure.*—The Greek name for the constellation of the Lesser Bear, which contains the Pole Star. Phœnician mariners directed their eyes to this in steering, hence any thing or person on whom the eyes were fastened came to be called a *cynosure.*—Masson's "Notes on L'Allegro."

With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead.
  Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the checkered shade,
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holyday,
Till the livelong daylight fail:
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat:
How fairy Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinched, and pulled, she said;
And he, by friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When, in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And, crop-full, out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
  Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,

94. *Rebecks.*—A rude stringed instrument, afterwards developed into the violin.

101. *Stories.*—The superstitious rustics tell their various adventures with supernatural beings supposed to haunt the field and farmhouse. Each fairy and goblin has his own name and office. *Mab* pinches the idle servants; *Friar Rush*, used by Milton for Will-o'-the-wisp, leads the rustic into bogs; the "drudging goblin," or "lubber," fiend, performs household tasks in return for a "*cream-bowl duly set*" for him to drink. Allusions to these beings are frequent in older literature. *Cf.* "Midsummer Night's Dream," etc., etc.

Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learnèd sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head,

120. *Weeds.*—From A.-S. waed, clothing. *Weeds of Peace*, holiday dress, not armor.

122. *Influence.*—Ladies' eyes are likened to stars, which astrologers supposed to influence human events.

132. *Sock.*—The drama of the *sock* (Comedy, in performing which the actors wore low-heeled shoes) rather than that of the buskin (Tragedy, in which the actors wore high-heeled boots) best suits the mood of "L'Allegro."

136. The Lydians, a people of Asia Minor, were noted for their effeminacy. Their music was soft and voluptuous, and corresponded to their national character, while the Dorian music was majestic and inspiring (see "Par. Lost," bk. i. l. 549) adapted to the bass as the Lydian to the tenor voice. See Dryden's "Alexander's Feast," l. 79; Spenser's "Faerie Queene," bk. iii. cant. i. l. 40. Why should the speaker in "L'Allegro," prefer this special kind of music?

From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO.*

Hence, vain deluding joys, †
The brood of Folly, without father bred,
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys :
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But, hail ! thou goddess sage and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy,
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And, therefore, to our weaker view,
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue ;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,

* *Penseroso.*—Milton has here made a slip in his Italian; the word should have been *pensieroso.* Il Pensieroso, the meditative or thoughtful man. As the word is here used, one who enjoys the pleasures of quiet contemplation.

† *Lines* 1–30.—Compare the opening lines of "L'Allegro," and note how carefully the contrast or antithesis is preserved.

3. *Bested.—I.e.* how little you *advantage* or *assist;* a peculiar use. Bested means literally *placed,* from A.S. stede, a place, and the verb to set fast, to plant. *Cf.* ill-bested, badly off. Compare "to stand in good stead." In what English compound words is stead found? Look up use of this word by Shakespeare in Concordance, and see "The Bible Word Book," and Dictionaries of Richardson and Skeat.

6. *Fond.*—Silly, foolish. *Cf.* Shakespeare, and give instances of Shakespeare's use of this word. See note to "Merchant of Venice," p. 160

Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended:
Yet thou art higher far descended.
Thee bright-haired Vesta, long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she; in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain:
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commèrcing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till,
With a sad leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet
And hears the Muses, in a ring,
Aye round about Jove's altar sing.
And add to these retirèd Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,

19. *Ethiop queen.*—See Cassiepea, or Cassiopea, in Class. Dict. Explain allusions and the peculiar force of "starred."

33. *Grain.*—Red or purple; so used by older writers. This color was obtained from a small insect which, when dried, had the appearance of a seed or grain. See "Par. L.," bk. v. l. 285. "Mid. N. D.," act i. sc. 2, l. 95.

35. *Stole.*—The *Stola* was a long robe worn by Roman ladies. *Stole* also means the scarf worn by a priest. Spenser uses *stole* for hood or veil, in which sense Hales understands it here throughout.

Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustomed oak.
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy,
Thee, chantress, oft, the woods among,
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound
Over some wide watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still, removèd place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,

54. *Contemplation.*—See Ezekiel, ch. x.; also "Paradise Lost," bk. vi. l. 750–759. Milton here names one of the cherubs in Ezekiel's vision, *Contemplation*. It was, with writers of this time, a word of high meaning, denoting the faculty by which the clearest notion of Divine things could be attained. See Masson's Ed.

74. *Curfew.*—What was the *curfew?*

78. *Removed.*—Remote. Masson remarks that whereas in "L'Allegro" the evening indoors did not begin till line 117, or near the end of the poem, here we are indoors at line 77, with three-fifths of the poem to come.

Or the bellman's drowsy charm
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook,
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or underground,
Whose power hath a true consent,
With planet or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy,
In sceptred pall, come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine.

83. *Bellman.*—The watchman in olden times used a bell. "Half past nine and a fine cloudy evening," may be remembered yet as a cry of the watchman in some towns before the time of gas; but the older watchmen mingled pious benedictions with their meteorological information. Masson's Ed.

87. *Bear.*—Constellation of Ursa Major, which never sets.

88. *Hermes.*—Trismegistus (with whom the Greek Hermes was identified) was held in great reverence by the Neo-Platonists as the supposed source of knowledge.

88. *Unsphere.*—References to "the spheres" are common in Milton, who was imbued with the Ptolemaic system. He had also met the astronomer Galileo. See *supra*, p. 222; *cf.* Shakespeare, "Merchant of Venice," note on p. 181. Such frequent references in writers of this time show the general interest awakened by the teachings and theories of Galileo and Copernicus.

93. Demon, an indwelling spirit, not a devil, from Gr. *δαίμων*, meant originally, an inferior god, or often a guardian spirit. Look up Socrates' belief in his attendant genius or demon. The "demons" here referred to are salamanders, sylphs, nymphs, and gnomes, the spirits of what were anciently called the four elements of all things. See Intro. to "The Rape of the Lock," p. 276; "The Rape of the Lock," canto i. l. 41, etc., also Pope's dedication to the poem.

95. *Consent.*—Connection.

98. *Sceptered Pall.*—*Palla*, a robe.

Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.
But, O, sad virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower;
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made hell grant what love did seek;
Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife
That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys, and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not tricked and frounced as she was wont,
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kercheft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud;
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And, when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To archèd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,

102. *Buskined.*—See "L'Allegro," p. 233, note 132.

105. *Orpheus.*—See "L'Allegro," l. 145.

110. *Cambuscan.*—"The Squire's Tale," by Chaucer, which he left unfinished, and which was a great favorite with Milton.

Lines 116–120.—"These certainly refer to Spenser, probably also to Ariosto and Tasso."—Masson.

124. *Attic boy.*—Cephalus.

Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe, with heavèd stroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee, with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered sleep;
And, let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings, in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid.
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters' pale,
And love the high embowered roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light:
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced quire below
In service high and anthems clear
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew,
Till old experience do attain

159. *Storied windows.—I. e.*, windows of stained glass with subjects from Scripture history.

To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arrived so near;
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits endu'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven;
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye.

December, 1631.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.*

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide,
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best

* This sonnet was written in 1652, the year in which Milton lost his sight. It may be compared with his other personal sonnets: that on his arriving at the age of twenty-three (1631), and the sonnet to Cyriac Skinner (1655). See "Milton," by Stopford Brooke, p. 70. Other famous allusions to his blindness are to be found in the opening lines of "Paradise Lost," bk. iii, and in the blind Samson's lament in "Samson Agonistes," line 66.

Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.*

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshiped stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who, having learnt thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

* The invocation with which this sonnet opens has a peculiar sublimity and majesty, perhaps unequaled by anything in our literature. We are affected as by some massive chorus in an Oratorio of Handel's. The whole sonnet has the noble utterance of certain passages in the Old Testament, and we are reminded that Milton's genius was nourished on Hebrew as well as on classic models. The student should look up the historical event which was the occasion of the poem.

TABLE VII.—THE PURITAN PERIOD, *cir.* 1637–1674.

HISTORICAL EVENTS.	WRITERS OF PURITAN SCHOOL.		LATER ELIZABETHAN WRITERS.
Charles I., 1625–1649.	**John Milton**, born, 1608–1674.	**Wm. Prynne**, 1600–1669.	Lyrists:
First Parliament dissolved, 1625.	Sonnet to Shakespeare.	"The Player's Scourge," 1633.	**Thomas Carew**, 1598–1639 (?).
Buckingham impeached, 1626.	First published poem, 1632.	**Thomas Hobbes**, 1588–1679.	Poems, 1640.
Second Parliament dissolved, 1626.	At Christ College, Cambridge, 1624–1632.	"Of Liberty and Necessity," 1654.	**Sir John Suckling**, 1609–1641.
The Petition of Right, 1628.	"L'Allegro," and "Penseroso," 1632.	**George Wither**, 1588–1667.	"Session of the Poets," 1637. Poems.
Murder of Buckingham, 1628.	"Comus," 1634.	Satirical Essays, 1613.	**Richard Lovelace**, 1618–1658. Poems.
Puritan emigration to New England, 1630.	"Lycidas," 1637.	Poems.	**Robert Herrick**, 1591–1674. Poems.
Hampden refuses to pay ship money, 1637.	Journey to France and Italy, 1638–1639.	**Richard Baxter**, 1615–1691.	**Edmund Waller**, 1605–1687. Poems.
Long Parliament meets, 1640.	Marries Mary Powell, 1643.	"The Saints' Everlasting Rest," 1650.	**Abraham Cowley**, 1618–1667 (?).
Execution of Strafford, 1641.	Prose pamphlets:	"Call to the Unconverted," 1657.	Poems.
The Grand Remonstrance, 1641.	Tractate on Education, 1644.	**Andrew Marvell**, 1621–1678.	Essays.
Royalists withdraw from Parliament, 1642.	Areopagitica, 1644.	Poems.	**John Donne**, 1573–1631.
Battle of Edgehill, 1642.	The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce, 1644.	**John Bunyan**, 1628–1688.	Poems and Sermons.
Battle of Marston Moor, 1644.	Defense of the English People, 1651.	"The Pilgrim's Progress," 1678–1684.	**Sir Henry Wotton**, 1568–1639.
Battle of Naseby, 1645.		"The Holy War," 1682.	"Elements of Architecture," 1624. Poems.
Charles surrenders to the Scots, 1646.			**Robert Burton**, 1577–1640.
Scots surrender Charles to the Houses, 1647.			"The Anatomy of Melancholy," 1621.
Flight of the King, 1647.			**Izaak Walton**, 1593–1683.
Outbreak of Royalist Revolt, 1648.			"The Complete Angler," 1653.
			"Lives."
			Wm. Drummond, 1585–1649.
			Poems, 1616.
			"Flowers of Zion," 1623.
			Giles Fletcher, about 1588–1623.
			"Christ's Victory and Triumph," 1610.
			Phineas Fletcher, 1582–1650.
			"The Locusts," 1627.
			"The Purple Island," 1633.

TABLE VII.—THE PURITAN PERIOD, *cir.* 1637–1674—*continued.*

HISTORICAL EVENTS.	WRITERS OF PURITAN SCHOOL.		LATER ELIZABETHAN WRITERS.
Execution of Charles I., 1649. Battle of Dunbar, 1650. **Oliver Cromwell**, Lord Protector, 1654.	Secretary to Council of State under Cromwell, 1649. Major Poetic Period: "Paradise Lost," 1667–1674. "Paradise Regained," 1671. "Samson Agonistes," 1671.		**Wm. Browne**, 1590–1645. "Brittannia's Pastorals," 1613–1616. **George Herbert**, 1593–1633. "The Country Parson," 1652. Religious Poems. **Joseph Hall**, 1574–1656. Satires and Poems. **Francis Quarles**, 1592–1644. "Emblems," 1635. **Sir Thomas Browne**, 1605–1682. "Religio Medici," 1642. **Wm. Habington**, 1605–1654. "Castara," 1634. **Thomas Fuller**, 1608–1661. "History of the Holy War," 1639–1651. "The Church History of Britain," 1655. **Jeremy Taylor**, 1613–1667. "The Liberty of Prophesying," 1647. "Holy Living," 1650. "Holy Dying," 1651. **Samuel Butler**, 1612–1680. "Hudibras," 1663–1678. **Richard Crashaw**, 1613–1650 (?). "Steps to the Temple," 1646. Poems. **Henry Vaughan**, 1622–1695 (?). Sacred poems.

NOTES AND REFERENCES.

1. *History.*—S. R. Gardiner's series of Histories cover this period. Masson's "Life and Times of Milton"; Macaulay's "History of England."

2. *Literature.*—For admirable review of state of literature in 1630, see Masson's Life, etc., *supra*, vol. i. chap. vi.; Saintsbury's "Seventeenth Century Lyrics"; Saintsbury's "Elizabethan Literature"; Minto's Eng. Poets. Palgrave's "Chrysomela," a selection from lyrical poems of Herrick, is suitable for school use.

3. *Milton.*—Lives: Garnett's, in Great Writers Series, Pattison's, in Eng. Men of Letters Series; Milton, in Johnson's "Lives of the Poets"; Masson's "Three Devils, and Other Essays," Luther's, Milton's, and Goethe's. The essay in same volume on the youth of Milton contains interesting comparison between Milton and Shakespeare. Essay on Milton in Seeley's "Lectures and Essays"; Stopford Brooke's "Milton" in Student's Library Series; Macaulay's Essay on Milton.

PART III.

THE FRENCH INFLUENCE.

(1660 to cir. 1750.)

THE FRENCH INFLUENCE.

1660 to cir. 1750.

The England of the Restoration.

The Restoration is one of the great landmarks in the history of England. It means more than a change in government; it means the beginning of a new England, in life, in thought, and in literature. On every side we find outward signs of the nation's different mood. The theatres were reopened, and frivolous crowds applauded a new kind of drama, light, witty, and immoral. The Maypoles were set up again, bear baiting revived, the Puritan Sabbath disregarded. The king had come to enjoy his own again, and thousands who had grown restive under Puritanic restraints flung aside all decency to recklessly enjoy it with him. Those whom the Puritan had overthrown were again uppermost, and they knew no moderation in the hour of their triumph. The cause and faith of Cromwell and of Milton were loaded with insult and contempt, and the snuffling Puritan was baited and ridiculed, as in the clever but vulgar doggerel of Butler's *Hudibras*. Had Cromwell lived, or had England remained a Puritan Commonwealth, the spirit which produced Withers, Milton, and Bunyan, might have continued to enrich the literature; but with the return of Charles II. we pass abruptly into a new literary period expressive of the nation's altered mood.

Changes at the Restoration.

The French Influence.

During the two centuries preceding the Restoration, the genius of England had been inspired and directed by Italy, but about the time of that event English writers began to turn for guidance to the brilliant and polished literature of France. This seems to have been due to a combination of causes. Throughout the whole of Europe the literary influence of Italy had sensibly declined, and at this time was being partially replaced by that of France. Politically, France had gained great ascendancy through the ability of her famous statesmen, Richelieu and Mazarin; and Louis XIV. (1643–1715), the most splendid living embodiment of despotic kingship, had gathered about his court a brilliant group of writers. Theological eloquence was represented by *Bossuet* and *Fenelon*, meditative prose by *Pascal*, tragedy by *Corneille* and *Racine*, and comedy by *Molière*, with the single exception of Shakespeare, the greatest dramatist of the modern world. It was but natural that England, in common with other nations, should respond to the example of this rising literature; but her readiness to learn from France seems to have been heightened by other causes. Charles II. had brought with him from his exile on the Continent a fondness for things French, and, in particular, a liking for the French style of tragedy. France was powerful in the very heart of Charles's court, and his reign shows us the shameful spectacle of an English king seeking to undermine English liberty by the aid of a French king's gold.

The French Attention to Literary Form.

Doubtless the French tastes of the king were not without their effect on literature; but a still more important reason for the English following of French models remains to be noticed. One great characteristic of the French literature of this period was the importance it attached to literary form, that is, to the finish, elegance, and correctness with

which the thought was expressed. Recent efforts had been made to improve and purify the language, and from this task the French scholars turned their attention to the rules of literary composition. *Boileau* became the literary lawgiver of the day by his *Art of Poetry* (1674), in which he urged writers to avoid the brilliant extravagancies of the Italians, and strive to write with exactness and "good sense." Now this doctrine met with especial favor, because it exactly suited the general trend and tendency of the times. Throughout Europe the creative impulse of the Renaissance was dying.

No longer sustained by that overmastering desire to create, which, by its very truth and intensity, leads genius to an artistic expression, men came to rely more on such external guidance as could be had from the maxims of composition. England shared in this prevailing tendency, and naturally took for her pattern the great French exponents of the congenial doctrine.

Edmund Waller (1605–1687) was one of the earliest of these followers of the French, and was for some time looked up to as the great refiner of language and versification; but the real head of *The Critical School*, as this group of writers is called, was *John Dryden* (1631–1700), a man of logical and masculine intellect, and of finished literary skill. Dryden rises above the smaller men of his day by the weight of sheer intellectual force. From the Restoration to the close of the century he dominated English letters, "the greatest man of a little age." He represents the new critical spirit and the desire for moderation and correctness of literary form. "Nothing," he declared, "is truly sublime that is not just and proper"; and he brought to his work a cold and critical intellect, and the most exacting and conscientious care. In his adaptation of an English translation of Boileau's *Art of Poetry*, he announces his

John Dryden.

own principles of composition—principles which distinguish the writers of his school:

> "Gently make haste, of labour not afraid:
> A hundred times consider what you've said;
> Polish, repolish, every colour lay,
> And sometimes add, but oftener take away."*

Dryden's careful study of literature as an art is further shown by his prose criticisms. It was his custom to preface his plays and poems with a discussion, explaining or defending the methods upon which the work had been composed; and his *Essay on Dramatic Poetry* (1668), in which he advocates the use of rhyme in serious plays, holds an assured place in the history of English criticism.

Dryden as Critic.

Immense intellectual force, and an ability to argue in verse, two of the most obvious elements of Dryden's genius, lift his Satires and didactic poems into a foremost place in the literature. His *Absalom and Achitophel* (1681), the greatest political satire of the language, was written in the interests of the Court party, and contains a masterly attack upon the Earl of Shaftesbury, who was then on trial for high treason. The portrayal of Shaftesbury, under the name of Achitophel, is justly famous, and is a good illustration of Dryden's peculiar power:

Dryden as Satirist.

> "Of these the false Achitophel was first;
> A name to all succeeding ages curst:
> For close designs, and crooked counsels fit;
> Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
> Restless, unfixed in principles and place;
> In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace:
> A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
> Fretted the pigmy-body to decay,
> And o'er informed the tenement of clay.

* "The Art of Poetry," canto 1, l. 171.

A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high
He sought the storms; but for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeather'd two-legged thing, a son."*

This masterpiece, which established its author's fame as a satirist, was followed by *The Medal* (1682), a second attack on Shaftesbury, and by *Mac Flecknoe* (1682). In the latter, Shadwell, an otherwise obscure writer of the political faction opposite to that of Dryden, is immortalized by the stinging lash of the poet's ridicule. Flecknoe, who is about to abdicate from the throne of Dulness in favor of Shadwell, is made to declare:

"Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he,
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through, and make a lucid interval;
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
His rising fogs prevail upon the day."†

The *Religio Laici* (1682), and *The Hind and the Panther* (1687), are the great examples of Dryden's power of reasoning in verse. The first is a defense of the Church of England, the second, written after the accession of the Roman Catholic James, and after Dryden's change of faith, is an elaborate argument in behalf of the Church of Rome.

Dryden's Power of Reasoning in Verse.

* "Absalom and Achitophel," pt. 1, l. 150. † "Mac Flecknoe," l. 17.

His Lyrics.

In lyric poetry Dryden is known by his majestic odes on *St. Cecilia's Day* and *Alexander's Feast*, and by the beautiful Memorial Ode on *Mistress Anne Killegrew*,* in which he speaks with touching humility of his own shortcomings.

Dryden and his Time.

Dryden is emphatically a representative English poet. By his life, character, and the spirit of his work, he belongs to the changed England which had risen out of the overthrow of Puritanism, and he embodies with unmistakable vigor and distinctness many of those marked features which were to characterize the nation and its literature for years to come. Outside the immediate circle of literature there are many indications of this change. The more coldly speculative and intellectual temper of the time is shown in the growth of a scientific spirit, shared even by the flippant king. The foundation of the Royal Society, in 1662, is one of the outcomes of this new science, while among the men busy in extending the knowledge of the physical world, towers the great figure of *Sir Isaac Newton* (1642–1727). It was an age of unimpassioned logic, of intellectual curiosity; its keen-edged intelligence occupied itself with theories of government and with the speculations of philosophy; its frigid good sense turned to biography and memoirs, to history, criticism, and letters. Thus, as we should expect, it was emphatically an age of prose. The relations of Dryden to such a time are close and obvious, and he plainly defines for us its mental temper. He had clearness, mental grasp, great ease and finish of style, and a hard-headed and masculine power; but we miss in him the glowing imagination of the Elizabethans, their mounting ardor of emotion, their love of nature and of beauty, their moods of exquisite tenderness. With Dryden, poetry became the coadjutor of poli-

* "This beautiful Ode is given in Ward's "English Poets."

tics, and the handmaid of religious controversy. We leave behind us the passion of *Lear*, or the rapt visions of *Paradise Lost*, to pass into a new world of fashion and wit, of logic and vituperation.

SELECTION FROM DRYDEN.

A SONG

For St. Cecilia's Day, 1687.

I.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began :
When nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead.
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began :
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.

II.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

III.

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger,
And mortal alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

IV.

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

V.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair, disdainful dame.

VI.

But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

VII.

Orpheus could lead the savage race;
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre:
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appear'd
Mistaking earth for heaven.

Grand Chorus.

As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the bless'd above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ESSAYS.

With new popular needs and a wider reading public, came important changes in literature and in the position of the author. Before this, authorship, as a recognized calling, did not exist outside of the writers for the stage; but from about the reign of Queen Anne (1702–1714) we note the signs of change. During the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. the successful playwright reached a large public, but for the writer of books the circle of readers was comparatively small. Men did not attempt to make a living by authorship alone, and writing was accordingly an occasional occupation, an amusement, or a mere graceful accomplishment. Hooker was a clergyman; Bacon unhappily gave to knowledge only such time as he could spare from law and politics; Raleigh and Sidney represent the large class of courtiers and gentlemen who wrote in the elegant leisure of brilliant and active lives, while Milton in his prose, with Prynne and Collier, are examples of those who used books as a means of controversy. That large reading public which in our own day enables the author to live solely by his pen did not then exist, and before the Civil War books were commonly

Changed Position of the Author.

published through some powerful patron. But as wealth and leisure increased, the general intelligence widened, and the author gradually gained the support of a large number of readers. Publishing became more profitable, and in the reign of Charles II. the number of publishing houses greatly increased. In Queen Anne's reign a close connection existed between literature and politics, and many authors were encouraged by the gift of government positions.*

The author was still dependent on a powerful patron, but he was gradually struggling towards direct reliance on the public support. During Anne's reign the greater towns, and especially London, became more and more centres of social and intellectual activity. Coffeehouses were established in great numbers, and there the leading men in politics, literature, or fashion, habitually met to smoke and discuss the latest sensations over the novel luxury of coffee. Such friction made men's minds more alert, witty, and alive to the newest thing. Before 1715 there were nearly two thousand of these coffeehouses in London alone, representing an immense variety of social classes and political opinions.† With the spread of intelligence and the life of the club and coffeehouse the

* "The splendid efflorescence of genius under Queen Anne was in a very great degree due to ministerial encouragement, which smoothed the path of many whose names and writings are familiar in countless households where the statesmen of that day are almost forgotten. Among those who obtained assistance from the government, either in the form of pensions, appointments, or professional promotion, were Newton and Locke, Addison, Swift, Steele, Prior, Gay, Rowe, Congreve, Tickell, Parnell, and Phillips, while a secret pension was offered to Pope, who was legally disqualified by his religion from receiving government favours."—"Eng. in the 18th Cent.," by W. E. H. Lecky, vol. vi. p. 462.

† Sidney's "Eng. in the 18th Cent.," vol. i. p. 186. According to Halton, "New View of London," vol. i. p. 30, there were nearly three thousand coffeehouses in England in 1708. See Lecky's "Eng. in the 18th Cent.," vol. i. p. 616.

rise of periodical literature is directly connected. Moreover, the liberty of the press, for which Milton strove, had been established since 1682, so that many things favored the rise of journalism. Rise of Periodical Literature. The first daily newspaper, the *Daily Courant*, was started in 1702, and *The Tatler* (1709), part newspaper and part magazine, began a distinctly new order of periodical literature.* *The Tatler* came out on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays; it was sold for a penny, and in addition to theatre notices, advertisements, and current news, it contained an essay which often treated lightly and good-humoredly of the day. Such a paper was precisely what the new conditions of town life required. The floating talk of the clubs and coffeehouses was caught by the essayist and compressed into a brief, witty, and graceful literary form. In the place of ponderous sentences, moving heavily under their many-syllabled words and their cumbrous weight of learning, we have a new prose, deft, quick, sparkling, and neither too serious nor too profound. It is as though the age had abandoned the massive broadsword of an earlier time, to play at thrust and parry with the foils. The creators of this new periodical literature are *Sir Richard Steele* and his friend *Joseph Addison.*

Richard Steele (1672–1729) was a warm-hearted, lovable, and impulsive Irishman. Left fatherless before he was six years old, he gained admission to the Charterhouse school in London, through the influence of his uncle. Here he met Addison, his junior by two months, but greatly his senior in discretion; and the two schoolboys began a beautiful and almost lifelong friendship. Thackeray writes of this period of Steele's life: "I am afraid no good Steele.

* A good account of this will be found in Courthope's "Life of Addison," chap. i., in Eng. Men of Letters Series.

report could be given by his masters and ushers of that thick-set, square-faced, black-eyed, soft-hearted little Irish boy. He was very idle. He was whipped deservedly a great number of times. Though he had very good parts of his own, he got other boys to do his lessons for him, and only took just as much trouble as should enable him to scuffle through his exercises, and by good fortune escape the flogging block. One hundred and fifty years after, I have myself inspected, but only as an amateur, that instrument of righteous torture still existing, and in occasional use, in a secluded private apartment of the old Charterhouse school; and have no doubt it is the very counterpart, if not the ancient and interesting machine itself, at which poor Dick Steele submitted himself to the tormentors.

Thackeray on Steele.

"Besides being very kind, lazy, and good-natured, this boy went invariably into debt with the tartwoman; ran out of bounds, and entered into pecuniary, or rather promissory, engagements with the neighboring lollipop venders and piemen—exhibited an early fondness for drinking mum and sack, and borrowed from all his comrades who had money to lend. I have no sort of authority for the statements here made of Steele's early life; but if the child is father of the man, the father of young Steele of Merton, who left Oxford without taking a degree, and entered into the Life Guards—the father of Captain Steele of Lucas's Fusiliers, who got his company through the patronage of my Lord Cutts—the father of Mr. Steele, the Commissioner of Stamps, the editor of the Gazette, the Tatler, and Spectator, the expelled member of Parliament, and the author of the Tender Husband and the Conscious Lovers, if man and boy resembled each other, Dick Steele, the schoolboy, must have been one of the most generous, good-for-nothing, amiable little creatures that ever conjugated the verb

tupto, I beat, *tuptomai*, I am whipped, in any school in Great Britain.

"Almost every gentleman who does me the honor to hear me will remember that the very greatest character which he has seen in the course of his life, and the person to whom he has looked up with the greatest wonder and reverence, was the head boy at his school. . . . I have seen great men in my time, but never such a great one as that head boy of my childhood; we all thought he must be Prime Minister, and I was disappointed on meeting him in after life to find he was no more than six feet high.

"Dick Steele, the Charterhouse gownboy, contracted such an admiration in the years of his childhood, and retained it faithfully through his life. Through the school, and through the world, whithersoever his strange fortune led this erring, wayward, affectionate creature, Joseph Addison was always his head boy. Addison wrote his exercises. Addison did his best themes. He ran on Addison's messages; fagged for him and blacked his shoes; to be in Joe's company was Dick's greatest pleasure; and he took a sermon or a caning from his monitor with the most boundless reverence, acquiescence, and affection." *

Leaving school, Steele went to Oxford, then entered the army, and ultimately rose to the rank of captain. He wrote a religious work, *The Christian Hero*, by which he complained he gained a reputation for piety which he found it difficult to live up to. To counteract this, and to "enliven his character," he wrote a comedy called *The Funeral* (1701). After producing several other plays, Steele drifted into journalism, and after writing for a paper called *The Gazette*, founded *The Tatler*. After a few weeks

Steele founds "The Tatler," 1709.

* Thackeray's "English Humorists," p. 200.

Addison became a contributor, but even before this the success of the paper was assured. *The Tatler* was discontinued in 1711 to make way for *The Spectator*, a joint enterprise of Addison and Steele. This ran until 1713, when it was succeeded by *The Guardian*, the last periodical for which the friends worked together. Steele was extravagant, good-natured, and fond of fine clothes. When he had money he spent it like a prince, and so did not have it long. He "outlived his wife, his income, his health, almost everything but his kind heart. That ceased to trouble him in 1729, when he died, worn out and almost forgotten by his contemporaries, in Wales, where he had the remnant of a property." *

Addison.

Joseph Addison (1672–1719) was more reserved, shy, and dignified than his rollicking friend Dick Steele. He was the son of a clergyman, and he had himself so much of the clerical gravity that a contemporary called him "a parson in a tyewig." Like Steele he went to Oxford after leaving the Charterhouse school, but unlike Steele won a scholarship by some Latin verses. Like most of the authors of the time Addison was obliged to depend on patronage for a living. He was granted a pension in return for a laudatory poem on the Peace of Ryswick (1697). This he lost on the king's death (William III., 1702), and in the following year he returned to England from a Continental tour, with no certain prospects. Poetry came a second time to his aid. He made a great hit by a poem called *The Campaign*, in which he celebrated the Duke of Marlborough's great victory at Blenheim, and was appointed to a government position. In 1713 he brought out his tragedy of *Cato*, which gave him a prodigious reputation, but, as we know, he had before this begun a work of even more permanent importance in his contributions

* Thackeray's "English Humorists," p. 210.

to the *Tatler* and *Spectator*. As an essayist, Addison possessed a finer art than that of Steele, yet it was Steele who first suggested what Addison brought to perfection. This was the case with the famous character of Sir Roger de Coverley, the typical country gentleman of the time. Both Steele and Addison wrote as moralists, and in their work one sees that the reaction against the excesses of the Restoration had already begun. Their method as reformers is in keeping with the spirit of the time. They did not assail vice and folly with indignant eloquence, but, with delicate tact and unvarying good humor, they gently made them ridiculous. Addison regretted the emptiness and frivolity of the fashionable women, and set himself to bring a new interest into their lives. "There are none," he says, "to whom this paper will be more useful than to the female world,"* and his direct appeal to the women readers is memorable in the history of the literature. Such papers as "The Fine Lady's Journal," "The Exercise of the Fan," "The Dissection of a Beau's Head," and of a "Coquette's Heart," with their minute observation and kindly satire of manners, are highly representative. In "Ned Softly," Addison laughs at the literary doctrines of the day, showing us against a background of club life a "very pretty poet," who studies the approved maxims of poetry before sitting down to write, and who spends a whole hour in adapting the turn of the words in two lines.

Addison and Steele Social Reformers.

Finally, we see in these early eighteenth century essays the forerunners of a new art. The faithful description of life and manners, the feeling for character and incident, show that the essays have only to be thrown into the form of a continued narrative to give us the modern novel. Before the eigh-

The Essay the Precursor of the Novel.

* "Spectator," No 10. Read this entire paper.

teenth century was half over, Samuel Richardson and Joseph Fielding had continued in the novel that painting of contemporary life which the essayist had begun.

The character and work of Addison cannot be better summed up than in the famous tribute of Macaulay, who calls him "the unsullied statesman; the accomplished scholar, the great satirist who alone knew how to use ridicule without abusing it; who, without inflicting a wound, affected a great social reform, and who reconciled wit and virtue after a long and painful separation, during which wit had been led astray by profligacy and virtue by fanaticism." *

Macaulay on Addison.

SELECTIONS FROM ADDISON.

NED SOFTLY THE POET.

Idem inficeto est inficetior rure,
Simul poemata attigit; neque idem unquam
Æque est beatus, ac poema quum scribit:
Tam guadet in se, tamque se ipse miratur.
Nimirum idem omnes fallimur; neque est quisquam
Quem non in aliqua re videre Suffenum
Possis— —*Catul.*

I yesterday came hither about two hours before the company generally make their appearance, with a design to read over all the newspapers; but upon my sitting down, I was accosted by Ned Softly, who saw me from a corner in the other end of the room, where I found he had been writing something. "Mr. Bickerstaff," says he, "I observe by a late paper of yours, that you and I are just of a humour; for you must know, of all impertinences there is nothing which I so much hate as news. I never read a gazette in my life; and never trouble my head about our armies, whether they win or lose; or in what part of the world they lie encamped." Without giving me time to reply, he drew a paper of verses out of his pocket, telling me that he had something which would entertain me more agreeably; and that he would desire my judgment upon every line, for that we had time enough before us until the company came in.

Ned Softly is a very pretty poet, and a great admirer of easy lines.

* Macaulay, Essay on "Life and Writings of Addison."

Waller is his favorite; and as that admirable writer has the best and worst verses of any among our great English poets, Ned Softly has got all the bad ones without book; which he repeats upon occasion, to shew his reading and garnish his conversation. Ned is indeed a a true *English* reader, incapable of relishing the great and masterly strokes of this art; but wonderfully pleased with the little Gothic ornaments of epigrammatical conceits, turns, points, and quibbles, which are so frequent in the most admired of our English poets, and practised by those who want genius and strength to represent, after the manner of the ancients, simplicity in its natural beauty and perfection.

Finding myself unavoidably engaged in such a conversation, I was resolved to turn my pain into a pleasure, and to divert myself as well as I could with so very odd a fellow. "You must understand," says Ned, "that the sonnet I am going to read to you was written upon a lady who showed me some verses of her own making, and is, perhaps, the best poet of our age. But you shall hear it." Upon which he began to read as follows:

TO MIRA, ON HER INCOMPARABLE POEMS.

I.

When dress'd in laurel wreaths you shine,
And tune your soft melodious notes,
You seem a sister of the Nine,
Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.

II.

I fancy, when your song you sing
(Your song you sing with so much art),
Your pen was pluck'd from Cupid's wing;
For ah! it wounds me like his dart.

"Why," says I, "this is a little nosegay of conceits, a very lump of salt; every verse hath something in it that piques; and then the dart in the last line is certainly as pretty a sting in the tail of an epigram (for so I think your critics call it) as ever entered into the thought of a poet." "Dear Mr. Bickerstaff," says he, shaking me by the hand, "everybody knows you to be a judge of these things; and to tell you truly, I read over Roscommon's translation of Horace's Art of Poetry three several times, before I sat down to write the sonnet which I have shewn you. But you shall hear it again, and pray observe every line of it, for not one of them shall pass without your approbation.

"When dress'd in laurel wreaths you shine.

"This is," says he, "when you have your garland on; when you are writing verses." To which I replied, "I know your meaning: a metaphor!"—"The same," said he, and went on:

"And tune your soft melodious notes.

"Pray observe the gliding of that verse; there is scarce a consonant in it: I took good care to make it run upon liquids. Give me your opinion of it." "Truly," said I, "I think it as good as the former." "I am very glad to hear you say so," says he; "but mind the next:

"You seem a sister of the Nine.

"That is," says he, "you seem a sister of the Muses; for, if you look into ancient authors, you will find it was their opinion, that there were nine of them." "I remember it very well," said I, "but pray proceed."

"Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.

"Phœbus," says he, "was the god of poetry. These little instances, Mr. Bickerstaff, shew a gentleman's reading. Then to take off from the air of learning which Phœbus and the Muses have given to this first stanza, you may observe how it falls, all of a sudden, into the familiar—'in petticoats!'

"Or Phœbus' self in petticoats."

"Let us now," says I, "enter upon the second stanza: I find the first line is still a continuation of the metaphor."

"I fancy, when your song you sing.

"It is very right," says he; "but pray observe the turn of words in those two lines. I was a whole hour in adjusting of them, and have still a doubt upon me whether, in the second line, it should be—'Your song you sing,' or, 'You sing your song.' You shall hear them both:

"I fancy when your song you sing
(Your song you sing with so much art);

or,

I fancy when your song you sing
(You sing your song with so much art)."

"Truly," said I, "the turn is so natural either way that you have made me almost giddy with it." "Dear sir," said he, grasping me

by the hand, "you have a great deal of patience; but pray what do you think of the next verse?

"Your pen was pluck'd from Cupid's wing."

"Think!" says I; "I think you have made Cupid look like a little goose." "That was my meaning," says he: "I think the ridicule is well enough hit off. But we come now to the last, which sums up the whole matter.

"For ah! it wounds me like his dart.

Pray how do you like that *ah!* Doth it not make a pretty figure in that place? *Ah!*—it looks as if I felt the dart, and cried out at being pricked with it.

"For, ah! it wounds me like his dart.

"My friend Dick Easy," continued he, "assured me he would rather have written that *ah!* than to have been the author of the 'Æneid.' He indeed objected that I made Mira's pen like a quill in one of the lines, and like a dart in the other. But as to that——" "Oh! as to that," says I, "it is but supposing Cupid to be like a porcupine, and his quills and darts will be the same thing."

He was going to embrace me for the hint; but half a dozen critics coming into the room, whose faces he did not like, he conveyed the sonnet into his pocket, and whispered me in the ear, he would show it me again as soon as his man had written it over fair.

April 25, 1710.

SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY; SIR ROGER AT CHURCH.

I am always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the

village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the church-yard, as a citizen does upon the 'Change, the whole parish politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing; he has likewise given a handsome pulpit cloth, and railed in the communion table at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a common-prayer book: and at the same time employed an itinerant singing master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer no one to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions; sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing-psalms half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces *Amen* three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews it seems is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behavior; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character makes his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his

seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side; and every now and then inquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechizing day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon for his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised, upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the 'squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the 'squire, and the 'squire to be revenged on the parson never comes to church. The 'squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe-stealers; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them in almost every sermon that he is a better man than his patron. In short matters are come to such an extremity that the 'squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year; and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate, as of a man of learning: and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.

THE FINE LADY'S JOURNAL.

Modo vir, modo fœmina.—*Virg.*

The journal with which I presented my reader on Tuesday last, has brought me in several letters, with accounts of many private lives cast into that form. I have "The Rake's Journal," "The Sot's Journal,"

and among several others a very curious piece, entitled "The Journal of a Mohock." By these instances I find that the intention of my last Tuesday's paper has been mistaken by many of my readers. I did not design so much to expose vice as idleness, and aimed at those persons who pass away their time rather in trifles and impertinence, than in crimes and immoralities. Offences of this latter kind are not to be dallied with, or treated in so ludicrous a manner. In short, my journal only holds up folly to the light, and shews the disagreeableness of such actions as are indifferent in themselves, and blamable only as they proceed from creatures endowed with reason.

My following correspondent, who calls herself *Clarinda*, is such a journalist as I require; she seems by her letter to be placed in a modish state of indifference between vice and virtue, and to be susceptible of either, were there proper pains taken with her. Had her journal been filled with gallantries, or such occurrences as had shown her wholly divested of her natural innocence, notwithstanding it might have been more pleasing to the generality of readers, I should not have published it; but as it is only the picture of a life filled with a fashionable kind of gaiety and laziness, I shall set down five days of it, as I have received it from the hand of my fair correspondent.

DEAR MR. SPECTATOR:

You having set your readers an exercise in one of your last week's papers, I have performed mine according to your orders, and herewith send it you inclosed. You must know, Mr. Spectator, that I am a maiden lady of a good fortune, who have had several matches offered me for these ten years last past, and have at present warm applications made to me by a very pretty fellow. As I am at my own disposal, I come up to town every winter, and pass my time in it after the manner you will find in the following journal, which I began to write upon the very day after your Spectator upon that subject.

TUESDAY NIGHT.—Could not go to sleep till one in the morning for thinking of my journal.

WEDNESDAY.—From eight till ten. Drank two dishes of chocolate in bed, and fell asleep after them.

From ten to eleven. Eat a slice of bread and butter, drank a dish of bohea, read the Spectator.

From eleven to one. At my toilette, tried a new head. Gave orders for Veny to be combed and washed. Mem. I look best in blue.

From one till half an hour after two. Drove to the Change. Cheapened a couple of fans.

Till four. At dinner. Mem. Mr. Froth passed by in his new liveries.

From four to six. Dressed, paid a visit to old Lady Blithe and her sister, having before heard they were gone out of town that day.

From six to eleven. At Basset. Mem. Never set again upon the ace of diamonds.

THURSDAY.—From eleven at night to eight in the morning. Dreamed that I punted to Mr. Froth.

From eight to ten. Chocolate. Read two acts in Aurengzebe a-bed.

From ten to eleven. Tea-table. Read the play-bills. Received a letter from Mr. Froth. Mem. Locked it up in my strong box.

Rest of the morning. Fontange, the tire-woman, her account of my Lady Blithe's wash. Broke a tooth in my little tortoise-shell comb. Sent Frank to know how my Lady Hectic rested after her monkey's leaping out at window. Looked pale. Fontange tells me my glass is not true. Dressed by three.

From three to four. Dinner cold before I sat down.

From four to eleven. Saw company. Mr. Froth's opinion of Milton. His account of the Mohocks. His fancy for a pin-cushion. Picture in the lid of his snuff-box. Old Lady Faddle promises me her woman to cut my hair. Lost five guineas at crimp.

Twelve o'clock at night. Went to bed.

FRIDAY.—Eight in the morning. A-bed. Read over all Mr. Froth's letters.

Ten o'clock. Stayed within all day, not at home.

From ten to twelve. In conference with my mantua-maker. Sorted a suit of ribbons. Broke my blue china cup.

From twelve to one. Shut myself up in my chamber. Practised Lady Betty Modely's skuttle.

One in the afternoon. Called for my flowered handkerchief. Worked half a violet leaf in it. Eyes ached, and head out of order. Threw by my work, and read over the remaining part of Aurengzebe.

From three to four. Dined.

From four to twelve. Changed my mind, dressed, went abroad, and played at crimp till midnight. Found Mrs. Spitely at home. Conversation: Mrs. Brilliant's necklace false stones. Old Lady Loveday going to be married to a young fellow that is not worth a groat. Miss Prue gone into the country. Tom Townley has red hair. Mem. Mrs. Spitely whispered in my ear that she had something to tell me about Mr. Froth; I am sure it is not true.

Between twelve and one. Dreamed that Mr. Froth lay at my feet, and called me Indamora.

SATURDAY.—Rose at eight o'clock in the morning. Sat down to my toilette.

From eight to nine. Shifted a patch for half an hour before I could determine it. Fixed it above my left eyebrow.

From nine to twelve. Drank my tea and dressed.

From twelve to two. At chapel. A great deal of good company. Mem. The third air in the new opera. Lady Blithe dressed frightfully.

From three to four. Dined. Miss Kitty called upon me to go to the opera before I was risen from table.

From dinner to six. Drank tea. Turned off a footman for being rude to Veny.

Six o'clock. Went to the opera. I did not see Mr. Froth till the beginning of the second act. Mr. Froth talked to a gentleman in a black wig. Bowed to a lady in the front box. Mr. Froth and his friend clapped Nicolini in the third act. Mr. Froth cried out Aucora. Mr. Froth led me to my chair. I think he squeezed my hand.

Eleven at night. Went to bed. Melancholy dreams. Methought Nicolini said he was Mr. Froth.

SUNDAY.—Indisposed.

MONDAY.—Eight o'clock. Waked by Miss Kitty. Aurengzebe lay upon the chair by me. Kitty repeated without book the eight best lines in the play. Went in our mobs to the dumb man according to appointment. Told me that my lover's name began with a G. Mem. The conjurer was within a letter of Mr. Froth's name, etc.

Upon looking back into this my journal, I find that I am at a loss to know whether I pass my time well or ill; and indeed never thought of considering how I did it before I perused your speculation upon that subject. I scarce find a single action in these five days that I can thoroughly approve of, except the working upon the violet leaf, which I am resolved to finish the first day I am at leisure. As for Mr. Froth and Veny, I did not think they took up so much of my time and thoughts as I find they do upon my journal. The latter of them I will turn off, if you insist upon it; and if Mr. Froth does not bring matters to a conclusion very suddenly, I will not let my life run away in a dream.

Your humble servant,

CLARINDA.

To resume one of the morals of my first paper, and to confirm Clarinda in her good inclinations, I would have her consider what a pretty figure she would make among posterity were the history of her whole life published like these five days of it. I shall conclude my paper with an epitaph written by an uncertain author on Sir Philip Sidney's sister, a lady who seems to have been of a temper very much different from that of Clarinda. The last thought of it is so very noble, that I dare say my reader will pardon me the quotation.

ON THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE.

Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death, ere thou hast kill'd another,
Fair, and learned, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

March 11, 1712.

ALEXANDER POPE.—1688–1744.

Alexander Pope is the lawful successor to Dryden in the line of representative English poets. About this extraordinary personage centres the literary and social activity of the *Augustan Age*, with its thin veneer of elegance and fashion, and its inherent coarseness and brutality; with its spiteful literary rivalries, its stratagems, its rancor, and its unmeasured slanders. The sturdy Dryden, robust enough to shoulder his way to the front by sheer force, had gone, and this fragile, deformed, and acutely nervous invalid reigned in his stead. The story of Pope's life is a painful one. He was weak and sickly from his infancy, and his life was "a long disease." He is said to have had a naturally sweet and gentle disposition, but he grew up to be petulant and embittered. His father, a rich and retired merchant, was a Roman Catholic, and the prejudice against persons of that faith was so strong at this time that Pope was prevented from attending the public schools. His education was consequently superficial and irregular. He had some instruction from a Roman Catholic priest, and afterward went to several small schools in succession, remaining a short time at each and learning but little. At one of these, the Roman Catholic seminary at Twyford, he began his career as a satirist by writing a lampoon on the master. When

Pope was about twelve years old he was taken from school to live with his father at Binfield, a straggling village in Windsor Forest. Here he read much poetry, but in a rambling and desultory fashion. "I followed," he says, "everywhere as my fancy led me, and was like a boy gathering flowers in the field just as they fell in his way."* He also wrote many verses imitating the style of one or another of his favorite poets. He made metrical translations of the classics, and when between thirteen and fifteen years of age composed an epic poem of four thousand lines. By this early and incessant practice, Pope was acquiring that easy mastery of smooth and fluent versification which is characteristic of his mature work. His first published poem, *The Pastorals* (1709), represents shepherds and shepherdesses in an imaginary golden age, conversing in flowing couplets, and with wit and refinement. Even in that polite and artificial time, the unnaturalness of this did not pass unnoticed, and a writer in *The Guardian* held that the true pastoral should give a genuine picture of English country life.

The Pastorals.

Pope's next publication, *The Essay on Criticism* (published 1711), took London by storm. It is a didactic poem in which the established rules of composition are restated by Pope in terse, neat, and often clever, couplets. Poetry of this order was especially in accord with the reigning literary fashions, and in *The Essay* Pope was but following the lead of Boileau and of Dryden. Originality was neither possible nor desirable in a work which undertook to express the settled principles of criticism, yet the poem possesses a merit eminently characteristic of Pope—it is quotable. All through it we find couplets in which an idea, often commonplace enough, is packed into so terse, striking, and

Essay on Criticism.

* Spence's "Anecdotes," p. 193.

remarkable a form, that it has become firmly imbedded in our ordinary thought and speech. Through his power to translate a current thought into an almost proverbial form, Pope has probably enriched the language with more phrases than any writer save Shakespeare.

> A little learning is a dangerous thing;
> Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.
>
> To err is human, to forgive divine.
>
> For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.*

Such quotable bits as these are used by thousands who are entirely ignorant of their source.

Pope gave a brilliant proof of the versatility of his powers by *The Rape of The Lock* (1712), the religious poem of *The Messiah*, and *Windsor Forest*. In the last poem the woodland about Binfield is withdrawn from all danger of recognition, in accordance with the peculiar taste of the time. Pan, Pomona, Flora, and Ceres, and other classic deities are domesticated in an English landscape, and Queen Anne compared with Diana. Vulgar realities are carefully avoided, as when the hunter, instead of taking aim, is made to

Windsor Forest.

> Lift the tube and level with his eye.†

The poem shows great ease and elegance, but what we admire in it is the artist's self-conscious and obtrusive skill. So elaborate is Pope's art here and elsewhere, that we are less occupied with what he says than with his practiced dexterity in saying it. Soon after the publication of this poem, Pope plunged into the midst of the fashionable society of the day. He frequented the theatres and club houses, loitered with the gay throngs at Bath, and was entertained at the country places of

* All these quotations will be found in the "Essay on Criticism."

† "Windsor Forest."

the nobility. After living for two years at Chiswick on the Thames (1716–1718), Pope leased a villa at Twickenham, about five miles farther up the river. Here he constructed what he called his "grotto" and his gardener less elegantly styled "the underground passage," the walls of which "were finished with shells interspersed with pieces of looking glass in angular form."* He had, too, a temple of shells, and delighted in ornamental gardening. Here, indeed, was much of that "nature to advantage dressed" in which he believed. Here he reigned, a centre of literature and fashion, entertaining among the rest the poet *John Gay* (1688–1732) and the great and terrible *Dean Swift* (1667–1745). Meanwhile he had worked industriously. His translation of *The Iliad* appeared in installments between 1715–1720, and that of the *Odyssey* was finished in 1725.

Retires to Twickenham.

In 1728 Pope began a new stage of his career by *The Dunciad*, or epic of dunces, a satire, on the general plan of Mac Flecknoe, against certain writers and booksellers of the day. In spite of that cleverness which Pope never loses, this poem is both pitiable and disgusting. Obscure and starving authors are dragged from their garrets and their straw to be over-whelmed with unsavory abuse,† and while the poet employs every device that malignity can suggest, we miss the amazing vigor of Dryden's giant strokes.

The Dunciad.

Pope wrote other satires, but the most famous work of his later years is *The Essay on Man* (1732), a didactic poem largely based on the philosophy of his friend Lord Bolingbroke. Its purpose, like that of *Paradise Lost*, is "to vindicate the ways of God to man," but the subject, instead of being treated imag-

Essay on Man.

* See Pope's letters describing the grotto, given in Carruthers' "Life of Pope," vol. i. pp. 171–177, Bohn's edition.

† See Thackeray's "English Humorists," p. 267.

inatively, is cast in a purely didactic and argumentative mold. The sneering contempt for humanity, so frequent in early eighteenth century England, runs through the poem, and the attempt is made to justify or explain the ways of Providence by the belittling and rebuking of man. Man is but a link in an unknowable chain of being, and because he can form no idea of the purpose of the whole, he should not presume to condemn the working of a part.

"The proper study for mankind is man," not because of man's dignity and greatness, but because he should not aspire to grasp higher things or determine his true relations to them. Looking at "life's poor play," he finds one "single comfort,"

> Tho' man's a fool, yet God is wise.

The philosophy of the *Essay on Man* is shallow and antiquated, its argument often defective, yet the poem remains a living part of the literature by virtue of Pope's admirable and distinctive art. No proof of the enduring quality of this art could be more irrefutable than that the supreme power of saying trite things, aptly, gracefully, and concisely, has successfully kept the *Essay on Man* on the surface, while other didactic poems of the time have long since sunk under the weight of prosy moralizing.

About Pope's life but little more need be said. During his later years his feeble frame was shaken by illness, and his hours embittered by the fierce retaliation which the *Dunciad* naturally provoked. He died quietly in his villa May 30, 1744, and was buried in the Twickenham church near the monument he had erected to his parents.

Later Years.

It is almost impossible for readers and critics of this generation to be fair to Pope either as a poet or as a

man. He is the spokesman of a dead time, separated from ours by the most fundamental differences in its ideals of literature and of life. So absolutely is he bound up with this time, that we must try to enter it in imagination, if we would understand and sympathize with its typical poet. The literary taste of the age was satisfied with correctness, grace, and finish; Pope's poetry complied with these conditions and is smooth, polished, concise, and lucid. Besides this, Pope has given one poem to the literature as unparalleled of its kind as *Paradise Lost* or *Hamlet;* that airiest creation of the satiric fancy, *The Rape of the Lock.*

Pope and his Time.

As a man, our thoughts of Pope waver between contempt and pity. The world knows him to have been inordinately vain, intoxicated by applause, and agonizingly sensitive to criticism; it knows him to have been peevish and irritable; capable, when his self-love was touched, of retaliating with a fierceness of malice fortunately rare even in the history of genius. He engaged in some petty and underhand plots in the hope of increasing his reputation, and his love of intriguing was so great that, in the famous phrase of Dr. Johnson, "he hardly drank tea without a stratagem." Yet, vindictive and spiteful as he seems, Pope loved his mother with a touching and beautiful devotion; cripple as he was, he had the heart of a soldier. In spite of the physical drag of lifelong weakness and suffering, he set before himself the high purpose of excelling in his chosen art, and, in a rough and brutal time, he won and kept the headship in English letters. In extenuation of his faults it is but just to remember that he lived in a generation of slander and intrigue, when religious belief was shaken, and noble ideals seemed dead. "The wicked asp of Twickenham," one of his many enemies called him; but delicate, tetchy, morbid, is it a wonder that he should have used his

sting? Thinking of Pope, we cannot but pity the crooked and puny body; shall we dare to fail in pity for the warped and crooked soul?

INTRODUCTION TO THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

The Rape of the Lock, the most perfect poem of its kind in the literature, owes its existence to a trifling incident, and to the casual suggestion of a peace-maker. By its very origin we are carried back into that gay society of Queen Anne's London, in which Pope moved, and which it is the main purpose of the poem to satirize and depict. It appears that there was an "estrangement" between the family of Mistress Arabella Fermor, a young lady of fashion, and that of Lord Petre. That unfortunate nobleman had stolen a lock of Mistress Fermor's hair, and *The Rape of the Lock* had, as Pope put it, been taken too seriously.* Mr. Caryl, a friend to both sides in this distressing matter, laid the situation before Pope, with whom he was likewise on friendly terms, and asked him to write a poem that should turn the whole thing into a jest, and restore the offended parties to good humor. The subject was singularly adapted to the peculiar turn of Pope's genius, and the airy and glittering structure he reared on this slight foundation proved his most original and probably most perfect work. The first draft of *The Rape of the Lock*, consisting of only two cantos, after having been privately circulated in manuscript, was printed in 1712 in Bernard Lintot's *Miscellany*. The poem was a marked success, winning the praise of the great Addison, who called it *merum sal*, or pure wit; but there are reasons for supposing that Mistress Fermor felt far from soothed or flattered. Pope next determined, against the advice of

Origin of the Poem.

Publication of First Version, 1712.

* Spence's "Anecdotes."

Addison, to increase the poem to five cantos. He had learned from a singular French book, *Le Comte de Gabalis*, something of the mysterious doctrine attributed to a fabulous society called the Rosicrucians, who were said to believe that each of the four elements was inhabited by a distinct order of spirits. Pope wished to make his poem burlesque the epic manner yet more closely, and to be correct, every epic was required to have some supernatural agency connected with the action of the poem. The fantastic notions of the Rosicrucians suggested to Pope that he could supply the required supernatural element in a novel manner. He therefore adroitly introduced into his new version fairy-like sylphs and sooty gnomes, elemental spirits of air and earth, in the place of the regulation gods and goddesses of the classic epic. The famous description of the game of ombre was also added. The work, thus enlarged, came out in 1714 with a patronizing dedication to Mistress Fermor, in which an attempt at propitiation was made by declaring that her poetical counterpart *Belinda* resembled her in nothing but beauty.

The Second Version, 1714.

In addition to the foundation for the poem already mentioned, Pope had a somewhat similar work of Boileau's *Le Lutrin*, the Lectern, a satire on the clergy, who are made to quarrel over the location of a reading desk, and an Italian poem, Tarsoni's *Secchia Rapita*, or *Rape of the Bucket*, written to satirize the petty Italian wars.* But in this case, as in many others, to enumerate the materials with which a great artist works, molding or amplifying them as his genius wills, is but to heighten our appreciation of his art. It is the prerogative of genius to turn to account those

Other Sources of the Poem.

* A brief account of this poem is given in Sismondi's "Lit. of Europe," vol. i. p. 460, Bohn's edition.

hints which to the ordinary mind are barren of suggestion. Poems cannot be compounded by any mere mixture of elements, however ingenious; they must be created, and, in his masterpiece of wit and fancy, Pope shows in his own way this transforming and creating power as truly as Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton show it in theirs.

The Poem.

In *The Rape of the Lock*, Pope constitutes himself the poet laureate of the trivial; making the graceful nothings of fashionable society seem yet more trifling by affecting to treat them with the high seriousness of the heroic. In the *Fine Lady's Journal* we live in imagination the daily life of a London belle; *The Rape of the Lock* is the epic of a day in the empty and frivolous calendar of beauty. With mock solemnity we follow the fortunes of Belinda through her little round of idleness and pleasure. We see her luxuriously slumbering on till noon, when her lapdog, Shock, awakens her; we are present at the toilet, and watch the progress of "the sacred rites of pride." And through the day, with its pleasure party up the Thames, its cards, its tea drinking, and its tragic catastrophe of the severed curl, the mighty import of each incident is heightened by the unseen presence of supernatural beings, who assist unknown at the parting of her hair, "preserve the powder" of her cheeks "from too rude a gale," or seek to guard from threatened dangers her lapdog or her locks. It has been said that Pope had a moral purpose in this solemn mockery; that it is "a continuous satire on a tinsel existence"; and that the central motive of the whole is to be found in the speech of *Clarissa* with its concluding couplet:

> "Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll!
> Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

It is more likely that the upholders of such a view have fallen into the error of the respective families of Lord Petre and Mistress Fermor, and "taken the matter too seriously." In the *Dunciad* Pope had a genuine personal grievance, and the darts of his satire are driven home and tipped with venom. But in *The Rape of the Lock* there is neither personal wrath nor the slightest undercurrent of a moral indignation. The satire is playful, and the strokes as harmless as those in the contest of the lords and ladies, where the weapons are fans, lightning glances, and a pinch of snuff.

When we yield ourselves fully to the graceful charm of the poem, we feel that the intrusion of a serious moral purpose would overweight its airy and irresponsible levity. But apart from artistic considerations, it is not likely that Pope himself regarded the matter from the point of view of a social reformer. He is amused at the brilliant follies he describes; he treats them with the flippancy and cleverness of the man of the world; but he has neither the depth of feeling, nor the belief in the latent capacity of the men and women he satirizes, to really long to make them better. For women he exhibits a playful and invincible contempt. They are inherently, and, so far as appears, hopelessly vain and frivolous; their hearts are "moving toy shops"; their interests flirting, dressing, and shopping. The whole tone of the dedication to Mistress Fermor, a composition on which Pope greatly prided himself, is one of lofty condescension to feminine incapacity, all the more insufferable because it is intended to be complimentary. However we may delight in the wit, sparkle, and fancy of *The Rape of the Lock*—and we can hardly admire them too much—we should realize that not only is the poem so nicely balanced that its pretended seriousness never slips into real earnestness, but that if we insist on

taking it seriously, its implied moral is an exceedingly bad one. For it is not only the vain and trifling that is satirized. The poem is largely a burlesque of noble and beautiful ideals, and its wit chiefly consists in placing the sacred or the admirable on a seeming equality with the trifling or the absurd. In this travesty of the sublime, the wrath of Achilles is replaced by the petulant vexation of *Belinda*. The world is reversed, and the unimportant is the only thing worthy of our concern. We are amused because all ordinary standards are changed, and we hear in the same breath of the state counsels and the tea-drinking of a queen, of the deaths of husbands and of lapdogs, of the neglect of prayers and the loss of a masquerade. In *Gulliver's Travels* we are entertained by the upsetting of our conceptions of physical relations, we see man become a pygmy among giants, a giant among pygmies; in *The Rape of the Lock* we are entertained by a similar reversal of our moral and spiritual ideas, and in its tolerant cynicism the petty become great, the great petty.

From the moral aspect such wit, however entertaining, is not without its element of danger. It is a fact full of significance, when we stand back and look at the large movements in the history of English literature, that the most perfect and original poem which early eighteenth century England produced, was the mockery of the heroic: that in it the very froth of life should sparkle, crystallized forever into a fairy fretwork of exquisite tracery. Before this was Shakespeare's passion; before this, too, the sightless eyes of Milton were raised to Heaven beholding the invisible. Yet it is a great thing that the race which gave life to *Hamlet* and to *Paradise Lost* should have been capable of creating also *The Rape of the Lock*.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

DEDICATION.

To Mrs. Arabella Fermor.

MADAM:

It will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, since I dedicate it to you. Yet you may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young ladies, who have good sense and good humor enough to laugh not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offered to a bookseller, you had the good nature, for my sake, to consent to the publication of one more correct. This I was forced to, before I had executed half my design, for the machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The machinery, madam, is a term invented by the critics to signify that part which the deities, angels, or demons are made to act in a poem. For the ancient poets are in one respect like many modern ladies: let an action be never so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These machines I determined to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the Rosicrucian doctrine of spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a lady; but it is so much the concern of a poet to have his words understood, and particularly by your sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Rosicrucians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book called "Le Comte de Gabalis," which, both in its title and size, is so like a novel that many of the fair sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these gentlemen the four elements are inhabited by spirits, which they call sylphs, gnomes, nymphs, and salamanders. The gnomes, or demons of earth, delight in mischief; but the sylphs, whose habitation is in the air, are the best conditioned creatures imaginable. . . .

As to the following cantos, all the passages of them are as fabulous as the vision at the beginning, or the transformation at the end, except the loss of your hair, which I always mention with reverence.

The human persons are as fictitious as the airy ones; and the character of Belinda, as it is now managed, resembles you in nothing but in beauty.

If this poem had as many graces as there are in your person, or in your mind, yet I could never hope it should pass through the world half so uncensured as you have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion of assuring you that I am, with the truest esteem,

Madam,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

A. POPE.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO I.

What dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing. This verse to CARYL, Muse! is due;
This, ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view;
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.
Say what strange motive, Goddess! could compel
A well-bred lord t' assault a gentle belle?
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?
In tasks so bold, can little men engage?
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?
Sol thro' white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
And op'd those eyes that must eclipse the day;
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve awake;

1. The poem is a burlesque epic, and begins, after the usual manner, with the statement of the subject and the invocation to the muse. *Cf.* the opening lines of the great epics, particularly the "Iliad," Pope's translation.

3. Caryl, a friend of Pope's who confided to him the incident on which the poem was founded. See Introduction to the "Rape of the Lock," p. 277.

12. An imitation of Virgil, "Æneid," bk. i, l. 11.

Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
Her guardian sylph prolong'd the balmy rest.
'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head;
A youth more glitt'ring than a birthnight beau,
(That ev'n in slumber caused her cheek to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say:
"Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!
If e'er one vision touch'd thy infant thought,
Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught—
Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins visited by angel pow'rs,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs—
Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To maids alone and children are reveal'd.
What tho' no credit doubting wits may give?
The fair and innocent shall still believe.

23. The dressing at court at the birthnight balls, given to celebrate the birthdays of certain of the royal family, was unusually splendid.

32. *Silver token.*—The piece of money which the fairies were believed to drop in the shoe of the diligent housemaid as a reward. In Dryden's version of Chaucer's "Wife of Bath," we find, l. 15:

> "The dairymaid expects no fairy guest
> To skim the bowls and after pay the feast;
> She sighs and shakes her empty shoes in vain,
> No *silver penny* to reward her pain."

And in an old ballad called "The Faery's Farewell" is this verse:

> "And though they sweepe theyr hearths no less
> Than mayds were wont to doe,
> Yet who of late for cleanliness
> Finds sixpence in her shoe?"

The *circled green* is also the fairies' work, being the rings left in the grass after their midnight dances thereon.

Know, then, unnumber'd spirits round thee fly,
The light militia of the lower sky;
These, tho' unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the Ring.
Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once inclos'd in woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to these of air.
Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And tho' she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of Ombre, after death survive.
For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire,
The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a salamander's name.
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome,
In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.
Know farther yet: whoever fair and chaste
Rejects mankind, is by some sylph embrac'd:
For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.

44. "The '*Box*' at the theatre, and the '*Ring*' in Hyde Park are frequently mentioned as the two principal places for the public display of beauty and fashion."—Elwin.

62. *Tea.*—Pronounced *tay* until the middle of the eighteenth century. See "English, Past and Present," by R. C. Trench, p. 182. In canto iii. l. 8, *tea* rhymes with *obey*.

66. See letter of dedication, for Rosicrucians. The idea of making the spirits of the elements deceased mortals is an ingenious variation of Pope's own. The passage is a good example of Pope's habitual contempt for women.

70. Parody on "Paradise Lost," bk. i. l. 423.

What guards the purity of melting maids,
In courtly balls and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring spark,
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
When music softens, and when dancing fires?
'Tis but their sylph, the wise celestials know,
Tho' honor is the word with men below.
Some nymphs there are too conscious of their face,
For life predestin'd to the gnomes embrace.
These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdain'd, and love deny'd;
Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping train,
And garters, stars, and coronets appear,
And in soft sounds, 'Your Grace' salutes their ear.
'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infant-cheeks a hidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau.
Oft', when the world imagine women stray,
The sylphs thro' mystic mazes guide their way;
Thro' all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but must a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio speaks what virgin could withstand,
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
They shift the moving toyshop of their heart
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots strive,
Beaus banish beaus, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals levity may call;
Oh, blind to truth! the sylphs contrive it all.
Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,

105. *I. e.*, "claim to protect thee." The language here is, to say the least, ambiguous; on their face the words might mean "claim to be protected by thee."

In the clear mirror of thy ruling star
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend,
But heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where.
Warn'd by the sylph, oh, pious maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but most beware of man!"
He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too long,
Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda! if report say true,
Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux;
Wounds, charms, and ardors were no sooner read,
But all the vision vanished from thy head.
And now, unveil'd, the toilet stands displayed,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic pow'rs.
A heav'nly image in the glass appears;
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears.
Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various off'rings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box;
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white,
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,

115. The lap-dog was an important part of the fine lady's outfit. Compare "Fine Lady's Journal," *supra*, p. 265.

130. Apparently imitated from *Spectator*, No. 69, May, 1711. "The single dress of a woman of quality," etc. With this account of the toilet compare Taine's "Eng. Lit.," vol. iii. p. 346; Stephen's "Life of Pope," Eng. Men of Letters Series, p. 40, and "Ency. Brit.," art. on "Pope," vol. xix.

Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the gown;
And Betty's prais'd for labors not her own.

CANTO II.

Not with more glories, in th' etherial plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Lanch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair nymphs, and well-dress'd youths around her shone,
But ev'ry eye was fixed on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those.
Favors to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft' she rejects but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide;
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.
  This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy sprindges we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,

166. A better rendering has been suggested by Wakefield: "Look in her face, and you forget them all."

Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.
  Th' advent'rous baron the bright locks admir'd;
He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspir'd;
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.
  For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd
Propitious Heav'n and ev'ry pow'r ador'd,
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves;
And all the trophies of his former loves;
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize:
The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r;
The rest the winds dispers'd in empty air.
  But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides,
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die.
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay,
All but the sylph; with careful thoughts oppressed,
Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons strait his denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:
Soft o'er the shrouds aërial whispers breathe,
That seem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light,
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
Dipped in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,

183. See Taine on this passage, "Eng. Lit.," vol. iii. p. 348.

While ev'ry beam new transient colors flings,
Colors that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;
His purple pinions opening to the sun,
He raised his azure wand, and thus begun:
"Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear!
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Demons, hear!
Ye know the spheres and various tasks assigned
By laws eternal to th' aërial kind.
Some in the fields of purest ether play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.
Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,
Or roll the planets thro' the boundless sky;
Some, less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe distill the kindly rain.
Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide;
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.
Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious care,
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale,
To draw fresh colors from the vernal flow'rs,
To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in show'rs
A brighter wash, to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs,
Nay, oft', in dreams invention we bestow,
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.
This day black omens threat the brightest Fair
That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care;

248. *Furbelow.*—A pleated or gathered flounce. Dr. Johnson gives an impromptu derivation of this word [fur and below], with the following definition: "fur sewed on the lower part of the garment, an ornament."—Dict. See also *Spectator*, No. 129.

Some dire disaster, or by force, or slight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail China jar receive a flaw,
Or stain her honor, or her new brocade,
Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade,
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball,
Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock must fall.
Haste, then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:
The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.
To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,
We trust the important charge, the petticoat:
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.
Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,—
Be stopped in vials, or transfix'd with pins,
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye;
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clog'd he beats his silken wings in vain;
Or alum styptics with contracting pow'r
Shrink his thin essence like a rivel'd flower;
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!"
He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend.
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;

261. That is, her eardrops, set with brilliants.—Wakefield.

263. Note that the names of these spirits correspond to their several charges. Wakefield says that "*to crisp*" was frequently used by the earlier writers for "*to curl.*" Latin, *crispo.*

276. Compare, in "The Tempest," Ariel in the cloven pine. Act i. sc. 2.

Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear.
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

CANTO III.

Close by those meads, forever crown'd with flow'rs
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising tow'rs,
There stands a structure of a majestic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft' the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;
Here thou, great ANNA! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.
Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste a while the pleasures of a court.
In various talk th' instructive hours they past,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last.
One speaks the glory of the British queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.

292. Hampton Court, a palace begun by Wolsey, and presented by him to Henry VIII. Additions were made to it by William III., who spent much time there; during his reign and that of Anne, Cabinet meetings were often held there. It stands about a mile from Hampton village, and directly on the Thames. Consult Macaulay, "Hist. of Eng.," chap. ii.; "Ency. Brit.," 9th ed., title "Hampton."

296. See note on line 62, *supra*.

302. India goods were very fashionable at this time, and bazaars called "India shops" made a business of dealing in them. One poet, writing in 1735, describes the fashionable ladies as taking

> "Their wonted range
> Through India shops, to Motteaux's or the Change,
> Where the tall jar erects his stately pride,
> With antic shapes in China's azure dyed;
> There careless lies a rich brocade unrolled,
> Here shines a cabinet with burnished gold."
>
> —Dodsley, "The Toy Shop."

Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, *and all that.*
  Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jury-men may dine;
The merchant from the Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labors of the toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventrous knights,
At Ombre singly to decide their doom;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Strait the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, the aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perch'd upon a matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore;
For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
  Behold four kings in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard,
And four fair queens, whose hands sustain a flower,
Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r,
Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberds in their hand,

305. "The snuffbox of the beau, and the fan of the woman of fashion, are frequent subjects of ridicule in the Spectator. The fan was employed to execute so many little coquettish manœuvres that Addison ironically proposed that ladies should be drilled in the use of it, as soldiers were trained to the exercise of arms."—Elwin. The essays referred to may be read in the class; see *Spectator*, Nos. 102 and 138. Political emblems, or scenes from the reigning sensation, were sometimes painted on fans. See Sidney's "Eng. in the 18th Cent.," vol. i. p. 101.

312. From Swift's "Journal of a Modern Lady," written in 1728, we learn that the fashionable dinner hour, when "the long labors of the toilet cease," was four o'clock.—Elwin. See also "The Fine Lady's Journal," p. 265. Clarinda seems to have usually dined "from three to four."

315. *Ombre.*—A game of cards of Spanish origin. It was played by three persons, the one who named the trump (in this case Belinda) playing against the other two.

And particolor'd troops, a shining train,
Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain.
The skillful nymph reviews her force with care;
Let spades be trumps! she said; and trumps they were.
Now move to war her sable matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board,
As many more Manillio forced to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto followed, but his fate more hard
Gain'd but one trump and one plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary majesty of spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd;
The rest his many color'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
Ev'n mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor spade!
Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike amazon her host invades,
Th' imperial consort of the crown of spades.
The club's black tyrant first her victim dy'd,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride.
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread,

341. To understand the following passage, some knowledge of the game of ombre is required, for description of which see "Hoyle's Games," under "Quadrille."

The *Matadores*—*Spadille* or "Spadillio," *Manille* or "Manillio," and *Basto*—were the three principal cards, and ranked respectively as first, second, and third in power. *Spadille* was always the ace of spades, and *Basto* the ace of clubs; but *Manille* depended upon the trump. With a black trump (spades or clubs) *Manille* was the two of trumps; with a red trump (hearts or diamonds) *Manille* was the seven of trumps.

349. *Pam.*—The highest card in the game of *Loo* is the knave of clubs, or sometimes the knave of the trump suit.

That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?
The baron now his diamonds pours apace;
Th' embroider'd king who shows but half his face,
And his refulgent queen, with pow'rs combin'd,
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, diamonds, hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strow the level green.
Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye;
The pierc'd battalions disunited fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The knave of diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh, shameful chance!) the queen of hearts.
At this the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and codille.
And now (as oft in some distemper'd state)
On one nice trick depends the gen'ral fate;
An ace of hearts steps forth; the king unseen
Lurked in her hand, and mourned his captive queen.
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate ace.
The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.
Oh, thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
Sudden these honors shall be snatch'd away,
And curs'd forever this victorious day.
For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
On shining altars of Japan they raise

380. "If either of the antagonists made more tricks than the ombre (see note to line 315, p. 291) the winner took the pool and the ombre had to replace it for next game. This was called *codille*."—Elwin.

394. "Coffee was introduced into England shortly before the middle of the seventeenth century. The first coffeehouse is said to have been opened at

The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze;
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide.
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast,
Straight hover round the fair her airy band;
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapors to the baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain.
Ah, cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair!
But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case;
So ladies in romance assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.

Oxford by a man named Jacobs, in 1650. See D'Israeli's 'Cur. of Lit.'; Chambers' 'Book of Days'; the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, *passim*, Macaulay's 'Hist. of Eng.,' etc."—Hales.

405. For coffeehouses see note to line 394, *supra*. Coffeehouses were thought to play so important a part in politics that in 1675 Charles II. attempted to suppress them by royal proclamation. An official report made at this time declared "that the retailing of coffee might be an innocent trade, but as it was used to nourish sedition, spread lies, and scandalize great men, it might also be a common nuisance."

409. For *Scylla*, see Anthon's Class. Dic. under "Nisus," and Ovid's "Metam.," viii. The Scylla here mentioned must be distinguished from the monster of that name associated with Charybdis in the "Odyssey" and elsewhere.

416 and 420. Compare Milton's "Lycidas," l. 130.

Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair;
A thousand wings by turns blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the Virgin's thought;
As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amaz'd, confused, he found his pow'r expir'd!
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.
The peer now spreads the glitt'ring forfex wide,
T' inclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd
A wretched sylph too fondly interposed;
Fate urg'd the shears, and cut the sylph in twain
(But airy substance soon unites again).
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!
Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend the affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are cast,
When husbands, or when lapdogs breathe their last;
Or when rich China vessels fall'n from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie.
Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
The victor cried; the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British fair,
As long as Atalantis shall be read,

426. The frequent imitation of the classic epic should be noted. "Thrice she looked back," etc., corresponds to Latin *ter*. Elwin quotes Virg. "Æneid," vi. l. 950, Dryden's Trans. The same construction is imitated by Macaulay:

"Thrice looked he at the city,
Thrice looked he at the dead;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread."
—*Horatius*, stanza 42.

440. See "Paradise Lost," bk. vi. l. 330.

453. *Atalantis.*—"The New Atlantis," pub. 1709, was a popular and

Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When num'rous waxlights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honor, name, and praise shall live!
What time would spare, from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
Steel could the labor of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust the imperial tow'rs of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hair should feel
The conqu'ring force of unresisted steel?

CANTO IV.

But anxious cares the pensive nymph oppressed,
And secret passions labor'd in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravish'd hair.
For that sad moment, when the sylphs withdrew
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew.
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sullied the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repairs to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.

scandalous book, suited, according to Warburton, to the taste of the "better vulgar." Hales reminds us that it was one of the works in Leonora's library.—*Spectator*, No. 37.

454. Construction here probably in imitation of Virg. "Æneid," i. l. 607.

465. *Unresisted.*—That which cannot be resisted; irresistible.

478. *Umbriel.*—Lat. *umbra*, a shade, and *umbrifer*, shade-bringing.

481. *Spleen.*—An organ of the body whose function is uncertain; formerly supposed to be the seat of anger, caprice, and particularly low spirits, or, as we should say, "the blues." In Pope's time, spleen was frequently used in

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the gnome,
And in a vapor reach'd the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreaded east is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, sheltered close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.
Two handmaids wait the throne; alike in place,
But diff'ring far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
With store in pray'rs for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd, her bosom with lampoons.
There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practis'd to lisp and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown for sickness and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.
A constant vapor o'er the palace flies,
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise,
Dreadful, as hermit's dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids:
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires;
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

the last sense, and Austin Dobson calls it "the fashionable eighteenth century disorder." Matthew Green's poem, "The Spleen" (pub. 1737) throws much light on the subject; see also Lady Winchelsea's Ode on the same subject (pub. 1701). Extracts from these poems will be found in Ward's "Eng. Poets," vol. iii. pp. 32 and 197; see also *Tatler* and *Spectator*, *passim*.

485. Why the "*east*" wind? See Cowper's "Task," bk. iv. l. 363.

503. "The '*gown*' or '*night dress*' of Pope is the dressing gown of our day."—Elwin. How is this word used by Shakespeare? See note in "Macbeth," Furness Var. Ed., act ii. sc. 2, l. 70.

511. *Angels in machines.*—*I. e.*, coming to the aid of mankind. In Pope's time "machine" signified the supernatural agency in a poem; thus in

Unnumber'd throngs on every side are seen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
Here living teapots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout;
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pie talks:
Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,
And maids turn'd bottles call aloud for corks.
Safe passed the gnome thro' this fantastic band,
A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand.
Then thus address'd the pow'r—"Hail, wayward queen!
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen;—
Parent of vapors, and of female wit,
Who give th' hysteric, or poetic fit;
On various tempers act by various ways,—
Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray!
A nymph there is, that all thy pow'r disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But, oh! if e'er thy gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game;
Or caus'd suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or decompos'd the head-dress of a prude,
Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease,
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin;
That single act gives half the world the spleen."

"The Rape of the Lock," the *machinery* consists of sylphs and sylphides; in the "Iliad," of gods and goddesses. "The changing of the Trojan fleet into water nymphs is the most violent machine in the whole 'Æneid.'"—Addison. Hales compares Lat. *Deus ex machina*, and Greek Θεὸς ἀπο μηχανῆς.

516. See "Iliad," xviii. l. 440, Pope's Trans.

524. *Vapors.*—Spleen. Elwin says the disease was probably named from the atmospheric vapors which were reputed to be a principal cause of English melancholy. He quotes Cowper's "Task," bk. vi. l. 462.

534. *Citron-water.*—A drink composed of wine, with the rind of lemons and citron. Swift's "Modern young lady" takes a large dram of citron-water to cool her heated brains.

The goddess with a discontented air
Seems to reject him, tho' she grants his pray'r.
A wond'rous bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds ;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues,
A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The gnome rejoicing bears her gift away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.
Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the furies issued at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
" O wretched maid ! " she spread her hands, and cried,
(While Hampton's echoes " Wretched maid ! " replied,)
" Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare ?
For this your locks in paper durance bound ?
For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around ?
For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead ?
Gods ! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare ?
Honor forbid ! at whose unrival'd shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honor in a whisper lost !
How shall I then your helpless fame defend ?
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend !
And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
Expos'd through crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze ?

562. The curl papers of ladies' hair used to be fashioned with strips of pliant lead.—Croker. For fashionable head-dresses, see *Spectator*, No. 98 ; Sidney's " Eng. in the 18th Cent.," vol. i. p. 90.

Sooner shall grass in Hyde Park Circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lapdogs, parrots, perish all."
She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids the beau demand the precious hairs:
(Sir Plume, of amber snuffbox justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane.)
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
He first the snuffbox open'd, then the case,
And thus broke out—"My Lord! why, what the devil!
Zounds! damn the lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!
Plague on 't! 'tis past a jest to plunder locks:
Give her the hair"—he spoke, and rapp'd his box.
"It grieves me much," reply'd the peer again,
"Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain;
But by this lock, this sacred lock I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honors shall renew,
Clipped from the lovely head where late it grew,)
That, while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall forever wear."
He spoke; and speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honors of her head.
But Umbriel, hateful gnome! forbears not so;
He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in tears;
On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a sigh, she rais'd; and thus she said.

581. *In the sound of Bow.*—*I. e.*, within the sound of the bells of St. Mary le Bow, an old and famous church in the heart of London. These were the bells which bade Dick Whittington "turn again." In Pope's time the *City*, or old part of London in the vicinity of this church, was avoided by fashion and the "wits." In Grub street, in this locality, many starving hack writers and scribblers, of the class Pope scourged in the "Dunciad," had lodgings. See Hare's "Walks in London," p. 232; *Spectator*, No. 34.

584. *Sir Plume.*—Sir George Brown. Speaking of the effect of the poem, Pope says: "Nobody but Sir George Brown was angry, and he was a good deal so, and for a long time. He could not bear that Sir Plume should talk nothing but nonsense."—Spence's "Anecdotes."

"For ever curs'd be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite curl away!
Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton Court these eyes had never seen!
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
By love of courts to numerous ills betray'd.
Oh, had I rather unadmir'd remain'd
In some lone isle, or distant northern land,
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste Bohea!
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with youthful lords to roam?
Oh, had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home!
'Twas this, the morning omens seem'd to tell:
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
The tottering china shook without a wind;
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
A sylph too warn'd me of the threats of fate,
In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hand shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares.
These, in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
The sister lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal shears demands,
And tempts once more thy sacrilegious hands.
Oh, hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these."

CANTO V.

She said; the pitying audience melt in tears;
But fate and Jove had stopp'd the baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails;
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.

619. *Bohea.*—Pronounced bohay. Compare *tea*, note to line 62.
645. Look up this allusion in "Æneid," bk. iv.

Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan;
Silence ensu'd, and thus the nymph began:
"Say, why are beauties prais'd and honor'd most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
Why angel's call'd, and angel-like ador'd?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-gloved beaus?
Why bows the side box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains,
That men may say, when we the front box grace,
'Behold the first in virtue as in face!'
Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charm'd the smallpox, or chas'd old age away;
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a saint;
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas! frail beauty must decay,
Curl'd or uncurl'd, since locks will turn to gray;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man, must die a maid;
What then remains but well our pow'r to use,
And keep good-humor still whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear! good-humor can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."
So spoke the dame, but no applause ensu'd;
Belinda frowned, Thalestris call'd her prude.
"To arms, to arms!" the fierce virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin th' attack;

646. *Clarissa.*—"A new character introduced in the subsequent editions, to open more clearly the moral of the poem, in a parody of the speech of Sarpedon to Glaucus in Homer."—Pope. See "Iliad," xii. l. 310–328.

653. In the theatres the gentlemen occupied the side, and ladies the front boxes. Cunningham quotes Steele's "Theatre," No. 3, January 9, 1720, where the representatives of a British audience are thus distributed: "Three of the fair sex for the front boxes, two gentlemen of wit and pleasure for the side boxes, and three substantial citizens for the pit."

Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack;
Heroes' and heroines' shouts confus'dly rise,
And base, and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in the hands are found;
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.
So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
And heav'nly breasts with human passions rage;
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms;
Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around;
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound;
Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!
Triumphant Umbriel, on a sconce's height,
Clapped his glad wings, and sate to view the fight.
Propp'd on their bodkin spears, the sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.
While thro' the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A beau and witling perished in the throng;
One died in metaphor, and one in song.
"O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,"
Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upward cast;
"Those eyes are made so killing"—was his last.
Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies
Th' expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.
When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,
But at her smile the beau revived again.
Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair,
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.
See, fierce Belinda on the baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes;
Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord, with manly strength endued,

684. Compare "Iliad," viii. l. 69–75; Virg. "Æneid," xii. l. 725–727.

She with one finger and a thumb subdued,
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
The gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.
"Now meet thy fate," incens'd Belinda cried,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great-great-grandsire wore about his neck,
In three seal-rings, which after, melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown;
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)
"Boast not my fall," he cried, "insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind;
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive."
"Restore the lock!" she cries; and all around
"Restore the lock!" the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caused his pain.
But see how oft' ambitious aims are cross'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In ev'ry place is sought, but sought in vain.
With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
So Heav'n decrees! with Heav'n who can contest?
Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,

727. *Bodkin.*—A large ornamented hairpin.

741. *Dennis*, a well-known critic and an enemy of Pope's, added with some point: "Whoever heard of a dead man that burnt in Cupid's flame?"

744. Look up and explain this allusion.

Since all things lost on earth are treasured there.
There heroes' wits are kept in pond'rous vases,
And beaus' in snuffboxes and tweezer-cases.
There broken vows and deathbed alms are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of riband bound,
The courtier's promises, and sick man's pray'rs,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.
But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Tho' mark'd by none but quick poetic eyes;
(So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns withdrew,
To Proculus alone confess'd in view.)
A sudden star, it shot thro' liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair;
Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
The heav'ns bespangling with dishevel'd light.
The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd pursue its progress thro' the skies.
This the beau monde shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray.
This the blest lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake;
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks thro' Galileo's eyes;
And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.
Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy ravish'd hair
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost:

753. See "Ariosto," canto xxxiv. (Pope). Compare "Paradise Lost," bk. iii. l. 459–462, and bk. ii. l. 418–497.

775. *Rosamonda's Lake* was a small oblong piece of water near the Pimlico gate of St. James Park.—Croker.

776. John Partridge, an almanac maker and astrologer noted for his ridiculous predictions. He was ridiculed by Swift, Steele, Addison, and others. See Swift's "Bickerstaff Papers." For account of Partridge see Sidney's "Eng. in the 18th Cent.," vol. i. p. 268.

777. *Galileo's eyes.*—Explain this allusion.

For after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, your self shall die:
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
This lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

TABLE VIII. { THE FRENCH INFLUENCE, 1660–*cir.* 1750. BEGINNING OF MODERN PERIOD, 1725–*cir.* 1830.

HISTORICAL EVENTS.	POETS AND DRAMATISTS OF THE RESTORATION.	NEW SCHOOL OF WRITERS.	FRANCE.	GERMANY.
Charles II. lands at Dover, 1660. Puritan clergy driven out, 1662. Royal Society at London. 1662. Plague and fire of London, 1665.	**Thomas Otway,** 1651–1685. Plays. **Nathaniel Lee,** 1655–1692. Plays. **John Dryden,** 1631–1700. "Absalom and Achitophel," 1681–1682. Plays and satires. **George Farquhar,** 1678–1708. Plays. **Wm. Wycherley,** 1640–1715. Plays.	**Allan Ramsay,** 1685–1758. Poems, 1721. "The Gentle Shepherd," 1725. **James Thomson,** 1700–1748. "The Seasons," 1726–1730. "The Castle of Indolence," 1748. **Wm. Collins,** 1721–1759. Persian Eclogues, 1742. Odes.	Culmination of French comedy under **Molière,** 1622–1673. "Tartuffe." "Le Misanthrope."	**J. Gottsched,** 1700–1766. Poems, 1736. Plays. **Louise Gottsched** (his wife), translated Pope's "Rape of the Lock," also the *Spectator*.
Declaration of Indulgence withdrawn, 1672. Oates invents Popish Plot, 1678. Rye House Plot, 1682. Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney executed, 1683. **Charles II.** dies, 1685. **James II. reigns,** 1685. Battle of Sedgemoor, 1685. William of Orange lands at Torbay, 1688. Flight of James, 1688. Declaration of Rights, 1689. **William and Mary reign,** 1689. Battle of the Boyne, 1690.	**Nicholas Rowe,** 1674–1718. Plays. **Sir John Vanbrugh,** 1666–1726. Plays. **Wm. Congreve,** 1670–1729. Plays. AUGUSTAN AGE. **Joseph Addison,** 1672–1719. "Cato," (acted) 1713. Essays for the *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, and the *Guardian*, 1709–1714. **Richard Steele,** 1671–1729. Essays in the *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, and the *Guardian*, 1709–1714.	**Thomas Gray,** 1716–1771. "Ode on Eton College," 1747. "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," 1751. **Oliver Goldsmith,** 1728–1774. "The Bee," 1759. "The Vicar of Wakefield," 1766. **Thomas Percy** (Bishop), 1728–1811. "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," 1765. **Richard B. Sheridan,** 1751–1816. "The Rivals," 1775. "The School for Scandal," 1777. **Frances Burney** (Mme. d'Arblay), 1752–1840. "Evelina," 1778. "Camilla," 1796.	**M. Boileau Despréaux,** 1636–1711. **Racine,** 1639–1699. "Phèdre." "Iphigénie." **La Fontaine,** 1621–1695. "Contes." **Fénelon,** 1651–1715. "Télemaque." **Malebranche,** 1631–1715. "Recherche de la Vérité." **Le Sage,** 1668–1747. "Gil Blas."	**Klopstock,** 1724–1803. "The Messiah," Books I.–III., 1748. Odes and Dramas. **Kant,** 1724–1804. "Critique of Pure Reason." Ethics. **Lessing,** 1729–1781. "Laocoön," 1766. "Minna von Barnhelm," 1767. **Herder,** 1744–1803. "The Cid." "The Idea of the Philosophy of History." **Bürger,** 1748–1794. Ballads. **Goethe,** 1749–1832. "Wilhelm Meister," Part I., 1795; complete, 1829. "Faust," Part I., 1808.

TABLE VIII. { THE FRENCH INFLUENCE, 1660–*cir.* 1750. / BEGINNING OF MODERN PERIOD, 1725–*cir.* 1830. } *Continued.*

HISTORICAL EVENTS.	POETS AND DRAMATISTS OF THE RESTORATION.	NEW SCHOOL OF WRITERS.	FRANCE.	GERMANY.
Queen Anne reigns, 1702–1714. Battle of Blenheim, 1704. Battle of Ramillies, 1706. Battle of Malplaquet, 1709. Treaty of Utrecht, 1713. **George I. reigns,** 1714–1727. Ministry of Sir R. Walpole, 1721. **George II. reigns,** 1727–1760. The Methodists appear in London, 1738. Resignation of Walpole, 1742. Charles Edward lands in Scotland, 1745. Battle of Falkirk, 1746. Battle of Culloden, 1746. Battle of Plassey, 1757. Wolfe's victory on Heights of Abraham, 1759. **George III. reigns,** 1760–1820. Brindley's canal over the Irwell, 1761. Wedgwood establishes Potteries, 1764. Hargreaves invents Spinning-Jenny, 1764.	**Matthew Prior,** 1664–1721. "The Country Mouse and City Mouse," 1687. **John Gay,** 1688–1732. "Trivia," 1715. **Daniel Defoe,** 1661–1731. "Robinson Crusoe," 1719–1720. **Alexander Pope,** 1688–1744. "The Rape of the Lock," 1712–1714. "Essay on Man," 1732–1734. **Jonathan Swift,** 1667–1745. "The Battle of the Books," 1698. (Published 1704.) "The Tale of a Tub," 1698. (Published 1704). "Gulliver's Travels," 1726. **Samuel Richardson,** 1689–1761. "Pamela," 1740. "Clarissa Harlowe," 1748. **H. Fielding,** 1707–1754. "The History of Tom Jones," 1749. "Amelia," 1751. **Lawrence Sterne,** 1713–1768. "Tristram Shandy," 1759–1767.	**Wm. Cowper,** 1731–1800. Olney Hymns (with Newton), 1779. "The Task," 1785. **George Crabbe,** 1754–1832. "Inebriety," 1775. "The Village," 1783. **Wm. Blake,** 1757–1827. Poetical Sketches, 1783. "Songs of Innocence," 1789. **Robert Burns,** 1759–1796. Poems, 1786. **Wm. Wordsworth,** 1770–1850. "An Evening Walk," 1793. Lyrical Ballads, 1798–1800. **Samuel T. Coleridge,** 1772–1834. "The Fall of Robespierre" (with Southey), 1794. "The Ancient Mariner," 1798. **Robert Southey,** 1774–1843. Poems by Bion and Moschus, 1795. "Thalaba," 1801. "The Curse of Kehama," 1810. **Sir Walter Scott,** 1771–1832. Translations of Ballads, 1796. "Marmion," 1808. Waverley Novels, 1814–1831.	**Montesquieu,** 1689–1755. "Esprit des Lois." **Voltaire,** 1694–1778. "Édipe." "Henriade." **J. J. Rousseau,** 1713–1778. "Julie." "Le Contrat Social." **Denis Diderot,** 1723–1784. "Encyclopédie," with others, especially D'Alembert, 1717–1783. **Mlle. de Lespinasse,** 1732–1776. Lettres. **Saint Lambert,** 1707–1783. "Les Saisons." **Bernardin de Saint Pierre,** 1737–1814. "Paul et Virginie." **Chateaubriand,** 1768–1848. "Atala." "René."	**Schiller,** 1759–1805. "The Robbers," 1781. "Wallenstein," 1799. "William Tell," 1804. **Jean Paul Richter,** 1763–1825. "Titan," 1800. Romantic School: **Augustus von Schlegel,** 1767–1845. "Ion" (a tragedy). Poems and Criticism. **Friedrich von Schlegel,** 1772–1829. "History of the Poetry of Greece and Rome." **Fouque** (Baron de la Motte), 1777–1843. "Undine," 1814. "Sintram," 1814. Transcendentalists: **Fichte,** 1762–1814. "Critique of all Revelation." "The Vocation of the Scholar."

TABLE VIII. { THE FRENCH INFLUENCE, 1660–*cir.* 1750. / BEGINNING OF MODERN PERIOD, 1725–*cir.* 1830. } *Continued.*

HISTORICAL EVENTS.	POETS AND DRAMATISTS OF THE RESTORATION.	NEW SCHOOL OF WRITERS.	FRANCE.	GERMANY.
Watt invents the Steam Engine, 1765. Repeal of the Stamp Act, 1766. Wilkes expelled from the House of Commons, 1768. Arkwright invents Spinning Machine, 1768. Occupation of Boston by British troops, 1769. Beginning of great English Journals, 1771. Boston tea ships, 1773. American Declaration of Independence, 1776. Battle of Camperdown, 1797. Battle of the Nile, 1798. Battle of Trafalgar, 1805. Death of Pitt, 1806. Abolition of Slave Trade, 1807. War with America, 1812. Battle of Waterloo, 1815.	**George Smollett**, 1721–1771. "Roderick Random," 1748. **Samuel Johnson**, 1709–1784. "Dictionary of the English Language," 1755. "Rasselas," 1759. "Lives of the Poets," 1779–1781. **Edward Young**, 1681–1795. "Night Thoughts," 1742–1745.	**Charles Lamb**, 1775–1834. "Rosamond Gray," 1798. "Essays of Elia," 1822–1824. **Thomas Campbell**, 1777–1844. "Pleasures of Hope," 1799. "Theodoric," 1824. **Thomas Moore**, 1779–1852. Odes, 1800. "Lalla Rookh," 1817. **Lord Byron**, 1788–1824. "Hours of Idleness," 1807. "Childe Harold," 1812–1818. "Don Juan," 1819–1824. **James Hogg**, 1772–1835. "The Queen's Wake," 1813. **Percy B. Shelley**, 1792–1822. "Zastrozzi," 1810. Poems. **Jane Austin**, 1775-1817. "Sense and Sensibility," 1811. "Emma," 1816. "Persuasion," 1818. **John Keats**, 1795–1821. Poems, 1817. "Endymion," 1818. **Thos. De Quincey**, 1785–1859. "The Confessions of an English Opium Eater," 1821.	**Madame de Stael**, 1766–1817. "Corinne." "Delphine." **P. J. de Béranger**, 1780–1857. Poetry.	**Hegel**, 1770–1831. "Phenomenology of the Mind." "Works on Logic." "Philosophy of Religion." **Schelling**, 1775–1854. "Transcendental Idealism." **Schopenhauer**, 1788–1860. "Monograph on the Fourfold Root of the Principles of Sufficient Reason." "The World as Will and Idea." **Heine**, 1800–1856. Songs and Poems. "Pictures of Travel" (prose).

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2. *Literature.—Dryden:* Saintsbury's Life of, in Eng. Men of Letters Series; Macaulay's Essay on.

Addison: Courthope's Life of, in Eng. Men of Letters Series; Macaulay's Essay on.

Steele: Life of, by Austin Dobson, in Eng. Worthies. "Eighteenth Century Essays," by Austin Dobson, contains selections from the most important periodicals of the century. "Days with Sir Roger de Coverley" (Macmillan) is an attractive collection of the de Coverley papers only, and may be used with class. Leslie Stephen's "Eng. Thought in the Eighteenth Century," vol. ii., contains a good chapter on the literature. Thackeray's "Eng. Humorists"; Leslie Stephen's "Life of Johnson," in Eng. Men of Letters Series. Thackeray introduces Addison and Steele into "Henry Esmond," passages from which may be read in class.

Alexander Pope: Stephen's Life of, in Eng. Men of Letters Series; Johnson's Life of, in "Lives of the Poets"; Lowell's Essay on, in "My Study Windows." For "Rape of the Lock" see Courthope and Elwin's Ed., Int. and Notes to R. of L., and Hale's "Longer Eng. Poems."

PART IV.

THE MODERN ENGLISH PERIOD.

Since cir. 1750.

THE MODERN ENGLISH PERIOD.

1750 to 1830.

Chapter I.

The Beginning of Modern Literature.

The history of England during the greater part of the eighteenth century is the history of the most rapid and sweeping changes in almost every department of the nation's life—political, social, and intellectual. Long before the century's close, the brilliant, corrupt, heartless, and skeptical England of Pope, Bolingbroke, and Walpole had utterly disappeared, and in its place we find a changed nation, living under totally different social and industrial conditions, and holding diametrically opposite ideas of life. As we should expect, this fresh national life utters itself in new forms of literature, and with the rise of modern England we reach the beginning of a literary period surpassed only by that of the Elizabethans. Before approaching this modern literature, we must speak briefly of some of the historical and social changes with which it is intimately associated.

Changes in Eighteenth Century England.

Underlying many of these changes we find one great motive cause. England was becoming tired of cynicism, skepticism, and the reliance on mere reason. At heart the nation was too deeply emotional and religious for such a mood as that which came with the Restoration to endure long; somehow in the desert men felt the gathering rush of new feelings, and there arose within them the

longing of the prodigal to arise and return, as their hearts were again stirred with pity, with enthusiasm, and with faith.

A comparison of England under Walpole and under Pitt helps us to realize the growth of this faculty for enthusiasm. The administration of Robert Walpole (1721–1742) was an interval of profound peace, during which the energies of England were largely given to trade and to the development of her internal resources. There was little to agitate the nation, but wealth enormously increased.* Walpole, the guiding spirit during this prosperous period, was the embodiment of prosaic commonplace. Country-bred, shrewd, and narrow-minded, he had great business ability, but was essentially incapable of approaching life from its ideal or imaginative side. Openly corrupt in his political methods, and openly incredulous as to the possibility of conducting practical politics by other means, he laughed at appeals to the higher nature as "schoolboy flights," and declared that men would come out of these rhapsodies about patriotism and grow wiser. Such traits are characteristic of the early eighteenth century England; we recognize points of kinship between them and the literary spirit of Pope. But before the fall of Walpole better political ideas began to take form in the so-called Patriot party, and by 1757 William Pitt, the animating spirit of the new movement, was virtually at the head of affairs. Pitt, the Great Commoner, brings purer political methods and a broader outlook for England. With his burning eloquence, his intense patriotism, his reliance on the English people, he represents the new enthusiasm and the new democracy. After the fall of Walpole, England's period of peace was

Robert Walpole (b. 1676, d. 1745).

* Green's "Hist. Eng. People," vol. iv. pp. 126–160, may be read in class.

suddenly broken, and during the years of Pitt's supremacy she towered above the other nations, thrilling her people's hearts with a new patriotism as they saw her laying in India and in America the foundations of a world empire.

The new sympathies that stirred the heart of England are seen in the great wave of religious feeling that came with the rise of Methodism. In the midst of the cold, intellectual speculation of Bolinbroke and the skepticism of Hume, we are startled by the passionate appeal of Whitfield and Wesley to the conscience and to the heart. By 1738 the work of these men was fairly begun, and their marvelous eloquence and intense conviction struck deep into the souls of thousands. Butler in his *Analogy between Natural and Revealed Religion* (1736), relied, for his support of Christianity, on close and definite reasoning, but the preaching of Whitfield made the tears trickle down the grimy faces of the Bristol colliers. And this influence went far outside of the ranks of the Methodists themselves; it helped to arouse the Church of England, which had grown indifferent and lethargic, to a full and earnest life.

The Rise of Methodism.

The effects of this revival of a more spiritual life in the midst of an unbelieving, immoral, and often brutal society are seen in the growth of a practical charity, and in an increasing sense of human brotherhood and of the inherent dignity of man. The novel sense of pity becomes wide and heartfelt enough to take in not men only, but all wantonly hurt and suffering creatures. An awakened humanity suppresses the cruel sport of bull-baiting; it softens the barbarous rigor of the criminal laws. John Howard endures the noisome horrors of the English prisons, that he may lighten the unspeakable sufferings of the captive; William Wilberforce labors for the abolition of slavery.

The Deeper Sympathy with Man.

And with this compassion for humanity, we draw near to those great social upheavals which usher in our modern democracy. Men become possessed with a fever for the "rights of man," they begin to speculate on the reorganization of society; and across the Channel the coming storm cloud of the French Revolution grows big even to bursting. Then at last, when the storm breaks, the finest spirits of England are uplifted by an exalted passion for the cause of man.

The Growth of Democracy and The Age of Revolution.

Modern England, thus beginning to take shape even during the lifetime of Pope and Walpole, had a literature of its own; but the older literary methods and ideas by no means came to an end with the beginning of the new. Accordingly, after the rise of this new literature, or from about 1725, we find the literature of England flowing, as it were, in two separate streams. The one, marked by a mode or fashion of writing which began definitely with Dryden, may be traced from Dryden on through Pope, its most perfect representative, through Samuel Johnson, until its dissipation in the time of Wordsworth; the other, springing from a different source and of a different spirit, its purer and more natural music, audible almost before that of Pope has fairly begun, flows on with gathered force and volume, and with deepening channel, almost to our own time. We have traced the first of these streams until the death of Pope; we must now indicate the general direction of its course after that event. Many of the features which had characterized this Restoration literature in the reign of Anne were prolonged far into the century, and some writers modeled their style on Pope and Addison until towards the century's close. The prosaic spirit, in which intellectual force was warmed by no glow of passion, continued to find a suitable form of expression in didactic and satiric verse. In the protracted moralizings of Young's

Literature after the Death of Pope.

Night Thoughts (1743), and in *Blair's Grave* (1743), a shorter but somewhat similar poem, we detect a general resemblance to the *Essay on Man;* while *Henry Brooke's* poem on *The Universal Beauty* (1735), and *Erasmus Darwin's Botanic Garden* (1791), obviously echo the favorite metrical cadence of Pope. In the two works last named, poetry is called in to expound science instead of theology or philosophy, but the tone is none the less didactic, and it is worth noting that in *The Botanic Garden* the Rosicrucian sylphs and gnomes of *The Rape of the Lock* reappear as personifications of the elemental forces of nature.

Samuel Johnson.

But there is something more important for us to notice than such single instances of the survival of the earlier literary spirit. For forty years after the death of Pope, the greatest personal force in English Literature and criticism, the dominant power in the literary circles of London, was *Samuel Johnson* (1709–1784), a man whose sympathies lay with the literary standards of the earlier part of the century, and who had but little comprehension of the new spirit which in his lifetime was beginning to displace them. Johnson, the son of a poor bookseller in Lichfield, came up to London in 1737, with three acts of a play in his pocket, and the determination to make his way through literature. For many years his life was one of terrible hardship, but he bore his privations manfully, with unflinching courage, and with a beautiful tenderness towards those yet more unfortunate. He obtained employment on a periodical, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, and soon afterwards made a great hit by his satire of *London* (1738), a poem which attracted the favorable notice of Pope. He wrote another satire, *The Vanity of Human Wishes* (1749), conducted *The Rambler* (March 20, 1750–March 14, 1752) and *The Idler* (April, 1758–April, 1760), papers similar in design

to *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*, and in 1755 published his *English Dictionary*. Shortly after the accession of George III. Johnson's burdens were lifted by the grant of a pension of £300 a year. During the remainder of his life he ruled as the literary autocrat of London. He was the leading spirit in a literary club founded by him in 1764 in conjunction with the painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds. Burke, Goldsmith, Garrick, Fox, Gibbon, and Sheridan were members of this club, yet among such men Johnson maintained his supremacy. Macaulay says that "the verdicts pronounced by this conclave on new books were speedily known over all London, and were sufficient to sell off a whole edition in a day, or to condemn the sheets to the service of the trunk-maker and the pastry-cook." * After writing several other prose works Johnson died December 13, 1784, full of years and honors. While Johnson's works are now comparatively little read, he remains one of the most familiar and strongly marked personages in the literature. We cannot now do more than notice his connection with the literary history of his century. While he wrote some strong and quotable verse, full of vigorous and telling rhetoric, he is pre-eminently a prose writer in an age of prose. The uninspired and practical temper of his time found prose rather than poetry its natural medium. And while its great prose writers were not given to lofty flights, they showed a wonderful power of minute and truthful observation. Throughout the earlier literature of the century, whether poetry or prose, we find a painstaking definiteness and accuracy in the reproduction of contemporary life. In spite of their play of fancy, such works as *The Rape of the Lock*, and many of the periodical essays, are marked by a careful and often pitiless realism. In the *Robinson Crusoe* of *Daniel De Foe*

Johnson the Prose Writer of an Age of Prose.

* Art. on Johnson, "Ency. Brit."

(1719) this realistic presentation of life assumes a narrative form. In this wonderful story, as in the same writer's *History of the Plague* (1722), our sense of reality is perfect through the patient enumeration of a vast number of details. The same irresistible naturalness pervades the *Gulliver's Travels* of *Jonathan Swift* (1726), which is triumphantly realistic in spite of its fantastic elements. It was during Johnson's lifetime that the novel of daily life and manners, the most perfect outcome of this realistic prose, took definite form. From the publication of the *Pamela* of *Charles Richardson* in 1740, the novel, which in our day takes the place of the drama in the Elizabethan age, steadily advances until our time. This prose and that of *Robertson*, *Hume*, *Gibbon*, and the other great historians we cannot stop to consider; but it should be remembered that Johnson was connected with the development of the novel by his publication of the didactic story of *Rasselas* (1759), and that his essays, his series of *Lives of the Poets*, and his account of a *Trip to the Hebrides*, give him a foremost place among the prose writers of his day. His poems of *London* and *The Vanity of Human Wishes* follow the satiric style made popular by Dryden and Pope, a style greatly in vogue when Johnson began his literary career; and are as obviously modeled after Pope in their versification and manner. *The Rambler* is as plainly imitated from *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*, although through Johnson's ponderous, many-syllabled style it follows them, in the clever phrase of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, as "a packhorse follows a hunter." Yet while Johnson thus stands as the bulwark of the old order, both by his own work and by his critical verdicts on that of others, all about him new agitations were already rife. Absolute as was his literary dictatorship, his throne was reared on the verge of that revolution which begins the modern

period of our literary history. Between Johnson's arrival in London in 1737, and his death in 1784, new feelings utterly opposed to many of his traditions and prejudices, and remote from his understanding and comprehension, were quickening into life around him. Those changes in literary standards had already begun which have led to the reversal of nearly every important dictum uttered by this great literary lawgiver in matters of criticism.

The Beginning of the Modern Period.

The new literature was the outcome of that same reaction from the earlier standards of the century which we have already noticed. The literature of the age of Anne is essentially artificial, dealing with the intrigues or frivolities of a fashionable city life. The new literature turned from the city streets to a region where art and fashion had not entered. In the midst of the soulless literature of the town, with its close atmosphere, its drawing room pettiness, its painted faces, and its slanderous tongues, there comes to our heated cheeks the fresh, pure air from the woods and fields, as poetry turns from Belinda at her toilet to the uncontaminated world of nature. In 1725, Allan Ramsay, an Edinburgh wig-maker and bookseller, published his *Gentle Shepherd*,* a pastoral in which we catch a genuine whiff of country air, and where, instead of the classic Damon and Daphnes which Pope's conventional method led him to introduce on English soil, we have veritable country people, plain Patie and Roger. Indeed, Ramsay's poem was an attempt to carry out the views of certain critics who had attacked the artificial method of pastoral writing, of which Pope was then the most notorious example, for the ingenuity of its classic allusions, and

* The original version of "The Gentle Shepherd" was included, under the name of "Patie and Roger," in a collection of Ramsay's poems, pub. 1721. See criticism in *The Guardian* for April 7, 1713, No. 23. See also "Life of Pope," *supra*, p. 272.

for its want of fidelity to actual country life. In the same year another Scotchman, *James Thomson* (1700–1748), began the publication of *The Seasons* (1726–1730), a poem full of truthful and beautiful descriptions of nature and of country life, seen under the changing aspects of the four seasons. Thomson made a significant break with the poetical methods of Pope by abandoning the heroic couplet for blank verse; but while *The Seasons* shows a close and sympathetic observation of nature, the lack of entire simplicity and directness in its style tells us that poetry was not yet free from the conventionalities and mannerisms of the Augustan writers.*

From the publication of *The Seasons* we find a growing

* It can be made an interesting study for the class to collect instances of Thomson's adherence to the more artificial manner. Note *e. g.* his classic allusions, frequent Latinisms, and use of balanced adjectives after the manner of Pope. In the following the italicized words are obviously not in accordance with our present style of descriptive writing.

"At last
The clouds *consign* their treasures to the field
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow
In large *effusion* o'er the freshened world."
—Spring, 171.

Again, the lines following are constructed after the manner of Pope:

"The *sultry* South collects a *potent* blast."
—Autumn.

"Through the *hushed* air the *whitening* shower descends."
—Winter.

Cf. Pope.

"No *grateful* dew descends from *evening* skies.
. . . . . .
The *industrious* bees neglect their *golden* stores."
—Winter, 4th pastoral.

Cf. also "Windsor Forest."

Note also in "The Seasons" the effect produced by the adjective *following* the noun:

"every copse
Deep tangled, tree irregular," etc.

and

"Three undulations
Mix mellifluous."
—Spring.

delight in nature and a further departure from the poetic manner of Pope, in the beautiful *Odes* of *Wm. Collins* (1746) and in the famous *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* of *Thomas Gray* (1751). Nature and "the short and simple annals of the poor" are the respective themes of the *Traveller* (1764) and *The Deserted Village* (1770) of Oliver Goldsmith, while *The Minstrel* of *James Beattie* (bk. i., 1771) shows us a youthful poetic genius nourished and inspired by the influence of mountain, sky, and sea. These poets not only wrote on new subjects; they showed a tendency to return to the poetic manner of the Elizabethans. Thus *Shenstone's Schoolmistress* (1742), Thomson's *Castle of Indolence* (1748), and Beattie's *Minstrel*, were written in the stanza of Spenser, a metre entirely ignored by the poets of the Restoration school, while the lyrics of Collins have a musical charm absent from English poetry since the time of Milton. This poetry of nature was carried forward in the work of *George Crabbe*, who possessed the power to bring nature before us by his truth of observation and his unaffected if homely style. A still further step was made in the poems of *Wm. Cowper*, whose *Task* (1785) is a great advance on the work of Thomson in the reality and directness of its natural descriptions.

But while such new elements were coming into English verse, we must remember that Johnson and others continued to follow doggedly the track of Pope. *The Seasons* preceded *London* by thirteen years, and Collins's *Odes* were a year earlier than *The Vanity of Human Wishes;* yet in the poetry of Johnson we have but the frigidity and didacticism of Pope without his lightness, fancy, or grace, and we look in vain for Thomson's feeling for nature or Collins's fresh lyric note.

That deep feeling which, as the eighteenth century advanced, impelled men to turn from the artificial life of

society to the world of nature, was closely associated with a sympathetic interest in the hitherto unregarded lives of the country-folk and the poor. The representative writers of Queen Anne's time had despised and satirized humanity. We have seen Pope's low estimate of it, his malice towards men, his ingrained disbelief in women; and even more bitter and terrible is the corrosive scorn and hatred which, as in *Gulliver's Travels*, the unhappy Swift pours out upon the race. But in the new group of writers there breathes that growing tenderness for the miseries of the neglected and the poor, that sympathy for all living creatures, and that ever deepening sense of the nobility of man and of the reality of human brotherhood, which we have already noted as a motive power in the history of the time. Gray's *Elegy* is not merely a charming rural vignette, it is the poet's tribute to the worth of obscure and humble lives. *The Deserted Village* is an indignant protest against the wealth and luxury which encroaches upon the simple happiness of the peasant, and in such lines as these we hear the voice of the new democracy:

The New Sympathy with Man.

> "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay;
> *Princes and lords may flourish or may fade—*
> *A breath can make them, as a breath has made—*
> But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
> When once destroyed can never be supplied." *

Crabbe brought the realism of the earlier part of the century to the painting of the homely and often repulsive life of the country poor. In the opening lines of *The Village* he scorns the artificial pastoral of the older school, and declares

> "I paint the cot
> As truth will paint it, and as Bards will not." †

* "The Deserted Village," l. 51.

† "The Village," bk. i. See the entire opening passage.

The delight in nature, the renewed religious sentiment, the sympathy with man, and the love of animals, all find expression in the life and work of Cowper. Not only did he declare, as in the familiar lines, that

"God made the country, and man made the town,"

but he lived in a natural harmony with God's works, so that even the timid hare did not shun his footsteps, nor the stock-dove suspend her song at his approach. His gentle nature rises in indignation against cruelty, if it be but the cruelty of the man

"Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm,"

and the indifference of the world to human suffering shocks and distresses him. Timid as he seems, he cries out with the voice of the on-coming democracy against "oppression and deceit," against slavery.

"My ear is pained,
My soul is sick with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
It does not feel for man." *

This new sympathy with man and nature is further represented by the artist-poet *William Blake* (1757–1827), and by *Robert Burns* (1759–1796) until it culminates in the poets of the so-called Lake School, *William Wordsworth* (1770–1850), *Samuel Taylor Coleridge* (1772–1834), and *Robert Southey* (1774–1843). With the three writers last-named, and with *Sir Walter Scott*, who represents a phase of the movement of which we have not yet spoken, the break with the *classical* or critical school of Pope becomes complete. This entire movement was the expression in England of an impulse to abandon a too literal and subservient imitation of the classic writers.

* "The Task," bk. ii. l. 5.

for such an independent expression as their own genius prompted. In Germany a movement began in the "Sturm und Drang" (Storm and Pressure) school of Herder and others (in 1770–1782), and later in the Romantic School especially distinguished for its enthusiasm for the Middle Ages. A corresponding school arose in France during the early half of the present century, of which the great poet was Victor Hugo, the great critic Sainte-Beuve. These modern or anti-classic writers, whether in Germany, England, or France, are styled *Romanticists*, or writers belonging to the *Romantic School*. By *Romantic*, used in this technical sense, is meant the distinctively new spirit, in literature or art, of the modern world, relying mainly on itself for its subjects, its inspiration, and its rules of art, and denying that classic precedents are in all cases of binding authority. Thus the drama of the Elizabethans is often called the English *Romantic* drama, because, unlike that of the French, it disregarded certain dramatic principles of the Greeks; while Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, and the other writers of that group, are styled Romantic, because they were animated by a modern spirit, because they trusted to inspiration rather than to precedent, and opposed the *Classic* School of Pope.

Definition of Romantic.

One great element in this Romantic movement, first in England and afterwards in Germany, was a delight in the popular songs and ballads, a natural and spontaneous poetic form hitherto ignored as outside the bounds of literature. The English and Scottish Ballads, simple and genuine songs coming straight from the hearts of the people, untinged by classic conventionality and unmodified by foreign standards, were collected in Bishop Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry* (1765). After this many similar collections were published, and about this time poets began to reproduce the ballad form. The

most noteworthy of these early imitations are the ballads of *Thomas Chatterton* (1752–1770), amazing works of genius which their boy author pretended to have found among some ancient records of Bristol. The same tendency is shown in the *Ossian* of James Macpherson (1762), a professed translation of some Gaelic epic poems, and in such simple ballads as Goldsmith's *Hermit*,* Shenstone's *Jemmy Dawson* (1745), and Mickle's *Mariner's Wife*. Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel* are a noble outcome of the old ballad literature, and from it also sprung the best poetry of Walter Scott.

ROBERT BURNS.—1759–1796.

A more moving tenderness than that of the amiable and melancholy Cowper, an intenser stress of lyric passion, throbs in the songs of the Scotch plowman *Robert Burns*. In this great and unhappy genius, the new spirit flames out with amazing and original force. Pope had no room in his finished verse for the struggling poor; the scholarly Gray had written of them with refinement and taste, surrounding them with a certain poetic halo; but Burns was one of them. The soul of the peasant class reveals itself in the simple music of his songs, with the rich humor, the note of elemental passion, the irresistible melody learned from the popular ballads of his native land. "Poetry," wrote a great poet, "comes from the heart and goes to the heart," † This is eminently true of the poetry of Burns, whose best songs have that heartfelt and broadly human quality which penetrates where more cultured verse fails to enter, and which outlasts the most elaborate

* About the date of "The Hermit" there has always been a doubt. Goldsmith was accused of taking the idea from "The Friar of Orders Gray" (Percy's "Reliques"), he claims to have read "The Hermit" to Bishop Percy before the publication of the "Friar."

† William Wordsworth.

productions of a less instinctive art. Robert Burns, the son of a small farmer in Ayrshire, was born January 25, 1759. His family were poor, so that Burns could get but little regular education, and remained "a hard-worked plowboy." Through all his labor he was a great reader, having a ballad book before him at meal times, and whistling the songs of Scotland while guiding the plow. On the death of his father in 1784 Robert and his brother and sisters took a farm together, but it proved unprofitable. By this time he had written numerous songs and had gained by them considerable local reputation. His affairs were so involved that he thought of leaving the country, but changed his mind on receiving an invitation from a Dr. Blacklock, who had heard of his poetical ability, to visit Edinburgh. At Edinburgh, Burns, with his genius and flavor of rusticity, his massive head and glowing eyes, became the reigning sensation. In 1788 he leased a farm in Dumfriesshire, married Jean Armour, and spent one of his few peaceful and happy years. In 1789 he was appointed exciseman, that is, the district inspector of goods liable to a tax. From this time the habit of intemperance gained upon him. His health and spirits failed, and spells of reckless drinking were followed by intervals of remorse and attempted recovery. His genius did not desert him, and some of his best songs were composed during this miserable time. He died July 21, 1796, worn out and prematurely old at thirty-seven, one of the great song-writers of the world.

Burns speaks the universal language of passion not to be learned in the schools. His love-songs, from the impassioned lyric flow of *My Luve is Like a Red, Red Rose*, or *O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast*, to the quiet anguish of *Ae Fond Kiss and Then We Sever*, or the serene beauty of *To Mary in Heaven*, are among the truest and best in the language. His *Cotter's Saturday Night* remains

the unsurpassed idyl of "honest poverty," and in the ringing lines of *A Man's a Man for a' That*, this Ayrshire plowman gave to the world the greatest declaration in poetry of human equality. But like that of Cowper, Burns's comprehensive sympathy reaches beyond the circle of human life. He stands at the furrow to look at the "tim'rous" field-mouse, whose tiny house his plow has laid in ruins, and his soul is broad enough to think of the trembling creature gently and humbly, as his

"Poor, earth-born companion an' fellow-mortal."

He is the poet of nature as well as of man; while in his stirring songs of Bannockburn he is the poet of patriotic Scotland.

"Lowland Scotland," it has been said, "came in with her warriors and went out with her bards. It came in with William Wallace and Robert Bruce, and went out with Robert Burns and Walter Scott. The first two made the history; the last two told the story and sung the song."

SELECTIONS FROM BURNS.

TO A MOUSE.

On turning her up in her nest with a plow, November, 1785.

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin and chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle!*

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
An' fellow mortal!

* *Pattle.*—An implement for cleaning the plow.

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then? Poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen icker in a thrave *
'S a sma' request:
I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave
And never miss 't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'!
An' naething, now, to big† a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin'
Baith snell‡ and keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
'Till crash! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an stibble,
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turned out, for a' thy trouble,
But§ house or hauld,
To thole‖ the winter's sleety dribble
An' cranreuch¶ cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane
In proving foresight may be vain!
The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley
An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain
For promised joy.

Still thou art blessed compar'd wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But och! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear.

* *Daimen icker in a thrave.*—An ear of corn occasionally.
† *Big.*—To build. ‡ *Snell.*—Bitter. § *But.*—Without.
‖ *Thole.*—Endure. ¶ *Cranreuch.*—Hoar-frost.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY AT BANNOCKBURN.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has often led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's pow'r—
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!—
Let us do or die!

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We daur be puir for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that!

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that!

Ye see yon birkie* ca'd a lord,
Wha struts and stares, and a' that:
Though hundreds worship at his word
He's but a cooft for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that!

A king can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that!

A RED, RED ROSE.

Oh, my luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
Oh, my luve's like the melodie,
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

* *Birkie.*—A conceited fellow. † *Coof.*—A blockhead.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I:
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
'Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve!
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

The Era of Revolution.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.—1770–1850.

With the closing years of the eighteenth century we reach the mighty social upheaval of the French Revolution. During the early acts of this terrible drama, the vague doctrines and anticipations of poets and philosophers, who had looked for the coming of a golden age of peace and human brotherhood, seemed to many to have passed out of the region of speculation into that of actual fact, as they saw the whole fabric of the French feudal society crash into ruin. Cowper had cried out in *The Task* against the Bastile, as a shameful "house of bondage";* four years later it fell before the fury of a Parisian mob (1789). The barriers of custom and authority were swept away; the floods were out; the Revolution begun. The wild outcry for liberty, equality, fraternity, stirred a generous enthusiasm in many ardent spirits of England. The poet *William Blake* (1757–1827) walked the streets of London wearing the red cockade of the Revolutionists, and the passionate hopes for the

* "The Task," bk. v. The passage may be read in class.

future of the race broadened far beyond the old national limits, to embrace the whole family of man. The imagination of the youthful poets William Wordsworth, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and Robert Southey, all in the impressionable years of opening manhood when the Revolution began, was fired by the idea that the world was being made anew. They trod the earth in rapture, their eyes fixed upon a vision of the dawn. Looking back upon this time one of their number wrote:

> "Bliss was it in that Dawn to be alive,
> But to be young was very heaven." *

A spirit of change was in the air which showed itself in many ways. In England it expressed itself in a more positive reaction against much that was hollow and artificial in the life and literature of an earlier time. The longing for something natural and genuine became the master passion of the new leaders of thought. Not only does the new love of nature and of man inspire the poetry of Wordsworth and of Coleridge, they are the leaders of a deliberate attack on the artificial poetic manner exemplified in the poetry of Pope. Wordsworth came determined to destroy the old "poetic diction" and set up a simpler and truer manner in its stead. Another expression of this longing for what is genuine is found in the works of the great prose writer *Thomas Carlyle* (1795–1881), who fiercely denounced all "shams," railed against the eighteenth century as an era of fraud and unbelief, and preached that men "should come back to reality, that they should stand upon things and not upon the shows of things." In these, and in many similar ways, the period at which we have now arrived was an *era of revolution*. In many spheres of thought and action the old order was changing, giving place to new.

* Wordsworth, "The Prelude," bk. xi.

William Wordsworth, one of the great leaders in this era of change, was born April 7, 1770, at Cockermouth, a little village on the river Derwent in the county of Cumberland. His father, the law agent to Sir James Lowther, was descended from an ancient family of Yorkshire landowners, while his mother's ancestors had been among the landed gentry of Cumberland since the reign of Edward III. On both sides, therefore, the poet came of a family stock deeply rooted in the country soil, and he may well have inherited from this long line of provincial ancestors that sympathy with the country, and with the simple incidents of country life, which is a principal element in his verse. Cumberland, a singularly lovely region of lake and mountain, was then far more remote than at present from the activities of the outside world. Wordsworth was gifted with a wonderful susceptibility to natural beauty, and the serenity and grandeur of his early surroundings entered deep into his life to become the very breath of his being. In his daily companionship with nature he seems to have felt at first a kind of primitive and unreasoning rapture, to be changed in later years for a more profound and conscious love. His more regular education was obtained at Hawkeshead School, in Lancashire, and at Cambridge. But college and the fixed routine of college studies failed to touch his enthusiasm, and he is said to have occupied himself before coming up for his degree in reading Richardson's novels. He graduated in 1791, but, as may be supposed, without having distinguished himself. On leaving Cambridge, he spent some months in visiting London and elsewhere, finally crossing to France, where he caught the contagion of Republicanism, and was on the point of offering himself as a leader of the Girondist party. His relations, alarmed for his safety, stopped his supplies,

William Wordsworth.

and in 1792 lack of money compelled his return. On reaching England he found himself with no profession and without definite prospects. After three years in this unsettled condition he was unexpectedly placed beyond actual want by a timely legacy of £900 from his friend Raisley Calvert, who had discerned in Wordsworth the promise of future greatness, and who wished to make him free to pursue his chosen career. Shortly before this he had made his first public ventures in poetry (*An Evening Walk*, 1793; *Descriptive Sketches*, 1794). After the receipt of Calvert's legacy he took a cottage at Racedown in Dorsetshire with his devoted sister Dorothy, resolved to dedicate himself to poetry. From this time Wordsworth's life was of the most studiously simple, severe, and uneventful description, an example of that "plain living and high thinking" in which he believed. It was lived close to nature, in the circle of deep home attachments, and in the society of a few chosen friends, but it resembled that of Milton in its solemn consecration to the high service of his art, and in its consistent nobility and loftiness of tone. Leaving Racedown in 1797, Wordsworth settled at Alfoxden, near Nether Stowey, Somersetshire, where his genius rapidly developed under the stimulating companionship of his friend Coleridge. Here the two poets worked together, and in 1798 published *The Lyrical Ballads*, a collection of poems to which each contributed. This work, by its deliberate departure from the outworn poetic manner, marks an era in the history of English poetry. It is in his preface to the second edition of this work (published 1800) that Wordsworth made his famous onslaught upon the school of Pope, declaring, among other things, that poetry was not to be made by rules, but that it was "the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings." After this Wordsworth worked steadily,

holding to his own notions of poetry in spite of the ridicule of the critics and the neglect of the body of readers. In the winter of 1798–99 he visited Germany. On his return he settled in his native county of Cumberland, living first at Grasmere (1799–1813), and finally removing to Rydal Mount. In 1802 he married his cousin, Mary Hutchinson, also a native of Cumberland. Miss Hutchinson, like Wordsworth's beloved sister Dorothy, had a rare appreciation of poetry. He had thus the devotion and sympathy of two gifted women, both capable of entering into his finest emotions and aspirations. The poet, his wife, and sister thus lived in an ideal and beautiful companionship, unfortunately but too rare in the lives of men of genius. Wordsworth's remaining years were passed at Rydal Mount, except when his tranquil existence was broken by short journeys on the Continent or elsewhere. As he advanced in life his work won its way in the public favor. He was made Poet Laureate in 1842, and died peacefully April 23, 1850, as his favorite clock struck the hour of noon.

Wordsworth as a Poet.

As a poet Wordsworth was surpassingly great within that somewhat restricted sphere which he has made peculiarly his own. He is deficient in a sense of humor, he possesses but little dramatic force or narrative skill, and he fails in a broad and living sympathy with the diverse passions and interests of human life. These limitations will always tend to make him the poet of the appreciative few. To him, indeed, his own words are strikingly applicable :

> "He is retired as noontide dew,
> Or fountain in a noonday grove ;
> And you must love him, ere to you
> He will seem worthy of your love."*

* "A Poet's Epitaph."

Yet he is as truly the poet of the mysterious world we call nature, as Shakespeare is the poet of the life of man. He, more than all other poets, teaches us to enter into that world, and find in it the very temple of God, in which and through which He Himself will draw close to us. The serene beauty and noble simplicity of Wordsworth's life shed over his poems an indescribable and altogether incomparable charm. Such short lyrics as *The Solitary Reaper*, the poems to *Lucy*, or *The Primrose of the Rock*, are filled with that characteristic and magical excellence which refuses to be analyzed or defined. Wordsworth's sonnets are among the best in the literature, and his longer poems, such as *The Excursion*, while deficient in compactness and structure, are illumined by passages of wonderful wisdom and beauty. In spite of frequent lapses, Wordsworth's poetic art is of a very high order, and places him with the greatest poets of England.

The *Ode to Duty* is a characteristic masterpiece. At times, as in the *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*, his verse has an elevation and a large majesty of utterance, unheard in English poetry since the time of Milton. Matthew Arnold, himself a poetic disciple of Wordsworth, has thus summed up the peculiar greatness of his master's work: "Wordsworth's poetry is great because of the extraordinary power with which Wordsworth feels the joy offered to us in nature, the joy offered to us in the simple primary affections and duties; and because of the extraordinary power with which, in case after case, he shows us this joy, and renders it so as to make us share it." *

* Introd. to "Selections from Wordsworth."

SELECTIONS FROM WORDSWORTH.

ODE TO DUTY.

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a Light to guide, a Rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot;
Who do thy work, and know it not:
Long may the kindly impulse last!
But Thou, if they should totter, teach them to stand fast

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet find that other strength, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried;
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust:
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought:

Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance-desires;
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds;
And Fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live!

MILTON.

(*London*, 1802.)

Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men.
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart:
Thou had'st a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

AT THE GRAVE OF BURNS, 1803.

Seven years after his death.

I shiver, Spirit fierce and bold,
At thought of what I now behold:
As vapors breathed from dungeons cold
Strike pleasure dead,
So sadness comes from out the mold
Where Burns is laid.

And have I then thy bones so near,
And thou forbidden to appear?
As if it were thyself that's here
I shrink with pain;
And both my wishes and my fear
Alike are vain.

Off weight—nor press on weight!—away
Dark thoughts!—they came, but not to stay;
With chastened feelings would I pay
The tribute due
To him, and aught that hides his clay
From mortal view.

Fresh as the flower, whose modest worth
He sang, his genius "glinted" forth,
Rose like a star that touching earth,
For so it seems,
Doth glorify its humble birth
With matchless beams.

The piercing eye, the thoughtful brow,
The struggling heart, where be they now?
Full soon the aspirant of the plow,
The prompt, the brave,
Slept, with the obscurest, in the low
And silent grave.

Well might I mourn that he was gone,
Whose light I hailed when first it shone,
When, breaking forth as nature's own,
It showed my youth
How Verse may build a princely throne
On humble truth.

Alas! where'er the current tends,
Regret pursues and with it blends,—
Huge Criffel's hoary top ascends
By Skiddaw seen,—
Neighbors we were, and loving friends
We might have been:

True friends though diversely inclined;
But heart with heart, and mind with mind,
Where the main fibres are entwined,
Through Nature's skill,
May even by contraries be joined
More closely still.

The tear will start, and let it flow;
Thou "poor inhabitant below,"
At this dread moment—even so—
Might we together
Have sate and talked where gowans blow,
Or on wild heather.

What treasures would have then been placed
Within my reach; of knowledge graced
By fancy what a rich repast!
But why go on?
Oh! spare to sweep, thou mournful blast,
His grave grass-grown.

There, too, a son, his joy and pride
(Not three weeks past the stripling died),
Lies gathered to his father's side,
Soul-moving sight!
Yet one to which is not denied
Some sad delight.

For *he* is safe, a quiet bed
Hath early found among the dead,
Harbored where none can be misled,
Wronged, or distrest;
And surely here it may be said
That such are blest.

And oh for Thee, by pitying grace
Checked ofttimes in a devious race,
May He, who halloweth the place
Where Man is laid,
Receive thy Spirit in the embrace
For which it prayed!

Sighing, I turned away; but ere
Night fell, I heard, or seemed to hear,
Music that sorrow comes not near,
A ritual hymn,
Chanted in love that casts out fear
By Seraphim.

THE SOLITARY REAPER.

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts, and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
Oh, listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant
So sweetly to reposing bands
Of travelers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In springtime from the cuckoo bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again!

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listened till I had my fill,
And when I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, SEPTEMBER 3, 1803.

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER, 1802.

O Friend! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being, as I am, opprest,
To think that now our life is only drest
For show; mean handiwork of craftsman, cook,
Or groom! We must run glittering like a brook
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:
The wealthiest man among us is the best:
No grandeur now in nature or in book
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry; and these we adore:
Plain living and high thinking are no more:
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.—1772–1834.

Wordsworth lived out his long, blameless, and devoted life under conditions singularly favorable to the full development of his genius. Freed from the pressure of money difficulties, and enabled to live simply amid the loveliest of natural surroundings, happy in his home and in his friends, and blessed with health and energy, he has left us a shining example of a serene and truly successful life. The story of Coleridge, Wordsworth's friend and fellow poet, is tragically different. It is the story of a man of rare and varied gifts, who, from whatever cause, could not, or did not, put forth his powers to the full. Hazlitt has condensed this into one epigrammatic sentence: "To the man had been given in high measure the seeds of noble endowment, but to unfold them had been forbidden him."

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the youngest of a large family, was the son of the vicar and schoolmaster at the little town of Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire. Left an orphan at his ninth year, he was admitted to the Charity School at Christ's Hospital, London, and began the unequal fight of life. Here he met *Charles Lamb*, who has recorded some of their joint experiences in one of his *Essays of Elia*.* From the first, Coleridge seems to have half lived in a dream-world, created by "the shaping spirit of imagination," which, as he says, "nature gave me at my birth."† As a little child he wandered over the Devonshire fields, slashing the tops off weeds and nettles in the character of one of the "Seven Champions of Christendom"; and in school at London he would lie for hours on the roof, gazing after the drifting clouds while his schoolfellows played football in the court

* "Recollections of Christ's Church Hospital."

† Coleridge's "Dejection; an Ode."

below, or, in the midst of the crowded Strand, he would fancy himself Leander swimming the Hellespont. A hopelessly erratic, inconsequent element runs through his whole life, depriving it of unity and steady purpose. At nineteen he went to Cambridge and furnished his rooms with no thought of his inability to pay the upholsterers; then, under the pressure of a comparatively trifling debt, he gave up all his prospects, fled to London, and enlisted in the Dragoons. He returned again to Cambridge, but left in 1794 without taking a degree. Visiting Oxford in this year, he met the youthful *Southey*, in whom he found a kindred spirit. Both were feeling that impulse from the French Revolution which was agitating Europe. They agreed that human society should be reconstructed, and decided to begin the reform by establishing an ideal community in the wilds of America. The new form of government was to be called a *Pantisocracy*, or the government by all, and the citizens were to combine farming and literature. The bent of the two poets at this time is shown by the subjects of their work. They composed together a poem on *The Fall of Robespierre*, and Southey's *Wat Tyler* (1794) is charged with the revolutionary spirit. In 1795 Coleridge married Sarah Fricker, whose sister Edith became the wife of Southey a few weeks later. The pantisocratic scheme was given up for lack of funds, and Coleridge and his wife settled at Clevedon, on the Bristol Channel. It was about two years after this that he met Wordsworth at Alfoxden, contributing *The Ancient Mariner* to their joint venture, the *Lyrical Ballads*. In 1798 Coleridge left for Germany, where he remained about two years, receiving a fresh and powerful stimulus from the new intellectual and literary life on which that nation had just entered. An immediate result of this visit was a translation of Schiller's *Wallenstein*, but its effect on

Coleridge's tone of thought was profound and lasting. Through him, and afterwards through *Thomas Carlyle*, the influence of German literature began for the first time to tell on that of England.

Coleridge returned to England in 1800. He gave up an excellent opening in journalism to lead a life of quietness and study, settling near Keswick, in Cumberland, a district to which his friend Wordsworth had already retreated. Here he was full of great plans; life seemed growing easier, but his work was interrupted by illness, and to quiet the torments of gout and neuralgia, he unhappily resorted to a quack specific containing opium.

He thus gradually came under the power of this terrible drug, and for the next fifteen years he battled with a habit which was clouding his splendid intellect, and benumbing his energies and his will. To follow this melancholy story is like watching the efforts of some hurt creature struggling in the toils. Estranged from his family, he became, as he writes, "the most miserable of men, having a home and yet homeless." Finally, under the care of a Mr. Gilman, a surgeon, at Highgate, London, he conquered his fatal habit.

Carlyle, who visited him at Mr. Gilman's, says that he "gave you the idea of a life that had been full of sufferings; a life heavy laden, half vanquished, still swimming painfully in seas of manifold physical and other bewilderment."* His health was shattered, and some exquisite poems written at this time show a quiet and hopeless resignation more pathetic than any outburst of despair. Here he died, after a lingering illness, July 25, 1834.

If Wordsworth's was a life lived out in the still, high altitudes of thought, if it was heroic in its simplicity and austerity, it has in it a certain chill that seems to come from its very loftiness and isolation. But Coleridge,

* Carlyle's "Life of Sterling."

with his rare and lovely nature, is perpetually hurting himself against the rough places of an uncompromising world. He is struggling all his life with the crowd, stumbling, and beaten, and disheartened, and by the mysterious law of human suffering, he gains a tenderness that we miss in Wordsworth in spite of all his successes. If Wordsworth has the stimulating vigor of the stoic, Coleridge has the great compassion of the Christian.

For in spite of his inward conviction that he had failed, there is, especially in his later poems, the stillness of a great calm. In Henry Crabbe Robinson's *Diary* there is this significant passage: "Last night he (Coleridge) concluded his fine development of the Prince of Denmark by an eloquent statement of the moral of the play. 'Action,' he said, 'is the end of all; no intellect, however grand, is valuable if it draw us from action and lead us to think and think until the time for action is passed by and we can do nothing.' Somebody said to me, 'This is a satire on himself.' 'No,' said I, 'it is an elegy.'"

Coleridge's Work.

Much of Coleridge's work is, like his life, fragmentary and incomplete; yet its range and variety bear witness to the broad scope and many-sided vigor of his genius. He was one of the great English talkers. On every hand we find testimony to his personal influence upon his distinguished contemporaries. As a converser he held somewhat the same place as that occupied by Samuel Johnson immediately before, and by Thomas Babington Macaulay immediately after him.

As Philosopher and Critic.

In Coleridge's full life the writing of poetry was but one interest, even perhaps a somewhat incidental one. His discursive energy spent itself in philosophy, in theology, in political journalism, and in criticism. He strove to infuse into the common sense and materialistic English philosophy, the more

ideal and spiritual character of contemporary German thought. He was the most profound and philosophic critic of his time. His *Biographia Literaria* contains an exposition of Wordsworth's poetic principles, greatly superior to that put forth by that poet himself. His lectures on Shakespeare began an era in the history of English Shakesperean criticism.

As Poet.

Coleridge left but little poetry. Much of this is scrappy and unfinished, and no small proportion is obviously inferior in quality to his best poetic work. He seems to have required peculiar conditions for poetic composition; inspiration came to him suddenly, in mysterious gusts, but often before a poem was finished it as suddenly left him, apparently as powerless as an ordinary mortal to complete what none but him could have begun. Thus, after writing the second part of *Christabel*, a poem born of the very breath of inspiration, he waited vainly until the end of his life for the return of the creative mood. He tells us that when writing *Kubla Khan*, a poem which came to him in his sleep as a kind of vision, he was interrupted "by a person on business from Porlock," and that on his return he was unable to complete it. He concludes with the pathetically characteristic words: "The author has frequently proposed to finish for himself what had been originally, as it were, given to him. *Αὔριον ἄδιον ἄσω*; but the to-morrow is yet to come."

We should rather attribute the smallness and incompleteness of his poetic work to some defect of character or purpose, some outside limitation which clogged the free exercise of a great gift, than regard it as the result of any flaw in the quality of the gift itself. His best works have a charm of musical utterance that easily places him with the supreme lyric poets of the literature. His descriptions of nature are often con-

densed and vivid, like those of Dante, showing the power to enter into the spirit of a scene and reproduce it with a few quick strokes. Through *Christabel* and *The Ancient Mariner*, he is peculiarly the poet of the supernatural. Over this region Coleridge is master, and it may be said of him as of Shakespeare in his wider range,

"Within that circle none durst walk but he." *

Coleridge's place as a poet is far from resting entirely on his poems on the supernatural. His odes *France* and *Dejection*, and such short lyrics as *Youth and Age* and *Complaint and Reply*, are of the highest rank, while his *Wallenstein* has been pronounced the most successful poetic translation in the literature.

INTRODUCTION TO THE ANCIENT MARINER.

The Sources of the Poem.

The circumstances under which *The Ancient Mariner* was composed, and the general object which Coleridge had in mind, are to be gathered from the following passages. Wordsworth writes regarding it:

"In reference to this poem, I will here mention one of the most noticeable facts in my own poetic history, and that of Mr. Coleridge. In the autumn of 1797, he, my sister, and myself started from Alfoxden pretty late in the afternoon, with a view to visit Linton and the Valley of Stones near to it; and as our united funds were very small, we agreed to defray the expense of the tour by writing a poem to be sent to the *New Monthly Magazine* set up by Phillips the bookseller, and edited by Dr. Aiken. Accordingly, we set off, and proceeded along the Quantock Hills, towards Watchet, and in the course of this walk was planned the poem of 'The Ancient Mariner,' founded on a dream, as Mr. Coleridge said, of his friend Mr. Cruikshank. Much the greatest part of the story was Mr. Coleridge's invention; but certain parts I suggested; for example, some crime was to be committed which should bring upon the Old Navigator, as Coleridge afterwards delighted to call him, the spectral persecution, as a consequence of

* Prologue to "The Tempest," Dryden.

that crime and his own wanderings. I had been reading in *Shelvocke's Voyages*, a day or two before, that while doubling Cape Horn they frequently saw albatrosses in that latitude, the largest sort of seafowl, some extending their wings twelve or thirteen feet.* 'Suppose,' said I, 'you represent him as having killed one of these birds on entering the South Sea, and that the tutelary spirits of these regions take upon them to avenge the crime.' The incident was thought fit for the purpose, and adopted accordingly. I also suggested the navigation of the ship by the dead men, but do not recollect that I had anything more to do with the scheme of the poem. The gloss with which it was subsequently accompanied was not thought of by either of us at the time, at least not a hint of it was given to me, and I have no doubt it was a gratuitous afterthought. We began the composition together, on that (to me) memorable evening: I furnished two or three lines at the beginning of the poem, in particular:

> 'And listened like a three years' child:
> The Mariner had his will.'

These trifling contributions, all but one, Mr. C. has, with unnecessary scrupulosity, recorded, slipped out of his mind, as well they might. As we endeavored to proceed conjointly (I speak of the same evening), our respective manners proved so widely different, that it would have been quite presumptuous in me to do anything but separate from an undertaking upon which I could only have been a clog. We returned after a few days from a delightful tour, of which I have many pleasant, and some of them droll enough, recollections. We returned by Duburton to Alfoxden. 'The Ancient Mariner' grew and grew, till it became too important for our first object, which was limited to

* Hales says, "The passage in Shelvocke, which is most to the point, is this: describing his voyage between 'the streights of le Mair' and the coast of Chili, he says they saw no fish, 'nor one sea bird, except a disconsolate black albitross, who accompanied us for several days, hovering about us as if he had lost himself, till Hatley (my second captain), observing in one of his melancholy fits that this bird was always hovering near us, imagined from his color that it might be some ill omen. That which, I suppose, induced him the more to encourage his superstition, was the continued series of contrary tempestuous winds, which had oppressed us ever since we had got into this sea. But be that as it would, he, after some fruitless attempts, at length shot the albatross, not doubting (perhaps) that we should have a fair wind after it.'"—"Shelvocke's Voyage Round the World by the Way of the Great South Sea," etc., London, 1726.

our expectation of five pounds; and we began to think of a volume, which was to consist, as Mr. Coleridge has told the world, of poems chiefly on supernatural subjects, taken from common life, but looked at, as much as might be, through an imaginative medium. Accordingly I wrote 'The Idiot Boy,' 'Her Eyes are Wild,' etc., and, 'We are Seven,' 'The Thorn,' and some others." *

Coleridge says, in speaking of the origin of the *Lyrical Ballads:*

"During the first year that Mr. Wordsworth and I were neighbors, our conversations turned frequently on the two cardinal points of poetry, the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colors of imagination. The sudden charm which accidents of light and shade, which moonlight or sunset diffused over a known and familiar landscape, appeared to represent the practicability of combining both. These are the poetry of nature. The thought suggested itself—to which of us I do not recollect—that a series of poems might be composed of two sorts. In the one, the incidents and agents were to be, in part at least, supernatural; and the excellence aimed at was to consist in the interesting of the affections by the dramatic truth of such emotions as would naturally accompany such situations, supposing them real. And real in this sense they have been to every human being who, from whatever source of delusion, has at any time believed himself under supernatural agency. For the second class, subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life; the characters and incidents were to be such as will be found in every village and its vicinity where there is a meditative and feeling mind to seek after them, or to notice them when they present themselves.

"In this idea originated the plan of the *Lyrical Ballads* in which it was agreed that my endeavors should be directed to persons and characters supernatural, or at least romantic; yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith. Mr. Wordsworth, on the other hand, was to propose to himself, as his object, to give the charm of novelty to things of every day, and to excite a feeling analogous to the supernatural, by awakening the mind's attention to the lethargy of custom, and directing it to the loveliness and the wonders of the world before us; an inexhaustible treasure,

* "Memoirs of Wm. Wordsworth," by Christopher Wordsworth, D.D.

but for which, in consequence of the film of familiarity and selfish solicitude, we have eyes, yet see not, ears that hear not, and hearts that neither feel nor understand. With this in view, I wrote the 'Ancient Mariner,' etc." *

The Ancient Mariner is written in general imitation of the early ballad style, and, as already pointed out, is connected with the revival of interest in ballad poetry. Not only is it a ballad in form; it is filled with those ghostly and mysterious elements which, in a cruder form, enter so largely into the folk-song and legend of primitive superstitions. This fondness for a shudder was characteristic of the *romantic* movement. The ghostly tales of "Monk" Lewis, as he was called, the thrilling mysteries of Mrs. Radcliffe's novels (*The Mysteries of Udolpho*, 1794), or the extravagancies of Horace Walpole's *Castle of Otranto* (1764), are examples of this blood-curdling literature. In such works we have what Theodore Watts calls "the Renaissance of Wonder."

The Revival of Ballad Poetry.

But in *The Ancient Mariner*, as in *Christabel*, the ghostly and the horrible lose much of that gross and physical terror which the ordinary literature of superstition is content with calling forth. Coleridge's more subtle art brings us into a twilight and debatable region, which seems to hover between the unseen and the seen, the conjectural and the real. He invests us with nameless terrors, as when we fear to turn because of a fiendish something that treads behind. This difference between Coleridge and the old balladists resembles that great gulf which separates such gruesome stories as *Frankenstein*, or the effective horrors of Edgar Poe, from the spiritual suggestiveness and metaphysical refinements of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Coleridge's Treatment of the Supernatural.

Several of the changes made by Coleridge in the first version of the poem (1798) seem intended to remove all

* "Biog. Lit.," chap. xiv.

traces of the simply horrible. Thus the following lines, describing Death, in the spectre bark, were omitted after the first edition:

> "His bones were black with many a crack,
> All black and bare, I ween;
> Jet black and bare save where with rust
> Of mouldy damps and charnel crust,
> They're patched with purple and green.
>
> . . . . .
>
> A gust of wind sterte up behind
> And whistled thro' his bones;
> Thro' the holes of his eyes and the hole of his mouth
> Half whistles and half groans."

We are also to observe the skill with which this supernatural element is woven into a narrative of possible incidents, so realistically told as fully to persuade us of their truth. By such means Coleridge has carried out his professed object, and almost deluded us into a temporary belief in the whole story.

Coleridge has thus created a new thing out of the crude materials of vulgar superstition, but in doing this he has employed other agencies than those already named. In his shadowy world, as in that of Hawthorne, we are haunted by the continual suggestion of some underlying moral significance. How far we should attempt to confine the spiritual suggestiveness of *The Ancient Mariner* within the limits of a set moral is open to question. To do this may seem to some like taking the poem out of its twilight atmosphere to drag it into the light of common day. Yet we can hardly fail to feel that Coleridge has here written for us the great poem of *Charity*, that "very bond of peace and of all virtues" which should bind together all created things. It is against this law of love that the mariner sins. He wantonly kills a

The Moral Significance of the Poem.

creature that has trusted him, that has loved him, that has partaken of the sailors' food and come at their call. The necessary penalty for this breach in the fellowship of living things, is an exclusion from that fellowship. His "soul" is condemned to dwell alone, until by his compassion for the "happy living things" about the ship,—by the renewal of that love against which he has sinned,—he takes the first step towards his return into the great brotherhood of animate creation. For *hate*, or wanton cruelty, is the estranging power which, by an inevitable law, forces a man into spiritual exile, just as *love* is the uniting power which draws together all living things. The very power to pray depends upon our dwelling in this mystic fellowship of charity, and in the poem praying and loving are constantly associated. (See verses 14 and 15 in part iv., also 22 and 23 in part vii.)

The underlying meaning in this becomes apparent in that verse, which gives us the completest statement of the thought of the poem:

> "He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things both great and small;
> For the dear God who loveth us,
> He made and loveth all."

The last couplet gives us the reason for the declaration contained in the first. Not only is love the bond between all *created* things—it is the bond also between the Creator and his creatures. It is the mysterious, underlying principle of creation because it is the essence of its Creator, and an outcast through his violation of love here is no longer able to approach the source of all love. For the loneliness of the mariner does not consist in his loss of human sympathy merely; he seems to drift on that strange sea of isolation almost beyond the power of the Universal Love.

"So lonely 'twas that God himself
Scarce seemèd there to be."

Looked at from this aspect, *The Ancient Mariner* becomes the profoundest and perhaps most beautiful expression of that feeling of sympathy for all living things, which we have found uttering itself with increasing distinctness in latter eighteenth century literature.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

PART I.

An ancient Mariner meeteth three gallants bidden to a wedding-feast and detaineth one.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

"The bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, graybeard loon."
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The Wedding-guest is spellbound by the eye of the old seafaring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner:—

The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the line.

The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—

The Wedding-guest heareth the bridal music; but the Mariner continueth his tale.

The Wedding-guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner:—

The ship drawn by a storm towards the south pole.

And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong;
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,

The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice, mast high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

The land of ice, and of fearful sounds, where no living thing was to be seen.

And through the drifts, the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen;
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

Till a great sea-bird, called the Albatross, came through the snow-fog, and was received with great joy and hospitality.

At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

And lo! the Albatross proveth a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returned northward through fog and floating ice.

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine.

The ancient Mariner inhospitably killeth the pious bird of good omen.

"God save thee, ancient Mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?"—With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross.

PART II.

The sun now rose upon the right;
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

His shipmates cry out against the ancient Mariner, for killing the bird of good luck.

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow.

But when the fog cleared off, they justify the same, and thus make themselves accomplices in the crime.

Nor dim, nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun uprist:
Then all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze continues; the ship enters the Pacific Ocean and sails northward, even till it reaches the line.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

The ship hath been suddenly becalmed.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

And the Albatross begins to be avenged.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burned green and blue, and white.

A spirit had followed them; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels; concerning whom the learned Jew Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan Michael Psellus, may

And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

The shipmates in their sore distress would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner; in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.

Ah! well a day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III.

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye,
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,

The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist:
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged, and tacked, and veered.

At its nearer approach, it seemeth to him to be a ship, and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call:

A flash of joy.

Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

And horror follows; for can it be a ship that comes onward without wind or tide?

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all a-flame,
The day was well-nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.

It seemeth to him but the skeleton of a ship.

And straight the sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the sun,
Like restless gossameres!

And its ribs are seen as bars on the face of the setting sun. The spectre-woman and her death-mate, and no other on board the skeleton ship.

Are those her ribs through which the sun
Did peer, as through a grate!
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

Like vessel, like crew!

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

Death and Life-in-Death have diced for the ship's crew, and she (the latter) winneth the ancient Mariner.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
"The game is done! I've won, I've won!"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

No twilight within the courts of the sun.

The sun's rim dips: the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

At the rising of the moon.

We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip—

Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

One after another.

One after one, by the star-dogged moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

His shipmates drop down dead.

Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

But Life-in-Death begins her work on the ancient Mariner.

The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!

PART IV.

The Wedding-guest feareth that a spirit is talking to him.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown."—

But the ancient Mariner assureth him of his bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance.

Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-guest!
This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

He despiseth the creatures of the calm.

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

And envieth that they should live and so many lie dead.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

But the curse liveth for him in the eye of the dead men.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward; and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country, and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemock'd the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

By the light of the moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm.

Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

Their beauty and their happiness.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,

He blesseth them in his heart.

And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The spell begins to break.

The selfsame moment I could pray:
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART V.

O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven,
That slid into my soul.

By grace of the holy Mother, the ancient Mariner is refreshed with rain.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
When I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

He heareth sounds and seeth strange sights and commotions in the sky and the element.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge:
And the rain poured down from one black cloud:
The moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The bodies of the ship's crew are inspired, and the ship moves on;

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered; the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me knee to knee:
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me.

but not by the souls of the men, nor by demons of earth or middle air, but by a blessed troop of angelic spirits, sent down by the invocation of the guardian saint.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
Be calm thou Wedding-guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
And cluster'd round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun ;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the skylark sing ;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning !

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute ;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased ; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe :
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

The lonesome spirit from the south pole carries on the ship as far as the line, in obedience to the angelic troop, but still requireth vengeance.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid : and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The sun right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean :
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swound.

The Polar Spirit's fellow-demons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong; and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard, and in my soul discerned,
Two voices in the air.

"Is it he?" quoth one, "Is this the man?
By Him who died on the cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

"The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow."

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, "The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do."

PART VI.

First Voice.

But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?

Second Voice.

Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.

First Voice.

The Mariner hath been cast into a trance; for the angelic power causeth the vessel to drive northward faster than human life could endure.

But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?

Second Voice.

The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.

The supernatural motion is retarded; the Mariner awakes, and his penance begins anew.

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather.
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnal dungeon fitter;
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away;
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

The curse is finally expiated.

And now this spell was snapt—once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having turnèd round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made;
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too;
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

And the ancient Mariner beholdeth his native country.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbor bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
Oh, let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock;
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
The angelic spirits leave the dead bodies,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

and appear in their own forms of light.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were.
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
O Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood,

This seraph band each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light;

This seraph band, each waved his hand:
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast.
Dear Lord in heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

PART VII.

The Hermit of the wood

This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump;
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak stump.

The skiff-boat neared; I heard them talk:
"Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair
That signal made but now?"

approacheth the ship with wonder.

"Strange, by my faith!" the Hermit said—
"And they answered not our cheer!
The planks look warped! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

"Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest brook along,
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young."

"Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look,"
(The Pilot made reply)
"I am a-feared." "Push on, push on!"
Said the Hermit cheerily

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

The ship suddenly sinketh.

Under the water it rumbled on.
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

The ancient Mariner is saved in the Pilot's boat.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars. The Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
"Ha! ha!" quoth he, "full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row."

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

The ancient Mariner earnestly entreateth the Hermit to shrieve him; and the penance of life falls on him.

"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!"
The Hermit crossed his brow.
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou?"

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

And ever and anon throughout his future life an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land;

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me;
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar burst from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

and to teach, by his own example, love and reverence to all things that God made and loveth.

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the Wedding-guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, 1771–1832.

The new interest in the Middle Ages and in the ballad poetry and folk-song of England, finds its greatest interpreter in both the poetry and prose of the author of the Waverley Novels, who remained for so long a time "The Great Unknown."

Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh, August 15, 1771. He took a genuine pride in the fact that he came of "gentle folk," and traces, in his *Autobiography*, his lineal descent from that ancient chief, Auld Watt of

Harden, "whose name I have made to ring in many a Border ditty, and from his fair dame, the Flower of Yarrow; no bad genealogy for a Border Minstrel." *

His father, for whom Walter was named, was by profession a Writer to the Signet (attorney). His mother was Anne Rutherford, daughter of a distinguished physician of Edinburgh. Walter seems to have been a most engaging child, and a great favorite with his elders, who were ready to tell him the stories of local legend in which he delighted. He thus came to know the past of his country as he only knows it who learns it, not from books, but from the rural depositories of tradition. So Darsie Latimer, in *Redgauntlet*, heard from the lips of Wandering Willie the marvelous tales of his ancient house.

Much of Scott's childhood was spent in the country at Sandy Knowe, and here he was in familiar intercourse with the country people. He sat at their firesides, listening to scraps of old ballads and quaint songs, stories of Border feuds and Scotch superstitions, anecdotes of the great risings of 1715 and 1745. He thus laid, deep in his wonderful memory, the foundations of that knowledge which he was to put into the best setting.

By his genial and embracing sympathy, he, as it were, was able to absorb Scotland herself, the outward aspect of her valleys, glens, and lochs, her towns and fishing villages and hamlets, her people's life, her history, spirit, and tradition, and lift them, by the simple force of his imaginative and poetic art, into the unchanging region of Literature.

Scott was admitted a member of the faculty of advocates in 1792. He obtained the office of Sheriff-depute of Selkirkshire in 1799, and in 1806 that of clerk of the

* See "Lockhart's Life of Scott," vol. i. chap. i. Consult also "Lady of the Lake," canto v. verse 7, supposed to be a description of Scott's border ancestry.

session in reversion. He entered upon the emoluments of this last in 1812, and from that time was in receipt of an income of £1600 a year from these two offices. He discharged these duties for twenty-five years with great fidelity, and the income therefrom enabled him to make of literature "a staff and not a crutch," as he was fond of saying. But, be the motive what it may, we can scarcely imagine more constant and rapid work than Scott accomplished during the period between January, 1805, the date of the publication of *The Lay of The Last Minstrel*, and 1831, the year in which he wrote the last of his great series of novels. From 1825, when money difficulties came upon him, he worked tremendously to clear himself from debt. The story of this struggle is a very familiar one, and its full details have become clearer to the world since the publication, in 1890, of Sir Walter's *Journal*. No one can read the private record of that brave fight, saddened by domestic loss, by failing health, yet courageously maintained until the last, without being moved to a depth of reverent admiration and affection for Scott's own personal character; without amazement at his marvelous power over himself and over his pen. At last the struggle ended. After his return from a continental tour, taken in the vain hope of restoring health to mind and body, he died peacefully in his home at Abbotsford, September 21, 1832, surrounded by his children and faithful dependants. He was buried in Dryburgh Abbey.

Scott possessed in a remarkable degree the rare power of grasping life, as it were, with the bare hand; of learning, by a shrewd insight into men's lives, and by a healthy fellowship with nature in all her moods. With this faculty he had the gift of telling what he saw. In English literature, Chaucer had this power. Spenser had not. Shakespeare is the supremest

Scott's Work.

instance of it in any literature, while in Milton it is comparatively absent.

As a Poet.

The distinctive features of the poetry of Scott are ease, rapidity of movement, a spirited flow of narrative that holds our attention, an out-of-doors atmosphere and power of natural description, an occasional intrusion of a gentle personal sadness; and but little more. The subtle and mystical element, so characteristic of the poetry of Wordsworth and Coleridge, is not to be found in that of Scott, while in lyrical power he does not approach Shelley. We find instead an intense sense of reality in all his natural descriptions; it surrounds them with an indefinable atmosphere, because they are so transparently true. Scott's first impulse in the direction of poetry was given him from the study of the German ballads, especially Bürger's *Lenore*, of which he made a translation. As his ideas widened, he wished to do for Scottish Border life what Goethe had done for the ancient feudalism of the Rhine. He was at first undecided whether to choose prose or verse as his medium, but a legend was sent him by the Countess of Dalkeith, with a request that he would put it in ballad form. Having thus the framework for his purpose, he went to work, and *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* was the result.* It became at once extremely popular, and we are told that "Scott was astonished at his own success." This decided him to make literature his profession, and by 1813 he had published *Marmion*, *The Lady of the Lake*, and *Rokeby*. The battle scene in Marmion has been called the most Homeric passage in modern literature, and his description of *The Battle of Beal'an Duine* from *The Lady of the Lake*, is an exquisite piece of narration,

* Coleridge's poem of "Christabel" was the immediate inspiration of this poem. Scott says, "It is to Mr. Coleridge I am bound to make the acknowledgment due from a pupil to his master."

from the gleam of the spears in the thicket to the death of Roderick Dhu at its close. In the deepest sense, Scott is one with the spirit of his time in his grasp of fact, in that looking steadily at the object, which Wordsworth had fought for in poetry, which Carlyle had advocated in philosophy. He is allied, too, to that broad sympathy for man which lay closest to the heart of the age's literary expression. Wordsworth's part is to inspire an interest in the lives of men and women about us; Scott's, to enlarge the bounds of our sympathy beyond the present and to people the silent centuries. Shelley's inspiration is hope for the future; Scott's is reverence for the past.

As a Novelist.

Scott wrote twenty-three novels in fourteen years. He wrote them during the faithful discharge of the duties of his profession, among the pressure of business anxieties, and, in spite of all, found time for the exercise of a most charming and open-hearted hospitality to all who sought his friendship. He may be said to have created the historical novel. Fielding and others had excelled in the portrayal of daily life and manners, and, as we have already seen, there were writers who had attempted in fiction the romantic and the marvelous, but only Shakespeare himself had so reanimated historical characters with the spirit of life and action that they seem to be once more in living presence among us. Scott stands alone in that branch of literary work. Others have made, it may be, one great success in the novel of history; such as Thackeray in *Henry Esmond*, George Eliot in *Romola*, and Robert Louis Stevenson in the *The Master of Ballantrae;* but Scott has brought alike the times of the Crusaders and of the Stuarts before us; he has peopled the land of Palestine and the hills of Scotland, the forests of England and the borders of the Rhine, for our edifica-

tion and delight. Paladin and peasant, earl and yeoman, kings and their jesters, bluff men-at-arms and gentle bower maidens, all spring into life again at the touch of the "Great Enchanter." How bare would be our mental pictures of Queen Elizabeth were we deprived of the scenes in *Kenilworth* in which she stands before us, alive forever in her wrath, as Leicester's injured queen, or yielding to those more womanly touches of feeling as she listens to the sympathy of her women, or of her "Cousin Hunsdon." The wonderful charm which the unfortunate Queen of Scots had for all who approached her would be harder to realize were it not that, as we read *The Abbot*, we too succumb for a while to its power, and feel that, with Roland Graeme, we could die for her, right or wrong. There is no doubt that Scott is often historically inaccurate; he takes liberties, as did his great master, Shakespeare, with place and with facts; but he has the power to humanize for us the people about whom he writes; he puts a spirit and a soul into the dry facts of history, and gives them, by his imagination, the very breath of life. History alone hardly helps us to realize the burning zeal felt by the Crusaders for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, or the general detestation of the Jew in England, as elsewhere on the Continent. We must go to *The Talisman* and *Ivanhoe* to learn what it was to journey with Kenneth and Saladin over the Desert; to feast as did the Black Knight with Robin Hood in Sherwood Forest, and to feel our hearts thrill with the outlaws as we do homage to Richard of the Lion Heart. But it is not only in the field of history that the "magic wand" has power. In the novel of simple daily life, in a time nearer to Scott's own day, he is perhaps even happier in his vivid pictures. Nowhere has he more touchingly portrayed the life of Scotland's people than in *The Heart of Midlothian*, that story so

dear to Scottish men and women. Here Scott touches both extremes: the Queen, and the Duke of Argyle, and the lowly peasant maiden, strong in her cause and in her truth; and what a picture is their meeting!

When we review, therefore, the enormous range and the high average excellence of Scott's work in fiction, and remember the ease and rapidity with which it was produced, we feel that he exhibits a creative force rare even among the great geniuses of the literature.

Scott's sense of humor was keen, and his own enjoyment of it cannot be doubted. Many scenes in *Redgauntlet*, *The Antiquary*, or *Old Mortality*, are full of genuine fun; and the character of Caleb Balderstone, in *The Bride of Lammermoor*, is unsurpassed of its kind.

Scott works in the primary colors. He is not intense, he does not question deeply, or analyze motives. He does not excel in that morbid anatomy of emotion which has become the fashion with many novelists of this present age of so-called superior culture and advanced ideas. He thinks that life is good, and that there is wholesome enjoyment to be gained from action. He admires honor and courtesy and bravery among men, and beauty and gentleness and modesty among women. The greatness and the goodness of Scott must ever appeal to us, the charm and glow of his verse delight us. The Waverley Novels are the splendid witness of the breadth, sympathy, and purity of one of the great creative intellects of our literature, worthy, indeed, of a place among the immortals, side by side with Chaucer and nearest to the feet of Shakespeare himself.

Summary.

THE BATTLE OF BEAL'AN DUINE.

FROM THE LADY OF THE LAKE.—CANTO VI.

XV.

"The Minstrel came once more to view
The eastern ridge of Benvenue,
For, ere he parted, he would say
Farewell to lovely Loch Achray—
Where shall he find, in foreign land,
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand!—
There is no breeze upon the fern,
No ripple on the lake,
Upon her eyry nods the erne,
The deer has sought the brake;
The small birds will not sing aloud,
The springing trout lies still,
So darkly glooms yon thunder-cloud,
That swathes, as with a purple shroud,
Benledi's distant hill.
Is it the thunder's solemn sound
That mutters deep and dread,
Or echoes from the groaning ground
The warrior's measured tread?
Is it the lightning's quivering glance
That on the thicket streams,
Or do they flash on spear and lance
The sun's retiring beams?
I see the dagger-crest of Mar,
I see the Moray's silver star,
Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,
That up the lake comes winding far!
To hero bound for battle-strife,
Or bard of martial lay,
'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array!

XVI.

"Their light-armed archers far and near
Surveyed the tangled ground,
Their centre ranks, with pike and spear,
A twilight forest frowned,

Their barded horsemen, in the rear,
The stern battalia crowned.
No cymbal clashed, no clarion rang,
Still were the pipe and drum;
Save heavy tread, and armor's clang,
The sullen march was dumb.
There breathed no wind their crests to shake,
Or wave their flags abroad;
Scarce the frail aspen seemed to quake,
That shadowed o'er their road.
Their vanward scouts no tidings bring,
Can rouse no lurking foe,
Nor spy a trace of living thing,
Save when they stirred the roe;
The host moves, like a deep-sea wave,
Where rise no rocks its pride to brave,
High-swelling, dark, and slow.
The lake is passed, and now they gain
A narrow and a broken plain,
Before the Trosach's rugged jaws;
And here the horse and spearmen pause,
While, to explore the dangerous glen,
Dive through the pass the archer-men.

XVII.

"At once there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,
As all the fiends from heaven that fell
Had pealed the banner-cry of hell!
Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
The archery appear:
For life! for life! their flight they ply—
And shriek and shout and battle-cry,
And plaids and bonnets waving high,
And broadswords flashing to the sky,
Are maddening in the rear.
Onward they drive, in dreadful race,
Pursuers and pursued.
Before that tide of flight and chase,

How shall it keep its rooted place,
The spearmen's twilight wood?—
'Down, down,' cried Mar, 'your lances down!
Bear back both friend and foe!'
Like reeds before the tempest's frown,
That serried grove of lances brown
At once lay leveled low;
And closely shouldering side to side,
The bristling ranks the onset bide—
'We'll quell the savage mountaineer,
As their Tinchel * cows the game!
They come as fleet as forest deer,
We'll drive them back as tame.'

XVIII.

"Bearing before them in their course
The relics of the archer force,
Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,
Right onward did Clan Alpine come.
Above the tide, each broadsword bright
Was brandishing like beam of light,
Each targe was dark below;
And with the ocean's mighty swing,
When heaving to the tempest's wing,
They hurled them on the foe.
I heard the lance's shivering crash,
As when the whirlwind rends the ash;
I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,
As if an hundred anvils rang!
But Moray wheeled his rearward rank
Of horsemen on Clan Alpine's flank,
'My banner-man, advance!
'I see,' he cried, 'their column shake.
Now, gallants! for your ladies' sake,
Upon them with the lance!'
The horsemen dashed among the rout,
As deer break through the broom;
Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,
They soon make lightsome room.

* A gradually narrowing circle of sportsmen, closing in the game. Ward's Ed. "Eng. Poets."

Clan Alpine's best are backward borne—
Where, where was Roderick then!
One blast upon his bugle-horn
Were worth a thousand men.
And refluent through the pass of fear
The battle's tide was poured;
Vanished the Saxon's struggling spear,
Vanished the mountain-sword.
As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and steep,
Receives her roaring linn,
As the dark caverns of the deep
Suck the wild whirlpool in,
So did the deep and darksome pass
Devour the battle's mingled mass;
None linger now upon the plain,
Save those who ne'er shall fight again.

XIX.

"Now westward rolls the battle's din,
That deep and doubling pass within.
Minstrel, away! the work of fate
Is bearing on; its issue wait,
Where the rude Trosach's dread defile
Opens on Katrine's lake and isle.
Gray Benvenue I soon repassed,
Loch Katrine lay beneath me cast.
The sun is set;—the clouds are met,
The lowering scowl of heaven
An inky hue of livid blue
To the deep lake has given;
Strange gusts of wind from mountain glen
Swept o'er the lake, then sunk again.
I heeded not the eddying surge,
Mine eye but saw the Trosach's gorge,
Mine ear but heard that sullen sound,
Which like an earthquake shook the ground,
And spoke the stern and desperate strife
That parts not but with parting life,
Seeming, to minstrel ear, to toll
The dirge of many a passing soul.
Nearer it comes—the dim-wood glen

The martial flood disgorged again,
But not in mingled tide;
The plaided warriors of the North
High on the mountain thunder forth
And overhang its side,
While by the lake below appears
The darkening cloud of Saxon spears.
At weary bay each shattered band,
Eyeing their foemen, sternly stand;
Their banners stream like tattered sail,
That flings its fragments to the gale,
And broken arms and disarray
Marked the fell havoc of the day.

XX.

"Viewing the mountain's ridge askance,
The Saxons stood in sullen trance,
Till Moray pointed with his lance,
And cried: 'Behold yon isle!—
See! none are left to guard its strand
But women weak, that wring the hand:
'Tis there of yore the robber band
Their booty wont to pile;—
My purse, with bonnet-pieces store,
To him will swim a bowshot o'er,
And loose a shallop from the shore.
Lightly we'll tame the war-wolf then,
Lords of his mate, and brood, and den.'
Forth from the ranks a spearman sprung,
On earth his casque and corselet rung,
He plunged him in the wave:—
All saw the deed,—the purpose knew,
And to their clamors Benvenue
A mingled echo gave;
The Saxons shout, their mate to cheer,
The helpless females scream for fear,
And yells for rage the mountaineer.
'Twas then, as by the outcry riven,
Poured down at once the lowering heaven:
A whirlwind swept Loch Katrine's breast,
Her billows reared their snowy crest.

Well for the swimmer swelled they high,
To mar the Highland marksman's eye;
For round him showered, mid rain and hail,
The vengeful arrows of the Gael.
In vain.—He nears the isle—and lo!
His hand is on a shallop's bow.
Just then a flash of lightning came,
It tinged the waves and strand with flame;
I marked Duncraggan's widowed dame,
Behind an oak I saw her stand,
A naked dirk gleamed in her hand:—
It darkened—but amid the moan
Of waves I heard a dying groan;—
Another flash!—the spearman floats
A weltering corse beside the boats,
And the stern matron o'er him stood,
Her hand and dagger streaming blood.

XXI.

"'Revenge! revenge!' the Saxons cried,
The Gaels' exulting shout replied.
Despite the elemental rage,
Again they hurried to engage;
But, ere they closed in desperate fight,
Bloody with spurring came a knight,
Sprung from his horse, and from a crag
Waved 'twixt the hosts a milk-white flag.
Clarion and trumpet by his side
Rung forth a truce-note high and wide,
While in the monarch's name, afar
A herald's voice forbade the war,
For Bothwell's lord and Roderick bold
Were both, he said, in captive hold.—
But here the lay made sudden stand,
The harp escaped the minstrel's hand!
Oft had he stolen a glance, to spy
How Roderick brooked his minstrelsy:
At first, the chieftain, to the chime,
With lifted hand kept feeble time;
That motion ceased,—yet feeling strong
Varied his look as changed the song;

At length no more his deafened ear
The minstrel melody can hear;
His face grows sharp,—his hands are clenched,
As if some pang his heart-strings wrenched;
Set are his teeth, his fading eye
Is sternly fixed on vacancy;
Thus, motionless and moanless, drew
His parting breath stout Roderick Dhu!—
Old Allan-bane looked on aghast,
While grim and still his spirit passed;
But when he saw that life was fled,
He poured his wailing o'er the dead."

COUNTY GUY.

Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea,
The orange-flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea.
The lark, his lay who trilled all day,
Sits hushed his partner nigh;
Breeze, bird, and flower, confess the hour,
But where is County Guy?

The village maid steals through the shade,
Her shepherd's suit to hear;
To beauty shy, by lattice high,
Sings highborn Cavalier.
The star of love, all stars above,
Now reigns o'er earth and sky;
And high and low the influence know—
But where is County Guy?

BORDER BALLAD.

FROM THE MONASTERY.

I.

March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,
Why the deil dinna ye march forward in order?
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the Border.

Many a banner spread,
Flutters above your head,
Many a crest that is famous in story.
Mount and make ready then,
Sons of the mountain glen,
Fight for the queen and our old Scottish glory.

II.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.
Trumpets are sounding,
War-steeds are bounding,
Stand to your arms and march in good order,
England shall many a day
Tell of the bloody fray,
When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border.

CHARLES LAMB, 1775–1834.

Charles Lamb—called by Coleridge the "gentle-hearted Charles"*—was born in London, 1775. He was the youngest of three children; his family were in poor circumstances, his father being little more than a servant to a Mr. Salt of the Inner Temple. From his eighth to his fifteenth year, Charles studied as a "blue-coated boy" at Christ's Hospital, and here there sprung up between him and his fellow-student Coleridge a friendship which proved lifelong. On leaving school he obtained a clerkship in the South Sea House, and two years later in the India Office. His father's health failed, and Charles became the chief support of the little family. But the quiet of their household was soon broken by a terrible event. Mary, Charles Lamb's sister, was seized with violent insanity, and killed their mother (1796). Mary

* See Coleridge's poem, "This Lime Tree Bower my Prison," in which several references to Lamb occur.

was taken to an asylum, where she recovered, and Charles procured her release on his becoming responsible for her guardianship. Thenceforth, after his father's death, he devoted himself to the care of his afflicted sister. For intervals, which he called "between the acts," they lived quietly in the most devoted companionship, Mary aiding in her brother's literary work, and presiding at their little receptions, at which Coleridge and sometimes Wordsworth attended. Then, again, Mary would "fall ill," and return for a time to the asylum.

Through all this strain and distress, and occasional fears for himself, Lamb's cheerful and loving nature saved him from bitterness and despair, and he found courage to work. He lived his "happy-melancholy" life, and died quietly at London in 1834. His sister, whose name is forever linked with his as the object of his care and partner of his literary work, survived until 1847.

In spite of daily work in the office, and of his domestic troubles, Lamb found time and heart for literature. As a boy he had spent many odd hours in the library of Mr. Salt, "browsing chiefly among the older English authors"; and he refers to Bridget Elia (Mary Lamb) as "tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading." This preference for Elizabethan writers endured through life, and their style and mode of thought became in some degree natural to himself. His first venture was a contribution of four sonnets to a book of poems on various subjects by his friend Coleridge (1796). After some minor works, he published *John Woodvil* (1801), a tragedy on the early Elizabethan model, which was severely criticized, and later a farce, *Mr. H*—— (1806), which failed on the first performance.

His *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets Who Wrote about the Time of Shakespeare*, with notes, aroused new

interest in a great body of writers then largely neglected, and showed Lamb himself a critic of keen natural insight, his suggestions often being of more value than the learned notes of commentators. Thus Lamb, with William Hazlitt, another critic of the time, helped in bringing about that new era of criticism in which Coleridge was the chief mover. In 1807 appeared *Tales Founded on the Plays of Shakespeare*, the joint work of himself and his sister Mary. Lamb is best known, however, by his essays, first published, under the name of *Elia*, in the *London Magazine* (founded 1820). Written for the most part on trivial subjects, with no purpose but to please, they bring us close to the lovable nature of the man, full, indeed, of sadness, but full, too, of a refined and kindly humor, ready to flash out in a pun, or to light up with a warm and gentle glow the cloud that overhangs him. In these essays we see Lamb's conservative spirit and hatred of change. His literary sympathies lay with the past, and he clung with fondness to the memories of his childhood. The essay here given is only one among many in which he has embodied these feelings.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL FIVE-AND-THIRTY YEARS AGO.

In Mr. Lamb's "Works," published a year or two ago, I find a magnificent eulogy on my old school,* such as it was, or now appears to him to have been, between the years 1782 and 1789. It happens, very oddly, that my own standing at Christ's was nearly corresponding with his; and, with all gratitude to him for his enthusiasm for the cloisters, I think he has contrived to bring together whatever can be said in praise of them, dropping all the other side of the argument most ingeniously.

I remember L. at school; and can well recollect that he had some peculiar advantages, which I and others of his schoolfellows had not. His friends lived in town, and were near at hand; and he had the privilege of going to see them, almost as often as he wished,

* "Recollections of Christ's Hospital."

through some invidious distinction, which was denied to us. The present worthy sub-treasurer to the Inner Temple can explain how that happened. He had his tea and hot rolls in a morning, while we were battening upon our quarter-of-a-penny loaf—our *crug*—moistened with attenuated small beer, in wooden piggings, smacking of the pitched leathern jack it was poured from. Our Monday's milk-porridge, blue and tasteless, and the pease-soup of Saturday, coarse and choking, were enriched for him with a slice of "extraordinary bread and butter," from the hot-loaf of the Temple. The Wednesday's mess of millet, somewhat less repugnant—we had three banyan to four meat days in the week—was endeared to his palate with a lump of double-refined, and a smack of ginger (to make it to go down the more glibly) or the fragrant cinnamon. In lieu of our *half pickled* Sundays, or *quite fresh* boiled beef on Thursdays (strong as *caro equina*), with detestable marigolds floating in the pail to poison the broth—our scanty mutton scrags on Fridays—and rather more savory, but grudging, portions of the same flesh, rotten-roasted or rare, on the Tuesdays (the only dish which excited our appetites and disappointed our stomachs in almost equal proportion)—he had his hot plate of roast veal, or the more tempting griskin (exotics unknown to our palates), cooked in the paternal kitchen (a great thing), and brought him daily by his maid or aunt! I remember the good old relative (in whom love forbade pride) squatted down upon some odd stone in a by-nook of the cloisters, disclosing the viands (of higher regale than those cates which the ravens ministered to the Tishbite); and the contending passions of L. at the unfolding. There was love for the bringer; shame for the thing brought, and the manner of its bringing; sympathy for those who were too many to share in it; and, at top of all, hunger (eldest, strongest of the passions!) predominant, breaking down the stony fences of shame, and awkwardness, and a troubling over-consciousness.

I was a poor, friendless boy. My parents, and those who should care for me, were far away. Those few acquaintances of theirs, which they could reckon upon being kind to me in the great city, after a little forced notice, which they had the grace to take of me on my first arrival in town, soon grew tired of my holiday visits. They seemed to them to recur too often, though I thought them few enough; and, one after another, they all failed me, and I felt myself alone among six hundred playmates.

Oh, the cruelty of separating a poor lad from his early homestead! The yearnings which I used to have towards it in those unfledged

years! How, in my dreams, would my native town (far in the West) come back, with its church, and trees, and faces! How I would wake weeping, and in the anguish of my heart exclaim upon sweet Calne in Wiltshire!

To this late hour of my life, I trace impressions left by the recollection of those friendless holidays. The long, warm days of summer never return but they bring with them a gloom from the haunting memory of those *whole-day leaves*, when, by some strange arrangement, we were turned out for the livelong day upon our own hands, whether we had friends to go to, or none. I remember those bathing excursions to the New-River, which L. recalls with such relish, better, I think, than he can—for he was a home-seeking lad, and did not much care for such water pastimes:—How merrily we would sally forth into the fields; and strip under the first warmth of the sun; and wanton like young dace in the streams; getting us appetites for noon, which those of us that were penniless (our scanty morning crust long since exhausted) had not the means of allaying—while the cattle, and the birds, and the fishes, were at feed about us and we had nothing to satisfy our cravings—the very beauty of the day, and the exercise of the pastime, and the sense of liberty, setting a keener edge upon them!—How, faint and languid, finally, we would return, towards nightfall, to our desired morsel, half-rejoicing, half-reluctant, that the hours of our uneasy liberty had expired!

It was worse, in the days of winter, to go prowling about the streets objectless—shivering at cold windows of print-shops to extract a little amusement; or haply, as a last resort in hopes of a little novelty, to pay a fifty-times-repeated visit (where our individual faces should be as well known to the warden as those of his own charges) to the lions in the Tower—to whose levee, by courtesy immemorial, we had a prescriptive title to admission.

L.'s governor (so we called the patron who presented us to the foundation) lived in a manner under his paternal roof. Any complaint which he had to make was sure of being attended to. This was understood at Christ's, and was an effectual screen to him against the severity of masters, or worse tyranny of the monitors. The oppressions of these young brutes are heart-sickening to call to recollection. I have been called out of my bed, and *waked for the purpose*, in the coldest winter nights—and this not once, but night after night—in my shirt, to receive the discipline of a leathern thong, with eleven other sufferers, because it pleased my callow overseer, when there has been any talking heard after we were gone to bed, to make the six last beds

in the dormitory, where the youngest children of us slept, answerable for an offense they neither dared to commit, nor had the power to hinder. The same execrable tyranny drove the younger part of us from the fires, when our feet were perishing with snow; and, under the cruelest penalties, forbade the indulgence of a drink of water, when we lay in sleepless summer nights, fevered with the season and the day's sports.

There was one H——, who, I learned in after days, was seen expiating some maturer offense in the hulks. (Do I flatter myself in fancying that this might be the planter of that name, who suffered—at Nevis, I think, or St. Kitts—some few years since? My friend Tobin was the benevolent instrument of bringing him to the gallows.) This petty Nero actually branded a boy who had offended him, with a red-hot iron; and nearly starved forty of us with exacting contributions, to the one-half of our bread, to pamper a young ass, which, incredible as it may seem, with the connivance of the nurse's daughter (a young flame of his), he had contrived to smuggle in, and keep upon the leads of the *ward*, as they called our dormitories. This game went on for better than a week, till the foolish beast, not able to fare well but he must cry roast meat—happier than Caligula's minion, could he have kept his own counsel—but, foolisher, alas! than any of his species in the fables—waxing fat, and kicking, in the fullness of bread, one unlucky minute would needs proclaim his good fortune to the world below; and, laying out his simple throat, blew such a ram's-horn blast, as (toppling down the walls of his own Jericho) set concealment any longer at defiance. The client was dismissed, with certain attentions, to Smithfield; but I never understood that the patron underwent any censure on the occasion. This was in the stewardship of L.'s admired Perry.

Under the same *facile* administration can L. have forgotten the cool impunity with which the nurses used to carry away openly, in open platters, for their own tables, one out of two of every hot joint, which the careful matron had been seeing scrupulously weighed out for our dinners? These things were daily practiced in that magnificent apartment, which L. (grown connoisseur since, we presume) praises so highly for the grand paintings "by Verrio and others," with which it is "hung round and adorned." But the sight of sleek, well fed, blue-coat boys in the pictures was, at that time, I believe, little consolatory to him, or us, the living ones, who saw the better part of our provisions carried away before our faces by harpies; and ourselves reduced (with the Trojan in the hall of Dido)

"To feed our mind with idle portraiture."

L. has recorded the repugnance of the school to *gags*, or the fat of fresh beef boiled; and sets it down to some superstition. But these unctuous morsels are never grateful to young palates (children are universally fat-haters), and in strong, coarse, boiled meats, *unsalted*, are detestable. A *gag-eater* in our time was equivalent to a *ghoul*, and held in equal detestation—suffered under the imputation

"'Twas said
He ate strange flesh."

He was observed, after dinner, carefully to gather up the remnants left at his table (not many, nor very choice fragments, you may credit me)—and, in an especial manner, these disreputable morsels, which he would convey away, and secretly stow in the settle that stood at his bedside. None saw when he ate them. It was rumored that he privately devoured them in the night. He was watched, but no traces of such midnight practices were discoverable. Some reported that, on leave-days, he had been seen to carry out of the bounds a large blue check handkerchief full of something. This, then, must be the accursed thing. Conjecture next was at work to imagine how he could dispose of it. Some said he sold it to the beggars. This belief generally prevailed. He went about moping. None spake to him. No one would play with him. He was excommunicated: put out of the pale of the school. He was too powerful a boy to be beaten, but he underwent every mode of that negative punishment which is more grievous than many stripes. Still he persevered. At length he was observed by two of his schoolfellows, who were determined to get at the secret, and had traced him one leave-day for that purpose, to enter a large, worn-out building, such as there exist specimens of in Chancery Lane, which are let out to various scales of pauperism, with open door and a common staircase. After him they silently slunk in, and followed by stealth up four flights, and saw him tap at a poor wicket, which was opened by an aged woman, meanly clad. Suspicion was now ripened into certainty. The informers had secured their victim. They had him in their toils. Accusation was formally preferred, and retribution most signal was looked for. Mr. Hathaway, the then steward (for this happened a little after my time), with that patient sagacity which tempered all his conduct, determined to investigate the matter before he proceeded to sentence. The result was that the supposed mendicants, the receivers or purchasers of the mysterious scraps, turned out to be the parents of ——, an honest cou-

ple come to decay,—whom this seasonable supply had, in all probability, saved from mendicancy; and this young stork, at the expense of his own good name, had all this while been only feeding the old birds!—The governors on this occasion, much to their honor, voted a present relief to the family of ——, and presented him with a silver medal. The lesson which the steward read upon RASH JUDGMENT, on the occasion of publicly delivering the medal to ——, I believe would not be lost upon his auditory. I had left school then, but I well remember ——. He was a tall, shambling youth, with a cast in his eye, not at all calculated to conciliate hostile prejudices. I have since seen him carrying a baker's basket. I think I heard he did not do quite so well by himself as he had done by the old folks.

I was an hypochondriac lad; and the sight of a boy in fetters, upon the day of my first putting on the blue clothes, was not exactly fitted to assuage the natural terrors of initiation. I was of tender years, barely turned of seven; and had only read of such things in book, or seen them but in dreams. I was told he had *run away*. This was the punishment for the first offense. As a novice I was soon after taken to see the dungeons. These were little, square, Bedlam cells, where a boy could just lie at his length upon straw, and a blanket—a mattress, I think, was afterwards substituted—with a peep of light, let in askance, from a prison orifice at top, barely enough to read by. Here the poor boy was locked in by himself all day, without sight of any but the porter who brought him his bread and water—who *might not speak to him*;—or of the beadle, who came twice a week to call him out to receive his periodical chastisement, which was almost welcome, because it separated him for a brief interval from solitude: and here he was shut up by himself *of nights* out of the reach of any sound, to suffer whatever horrors the weak nerves, and superstition incident to his time of life, might subject him to.* This was the penalty for the second offense. Wouldst thou like, reader, to see what became of him in the next degree?

The culprit, who had been a third time an offender, and whose expulsion was at this time deemed irreversible, was brought forth, as at some solemn *auto-da-fé*, arrayed in uncouth and most appalling attire—all trace of his late "watchet weeds" carefully effaced, he was

* One or two instances of lunacy, or attempted suicide, accordingly, at length convinced the governors of the impolicy of this part of the sentence, and the midnight torture to the spirits was dispensed with. This fancy of dungeons for children was a sprout of Howard's brain; for which (saving the reverence due to Holy Paul), methinks, I could willingly spit upon his statue.

exposed in a jacket resembling those which London lamplighters formerly delighted in, with a cap of the same. The effect of this divestiture was such as the ingenious devisers of it could have anticipated. With his pale and frighted features, it was as if some of those disfigurements in Dante had seized upon him. In this disguisement he was brought into the hall (*L.'s favorite stateroom*), where awaited him the whole number of his schoolfellows, whose joint lessons and sports he was thenceforth to share no more; the awful presence of the steward, to be seen for the last time; of the executioner beadle, clad in his state robe for the occasion; and of two faces more, of direr import, because never but in these extremities visible. These were governors: two of whom by choice, or charter, were always accustomed to officiate at these *Ultima Supplicia;* not to mitigate (so at least we understood it), but to enforce the uttermost stripe. Old Bamber Gascoigne and Peter Aubert, I remember, were colleagues on one occasion, when the beadle turning rather pale, a glass of brandy was ordered to prepare him for the mysteries. The scourging was, after the old Roman fashion, long and stately. The lictor accompanied the criminal quite round the hall. We were generally too faint with attending to the previous disgusting circumstances to make accurate report with our eyes of the degree of corporal suffering inflicted. Report, of course, gave out the back knotty and livid. After scourging, he was made over, in his *San Benito*, to his friends, if he had any (but commonly such poor runagates were friendless), or to his parish officer, who, to enchance the effect of the scene, had his station allotted to him on the outside of the hall gate.

These solemn pageantries were not played off so often as to spoil the general mirth of the community. We had plenty of exercise and recreation *after* school hours; and, for myself, I must confess that I was never happier than *in* them. The Upper and the Lower Grammar Schools were held in the same room; and an imaginary line only divided their bounds. Their character was as different as that of the inhabitants on the two sides of the Pyrenees. The Rev. James Boyer was the Upper Master; but the Rev. Matthew Field presided over that portion of the apartment of which I had the good fortune to be a member. We lived a life as careless as birds. We talked and did just what we pleased, and nobody molested us. We carried an accidence, or a grammar, for form; but, for any trouble it gave us, we might take two years in getting through the verbs deponent, and another two in forgetting all that we had learned about them. There was now and then the formality of saying a lesson, but if you had not

learned it, a brush across the shoulders (just enough to disturb a fly) was the sole remonstrance. Field never used the rod; and in truth he wielded the cane with no great good will—holding it "like a dancer." It looked in his hands rather like an emblem than an instrument of authority; and an emblem, too, he was ashamed of. He was a good, easy man, that did not care to ruffle his own peace, nor perhaps set any great consideration upon the value of juvenile time. He came among us, now and then, but often stayed away whole days from us; and when he came it made no difference to us—he had his private room to retire to, the short time he stayed, to be out of the sound of our noise. Our mirth and uproar went on. We had classics of our own, without being beholden to "insolent Greece or haughty Rome," that passed current among us—Peter Wilkins—the Adventures of the Hon. Captain Robert Boyle—the Fortunate Blue-Coat Boy—and the like. Or we cultivated a turn for mechanic and scientific operations; making little sundials of paper; or weaving those ingenious parentheses called *cat-cradles*; or making dry peas to dance upon the end of a tin pipe; or studying the art military over that laudable game "French and English," and a hundred other such devices to pass away the time—mixing the useful with the agreeable—as would have made the souls of Rousseau and John Locke chuckle to have seen us.

Matthew Field belonged to that class of modest divines who affect to mix in equal proportion the *gentleman*, the *scholar*, and the *Christian*; but, I know not how, the first ingredient is generally found to be the predominating dose in the composition. He was engaged in gay parties, or with his courtly bow at some episcopal levee, when he should have been attending upon us. He had for many years the classical charge of a hundred children, during the four or five first years of their education; and his very highest form seldom proceeded further than two or three of the introductory fables of Phædrus. How things were suffered to go on thus, I cannot guess. Boyer, who was the proper person to have remedied these abuses, always affected, pehaps felt, a delicacy in interfering in a province not strictly his own. I have not been without my suspicions that he was not altogether displeased at the contrast we presented to his end of the school. We were a sort of Helots to his young Spartans. He would sometimes, with ironic deference, send to borrow a rod of the Under Master, and then, with sardonic grin, observe to one of his upper boys "how neat and fresh the twigs looked." While his pale students were battering their brains over Xenophon and Plato,

with a silence as deep as that enjoined by the Samite, we were e joying ourselves at our ease in our little Goshen. We saw a little ir the secrets of his discipline, and the prospect did but the more r oncile us to our lot. His thunders rolled innocuous for us; storms came near, but never touched us; contrary to Gideon's mirac while all around were drenched, our fleece was dry.* His boys turn out the better scholars; we, I suspect, have the advantage in temp His pupils cannot speak of him without something of terror allayi their gratitude: the remembrance of Field comes back with all t soothing images of indolence, and summer slumbers, and work l play, and innocent idleness, and Elysian exemptions, and life itsel "playing holiday."

Though sufficiently removed from the jurisdiction of Boyer, were near enough (as I have said) to understand a little of his syste We occasionally heard sounds of the *Ululantes*, and caught glan of Tartarus. B. was a rabid pedant. His English style was cramp to barbarism. His Easter anthems (for his duty obliged him to th periodical flights) were grating as scrannel pipes.† He would laugh, and heartily, but then it must be at Flaccus's quibble about *Rex*—o the *tristis severitas in vultu*, or *inspicere in patinas*, of Terence—t jests, which at their first broaching could hardly have had *vis* enou to move a Roman muscle. He had two wigs, both pedantic, but different omen. The one serene, smiling, fresh powdered, betoken a mild day. The other, an old, discolored, unkempt, angry cax denoting frequent and bloody execution. Woe to the school when made his morning appearance in his *passy*, or *passionate wig!* comet expounded surer. J. B. had a heavy hand. I have kno him double his knotty fist at a poor trembling child (the mater milk hardly dry upon its lips), with a "Sirrah, do you presume to your wits at me?" Nothing was more common than to see l make a headlong entry into the schoolroom from his inner reces library, and, with a turbulent eye, singling out a lad, roar out, "C

*Cowley.

† In this and everything B. was the antipodes of his coadjutor. While former was digging his brains for crude anthems, worth a pignut, F. wo be recreating his gentlemanly fancy in the more flowery walks of Muses. A little dramatic effusion of his, under the name of Vertumnus Pomona, is not yet forgotten by the chroniclers of that sort of literature. was accepted by Garrick, but the town did not give it their sanction. used to say of it, in a way of half compliment, half irony, that it was *classical for representation.*

my life, sirrah" (his favorite adjuration), "I have a great mind to whip you"; then, with as sudden a retracting impulse, fling back into his lair, and, after a cooling lapse of some minutes (during which all but the culprit had totally forgotten the context), drive headlong out again, piecing out his imperfect sense, as if it had been some Devil's Litany, with the expletory yell—"*and I* WILL, *too*." In his gentler moods, when the *rabidus furor* was assuaged, he had resort to an ingenious method, peculiar, for what I have heard, to himself, of whipping the boy and reading the Debates at the same time; a paragraph, and a lash between; which in those times, when parliamentary oratory was most at a height and flourishing in these realms, was not calculated to impress the patient with a veneration for the diffuser graces of rhetoric.

Once, and but once, the uplifted rod was known to fall ineffectual from his hand—when droll, squinting W., having been caught putting the inside of the master's desk to a use for which the architect had clearly not designed it, to justify himself, with great simplicity averred that *he did not know that the thing had been forewarned*. This exquisite irrecognition of any law antecedent to the *oral* or *declaratory*, struck so irresistibly upon the fancy of all who heard it (the pedagogue himself not excepted) that remission was unavoidable.

L. has given credit to B.'s great merits as an instructor. Coleridge, in his literary life, has pronounced a more intelligible and ample encomium on them. The author of the *Country Spectator* doubts not to compare him with the ablest teachers of antiquity. Perhaps we cannot dismiss him better than with the pious ejaculation of C., when he heard that his old master was on his deathbed: "Poor J. B.! may all his faults be forgiven; and may he be wafted to bliss by little cherub-boys, all head and wings, with no *bottoms* to reproach his sublunary infirmities."

Under him were many good and sound scholars bred. First Grecian of my time was Lancelot Pepys Stevens, kindest of boys and men, since co-grammar-master (and inseparable companion) with Dr. T——e. What an edifying spectacle did this brace of friends present to those who remembered the anti-socialities of their predecessors! You never met the one by chance in the street without a wonder, which was quickly dissipated by the almost immediate subappearance of the other. Generally arm-in-arm, these kindly coadjutors lightened for each other the toilsome duties of their profession, and when, in advanced age, one found it convenient to retire, the other was not long in discovering that it suited him to lay down the fasces

also. Oh, it is pleasant, as it is rare, to find the same arm linked yours at forty which at thirteen helped it to turn over the *Cicero Amicitiâ*, or some tale of Antique Friendship, which the youn heart even then was burning to anticipate! Co-Grecian with S. wa Th——, who has since executed with ability various diplomatic func tions at the northern courts. Th—— was a tall, dark, saturnine youth sparing of speech, with raven locks. Thomas Fanshaw Middleto followed him (now Bishop of Calcutta), a scholar and a gentleman i his teens. He has the reputation of an excellent critic, and is autho (besides the *Country Spectator*) of a Treatise on the Greek Articl against Sharpe. M. is said to bear his mitre high in India, wher the *regni novitas* (I dare say) sufficiently justifies the bearing. humility quite as primitive as that of Jewel or Hooker might not b exactly fitted to impress the minds of those Anglo-Asiatic diocesan with a reverence for home institutions and the Church which thos fathers watered. The manners of M. at school, though firm, wer mild and unassuming. Next to M. (if not senior to him) wa Richards, author of the Aboriginal Britons, the most spirited o the Oxford Prize Poems; a pale, studious Grecian. Then followe poor S——, ill-fated M——! of these the Muse is silent.

"Finding some of Edward's race
Unhappy, pass their annals by."

Come back into memory, like as thou wert, in the day-spring o thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee—the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge—Logician, Metaphysician, Bard!—How have I seen the casual passer through the cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the *speech* and the *garb* of the young Mirandula), to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jamblichus or Plotinus (for even in those years thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts), or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar—while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed to the accents of the *inspired charity-boy!* Many were the "wit-combats" (to dally awhile with the words of old Fuller) between him and C. V. Le G——, "which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war; Master Coleridge, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid, but slow in his performances. C. V. L., with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."

Nor shalt thou, their compeer, be quickly forgotten, Allen, with the cordial smile, and still more cordial laugh, with which thou wert wont to make the old cloisters shake, in thy cognition of some poignant jest of theirs; or the anticipation of some more material, and, peradventure, practical one of thine own. Extinct are those smiles, with that beautiful countenance, with which (for thou wert the *Nireus formosus* of the school), in the days of thy maturer waggery, thou didst disarm the wrath of infuriated town damsel, who, incensed by provoking pinch, turning tigress-like round, suddenly converted by thy angel-look, exchanged the half formed terrible "*bl*—" for a gentler greeting—"*bless thy handsome face!*"

Next follow two, who ought to be now alive, and the friends of Elia—the junior Le G—— and F——, who, impelled, the former by a roving temper, the latter by too quick a sense of neglect, ill capable of enduring the slights poor sizars are sometimes subject to in our seats of learning, exchanged their Alma Mater for the camp; perishing, one by climate, and one on the plains of Salamanca: Le G——, sanguine, volatile, sweet-natured; F——, dogged, faithful, anticipative of insult, warm-hearted, with something of the old Roman height about him.

Fine, frank-hearted Fr——, the present master of Hertford, with Marmaduke T——, mildest of missionaries—and both my good friends still—close the catalogue of Grecians in my time.

BYRON, SHELLEY, AND KEATS.

These three poets, separated as they were in many ways, have one point in common. To each death came early—finding *Keats* and *Shelley*, at least, with unsung songs upon their lips. When we consider the greatness of their place in English poetry, and the rôle that Byron played in the intellectual movement of his time, we wonder to find that neither Keats nor Shelley reached thirty, and that at thirty-six, Byron's stormy and passionate career was ended. And their achievement seems the more remarkable when we reflect, further, that the work of Wordsworth, the greatest figure in the trio of poets immediately preceding, covered nearly half a century, while that of Keats and Shelley, and all the important work of

Lord Byron, was crowded into the twelve years following the appearance of *Childe Harold.*

Of these three poets, Byron and Shelley stand together as poets of the *Age of Revolution*, while Keats, ignoring human interests and shunning those social questions which were still convulsing Europe, luxuriated in the beautiful, if enervating, world which his imagination had created.

The advance of modern democracy, and those hopes for the future of humanity which came with it, are vital elements in English literature from the latter part of the last century down to our own day. In the lives of Byron and Shelley, as in those of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, these elements played an important part. But to the older group of poets, whose young eyes saw the fall of the Bastile, the Revolution seemed to promise everything; to the younger, who grew up to witness the downfall of the Republic and the establishment of the Napoleonic despotism (First Consul, 1799; Emperor, 1804), it seemed to have performed nothing. The older group outlived their first disappointment, and settled down with advancing years into a quiet conservatism. The younger, thus early set face to face with a world of disillusions and of blasted hopes, were moved to bitter denunciations or to gloomy forebodings.

Lord Byron.

George Noel Gordon Byron (Lord) (1788–1824) was a man of brilliant and powerful personality, of reckless and defiant life, of strong passions, and of a demonstrative despair congenial to the mood of Europe in his time. In verse of indomitable and masculine vigor, full of a somewhat declamatory but magnificent rhetoric, he expresses the rebellious spirit and sentimental melancholy of his generation. His heroes—Childe Harold, Lara, the Corsair, Manfred, and the rest—in whom his enraptured readers early learned to

recognize a thinly disguised figure of the poet himself, are, for the most part, bandits and pirates, who luxuriate in despair and expire in "impenitent remorse." * These "bold, bad men" "strut and fret their hour upon the stage," blackened with unnumbered crimes, and sustained by a secret sense of their superiority to contented and commonplace humanity. There is a grandeur in Milton's *Satan*, in *Prometheus* chained to the crag by a power which cannot conquer him; but in Byron the grandeur of this struggle of the individual will against the logic of destiny, is weakened by its strain of selfishness and insincerity. Byron cries out because he is hurt rather than because the world suffers. We are uncertain how much of his vehement despair we should take for earnest and how much was "playing to the gallery." Yet Byron was a poet of glorious audacity and force. His devotion to Liberty—even to dying in her cause—at least was genuine. This, "his one pure passion," glows in his verse and even lends a parting consecration to his unhappy life. Yet his mad revolt against things as they are becomes, as he grows older, but more furious and bitter, reaching its brilliant but terrible consummation in *Don Juan*. He once wrote: "I have simplified my politics into an utter detestation of all existing governments," and we are left in doubt whether, after all, he distinguished between liberty and license. To such a nature, the joy in submission to the highest, which Wordsworth has expressed in the *Ode to Duty*, must have been incomprehensible. We may think of Byron as a man of volcanic energy and wonderful effectiveness, who, expressing as he did the passing mood, not of England only, but of Europe, was a great social and political force in the large movement of democracy. His poetry is dashing, brilliant, effective, and careless of detail. He has a feel-

* Byron's "Corsair."

ing for large results; his descriptions of nature are bold, broad, and telling; the historic past of Europe lives in his swelling lines. The fascination of his personality, the sadness of his story, will enshrine the memory of the man, a strong and tragic figure; while he has left in many a poem, and perhaps still more in many a brilliant passage, a superb vitality which secures his place among the poets of his country.

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1822) stands with Byron as a poet of revolt; but his devotion to Liberty is purer, his life ennobled by higher and more unselfish aims. With distorted and imperfect ideas of history, his enthusiastic and unbalanced nature was early captivated by wild theories of social reform. His enthusiasms, his theories, and an apparent obtuseness of moral perception, carried him into some grievous errors; yet he erred rather from a lack of judgment than from any deliberate intention. His wrath flamed up at tyranny or injustice; set face to face with poverty or distress, his quick pity found relief in impulsive and unstinted acts of charity. Shelley, like Byron, had the spirit of revolution within him, at a time when a conservative spirit was uppermost in the governments both in England and on the Continent. The Congress of Vienna had declared that everything should be as though the Revolution had never been; and the Holy Alliance, compacted in 1815, seemed to embody the triumph of monarchy. In England, under the repressive policy of Lord Castlereagh and the Duke of Wellington, reform seemed helpless. Yet while Shelley denounces the "tyrants," his poetry lacks the cynicism and hopelessness of Byron's, and in his later work, as in the noble drama of *Prometheus Unbound*, he looks forward to the coming of a new earth.

Shelley.

Shelley's life was given up to the cause of humanity,

and his passion for liberty molds and inspires his art. He is filled with a whole-souled and generous devotion to an impossible and mistaken ideal; he dreams vague and glittering dreams of what life ought to be, before the world has taught him what it is. He was, as a good critic has called him, "a beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain."

Shelley was endowed with a supreme lyrical faculty almost without a parallel in English poetry. His lyrics are buoyant, full of music and of motion, light, clear, and free; they sing themselves as we read and carry us with them without an effort. *The Skylark* * lifts us in the air by the rythmical pulsations of its verse, and we can feel the fresh, cool breeze on our cheeks, and smell the fragrance of the rain, as we read the *Ode to the West Wind* and *The Cloud.* Shelley's mastery of language was as wonderful as his mastery of melody; reading such a poem as his *Adonais,* we feel that the medium of word music, with which his thought works, is plastic and subservient to his will. Shelley has been finely called the master of ethereal verse, and in general the intangible world of his imagination seems far removed from the solid earth of everyday fact, yet in his drama of *The Cenci,* revolting as is its subject, he has given us a strong and tragic bit of work, not often equaled since the time of the Elizabethans.

Shelley surpassed Keats by virtue of his more serious view of life, and his intense humanity; he is also more largely endowed with the singing faculty. His poetry is saved by its intellectual element from the debilitating and cloying luxuriousness into which Keats's sense of beauty led him. Shelley's poet-world seems bathed in the cold splendor of a moonlight radiance; that of Keats seems

* See p. 407.

warm and richly colored, heavy with the overpowering sweetness of incense.

Keats.

John Keats (1795–1821) contrasts strongly with the two young poets just considered. He is no revolutionary spirit; he has no new social theories to put forth; he does not trouble himself with the questions of the day, nor employ his art in idle complaints, nor in useless efforts at reform. An absorbing love of beauty, comparable to that of Spenser, is his most marked characteristic. His verse lacks the manly, if somewhat careless strength of Byron, the sincere if mistaken conviction of Shelley; but it possesses, in its best examples, an almost unrivaled perfection of form and beauty of expression. His taste turned naturally to classic Greece; he leaves the unlovely world about him to live among gods and heroes, and to tell of their passions in his own delicious verse. One of these classic studies, the unfinished poem *Hyperion*, is remarkable for the majestic beauty of its blank verse, the finest of its kind since Milton, whose epic manner it somewhat resembles. He delights also in the romance of the Middle Ages; he is a student and disciple of Spenser; and these influences are seen in such poems as *Isabella, or The Pot of Basil*, founded on a story of Boccaccio, and in *St. Agnes's Eve*.

Keats may be regarded as definitely representing the value of form and sweetness of expression—of beauty as beauty—in English verse. In this respect some of his work, such as his *Ode on a Grecian Urn*,* has never been surpassed, and may be regarded as almost perfect. He has of necessity left but few examples of his best, but much that shows the promise of a genius yet unfolded. If, as some think, his poems are often too luxuriant and sensuous, without restraint, and wanting in deeper

* See p. 412.

thought, we must remember his feeble health, and his death from consumption at twenty-six. While we may not agree with Matthew Arnold in saying that "no one else in English poetry, save Shakespeare, has in expression quite the fascinating felicity of Keats," yet none can fairly limit the possibilities of his life by the work of his sickly youth.

Keats, with his love of beauty as yet passionate and unrestrained, delighting chiefly in graceful flow and music of sweet words, has given us verse which sometimes cloys; the later Tennyson, with a love less passionate but not less real, restrained and guided by maturer judgment, clothes his more noble thought in verse whose beauty does not weary us.

SELECTIONS FROM BYRON.

FROM CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

(CANTO IV, STANZAS 177–184.)

Oh! that the desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair Spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her!
Ye elements!—in whose ennobling stir
I feel myself exalted—can ye not
Accord me such a being? Do I err
In deeming such inhabit many a spot?
Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dasheth him again to earth:—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild wave's play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests: in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime

Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

SONNET ON CHILLON.

Eternal spirit of the chainless mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

SELECTIONS FROM SHELLEY.

TO A SKYLARK.

I.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

II.

Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

III.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun.

IV.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight,
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

V.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

VI.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud;
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

VII.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody—

VIII.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

IX.

Like a highborn maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

X.

Like a glowworm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

XI.

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves.

XII.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

XIII.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

XIV.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

XV.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thy own kind? What ignorance of pain?

XVI.

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

XVII.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

XVIII.

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

XIX.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear,
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

XX.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

XXI.

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

TO NIGHT.

Swiftly walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where all the long and lone daylight
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn
I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,—
I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
Wouldst thou me?—
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noontide bee,
Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me?—And I replied,
No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon;
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night.
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!

SELECTIONS FROM KEATS.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

I.

Thou still unravished bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstacy?

II.

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone!
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

III.

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
  Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
  Forever piping songs forever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
  Forever warm and still to be enjoyed,
Forever panting, and forever young;
  All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high sorrowful and cloyed,
  A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

IV.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
  To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Leadest thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
  And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea shore,
  Or mountain built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
  And, little town, thy streets forever more
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
  Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

V.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
  Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
  Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity. Cold Pastoral!
  When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
  Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou sayest,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
  Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

Much have I traveled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.

Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

Chapter III.

Recent Writers.—1830.

The year 1830 may conveniently be regarded as beginning the latest literary epoch of England. Within the limits of a few years, events are thickly clustered about it which mark the breaking up of old conditions and the establishment of new.

The New Era in Literature.

By 1830 that extraordinary outburst of poetic genius which began during the closing years of the preceding century had spent its force. Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey still lived, indeed, but their work was done, while the recent and untimely deaths of Keats, Shelley, and Byron had made a sudden gap in English poetry. Into the firmament thus strangely left vacant of great lights, there rose a new star. It was in 1830 that *Alfred Tennyson*, the representative English poet of our era, definitely entered the literary horizon by the publication of his *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*. After him great writers of the new era crowd in quick succession, and the next ten years see the advent of *Robert Browning* (*Pauline*, 1833), *Elizabeth Barrett*—afterwards *Mrs. Browning*—(*Prometheus Bound*, 1833), *Charles Dickens* (*Sketches by Boz*,

1834), *William Makepeace Thackeray* (*Yellowplush Papers*, 1837), and *John Ruskin* (*Salsette and Elephanta*, 1839).

The New Era in History.

The year 1830 is likewise an important one in spheres of thought and action inseparably connected with the literature of the time. The revolutionary spirit, temporarily repressed in the conservative reaction that followed the Congress of Vienna, came again to the surface. It was in 1830 that the Bourbon king, Charles X., was driven from the throne of France, an event which awakened in Germany a fervor of democratic feeling which had been but half suppressed. In England the same drift towards social change over-rode the more conservative element; the year 1832 made an epoch in the advance of democracy by the passage of a Reform Bill which greatly increased the political power of the people, and prepared the way for those extensive changes in government which have marked her subsequent history.

From this same period, too, date many of those important changes in the outward conditions of daily life which have followed the application of modern science to directly practical ends. In 1830 the Liverpool and Manchester Railway went into operation, the first railroad opened in England; the first electric telegraph followed in 1837, and steam communication with the United States was begun in the following year.

The New Era in Science.

Nor was this year 1830 unproductive in that scientific investigation, the results of which have influenced enormously the literary spirit of our time. *Sir Charles Lyell's Principles of Geology* (1830), expanding men's imagination by its revelation of the vast duration of the earth's past, was one of the first of those many books of science which during the past half century have combined to modify some of our fundamental ideas of life.

Thus this epoch ushered in a new literature, amid new hopes for human progress, at a time when science seemed to be miraculously transforming the very conditions of existence, as well as indefinitely extending the bounds of human knowledge.

Any attempt to gain a comprehensive view of the literary period thus begun, presents almost insurmountable difficulties, even if it were possible within our present limits. The period has been one of immense literary productiveness; and our attention is distracted and our judgment confused by the vast number of writers, so near to us that it is impossible for us to see them in any proper perspective. We will select a few representative writers from the many whose names are familiar to us, and try to learn something of them and of their relation to their time.

Thomas Babington Macaulay.

The practical and prosperous temper of an England that fifty years ago seemed entering on a period of solid comfort and prosperity, is admirably represented by the brilliant essayist and historian, *Thomas Babington Macaulay* (1800–1859). From his first publication, an essay on *Milton* in the *Edinburgh Review*, 1825, Macaulay's career was one of unbroken and well deserved success. He was successful as statesman and as author. He was courted and admired in the most distinguished circles, and his extensive reading, phenomenal memory, and brilliant conversation helped to make him a social and literary leader. He thoroughly enjoyed the world and the age in which he found himself, finding it full of substantial comforts and a sensible and rational progress. To his shrewd and practical intelligence the spiritual alternations, the mysterious raptures and despairs of finer and more ethereal natures, must have been wholly unintelligible. He felt, to use his own oft-quoted phrase, that "an acre in Middlesex is better

than a principality in Utopia." But if Macaulay, like the vast majority of men, was too prone to regard the best things of life as capable of exact statement in the tables of statistics, his work has a positive and enduring value. His essays dealt with many subjects in history and literature. The impetuous rush and eloquence of their style, their picturesqueness, fascination, and sparkling antithesis, won for them innumerable readers. Thousands found in them information which they would never have gained if presented in a longer and less attractive form, and Macaulay thus became to the widening reading public the great popular educator of his time. Addison had declared that he would bring philosophy out of the closet and make it dwell in clubs and coffee-houses; Macaulay announced, before publishing his *History of England*, that he would write a history which should take the place of the last new novel on every lady's table. And both men kept their word.

The attitude towards life and his own age of *Thomas Carlyle* (1795–1881) was a widely different one. Life to him was a matter of grim and tragic earnest, and so far from yielding himself to any easy enjoyment of it, Carlyle rather seems to cry out to a faithless and blinded generation as some stern prophet of the desert. "Woe unto them," he declares in his essay on Scott, "woe unto them that are at ease in Zion." Thomas Carlyle was the son of a shrewd, hard working stone mason of strong convictions and great uprightness of character. The Carlyle family is described by one of the neighbors as "pithy, bitter-speakin' bodies, and awfu' fechters," while according to Carlyle himself they were remarkable for "their brotherly affection and coherence, for their hard sayings and hard strikings."* Thomas Carlyle was the true descendant of this sterling

Thomas Carlyle.

* Carlyle's "Reminiscenses," p. 35.

and granite stock. He was a conscientious and tireless worker; in spite of a vein of harshness, in his strength, his earnestness, his sincerity, his profound tenderness, a rare and beautiful nature. His early and enthusiastic study of German literature and philosophy exercised a profound influence upon his views, and even affected his style of writing, which is powerful, but eccentric in the extreme. His early works testify to the direction of his studies, his earliest being a translation of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister* (1824), and his second a *Life of Schiller* (1825). In 1833 his *Sartor Resartus* began to appear in *Fraser's Magazine*. This characteristic book, with its grim humor, abruptness, and grotesqueness, broken by overpowering torrents of eloquence, found at first but few readers among a bewildered or indifferent public. It contains, however, the germ of Carlyle's philosophy, and many of his after works, such as *The French Revolution*, the lectures on *Heroes and Hero Worship*, or *The Life and Letters of Cromwell*, are but elaborate illustrations of the theory of history laid down in this earlier book.

Carlyle represents in all its intensity, and with a touch of natural exaggeration, the reactionary protest against the shallowness and shams of the eighteenth century. His test of a man is, "Is he sincere?" Unlike Macaulay, he had no enthusiasm for the advance of science or of democracy; his view of life was profoundly ideal and religious. He distrusted science, declaring, "We have forgot the divineness in these laboratories of ours"; he distrusted material prosperity, writing in *Sartor Resartus*, "Not what I have but what I do is my kingdom." One great thing that he did was to make men see something divine and wonderful in things which before had seemed commonplace.

As a writer, Carlyle stands alone. His style has been

imitated, but never with more than very partial success. In spite, or perhaps because, of his many peculiarities, many of his prose passages rank with the greatest in the literature, and his *French Revolution* must remain one of the most vivid and impassioned of prose poems.

The era has produced another great master of prose in the art critic and reformer, *John Ruskin* (1819–). Ruskin, when just out of Oxford, rose to sudden distinction by his *Modern Painters* (vol. i. 1843). This work, begun in defense of *Turner*, a great but then little appreciated landscape painter, far outgrew the limits of its original design. Whatever may be its value as a treatise on art, its elaborate and poetic beauty of style give it a high place in literature. By numerous other works Ruskin has proved himself one of the great modern masters of English prose. In the truth and beauty of his descriptions of nature, he has expressed the same exquisite perception of the life of the world about us which colors our poetry, and which is one of the distinctions of our modern literature. Ruskin, like Carlyle, has denounced the money-making and material tendencies of latter-day England. This industrial age, with its factories, railroads, and telegraphs, has called forth some of his fiercest arraignments, and he has dwelt much on the ugliness which it has brought into life. Such writers as *Macaulay*, *Carlyle*, and *Ruskin* make us realize the greatness of our modern literature in the sphere of prose. These men, with *Cardinal Newman* and two writers of an earlier generation, the essayist, *Thomas De Quincey* (1785–1859), and *Walter Savage Landor* (1775–1864), entitle us to say, that while in poetry modern England has fallen behind the greatest achievements of her past, in the art of prose writing she has certainly equaled, and probably surpassed, the productions of any former period.

John Ruskin.

In no direction has this development of prose been more remarkable than in that of the novel, the distinctive literary form of the modern world. Since the publication of Richardson's *Pamela* in 1740, the range of the novel has immensely broadened, and its importance as a recognized factor in our intellectual and social life has surprisingly increased. *William Godwin* (1756–1836) employed the novel as a vehicle of opinion. His *Caleb Williams* (1794) was one of the earliest of these novels with a purpose, of which there are so many examples in later fiction. *Maria Edgeworth* (1767–1849), the author of *Castle Rackrent*, *The Absentee*, *Helen*, and other novels, has been called the creator of the novel of national manners. By her pictures of Irish life she did somewhat the same service for that country that Scott was soon to perform for his beloved Scotland; she gave it a place in literature. Shortly before Scott began to create the historical novel, *Jane Austen* (1775–1817) began her finished and exquisite pictures of the daily domestic life of middle-class England, in *Sense and Sensibility* (1811). In these novels the ordinary aspects of life are depicted with the minuteness and fidelity of the miniature painter, yet their charming and unfailing art saves the ordinary from becoming tiresome or commonplace. Miss Austen has found worthy successors, but no superiors in her chosen field. The *Cranford* of *Elizabeth Gaskell* (1810–1866) is a masterly study of the little world of English provincial life, as are the *Chronicles of Carlingford* of *Margaret Oliphant* (1820–). Mrs. Gaskell is further remembered for work of a more tragic and powerful order than the quaint and pathetic humor of *Cranford*. Her first novel, *Mary Barton* (1848), laid bare before the reading world the obscure life and struggles of the poor who toiled in the great manufactories of Manchester. Perhaps the

The Growth of the Novel.

subject is too monotonous and too mournful for the highest art, but the book bears on every page the evidence of insight and of truth.

The *Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet* (1849), of *Charles Kingsley*, the story of a London apprentice who becomes involved in the Chartist agitations, shows the same sympathetic interest in the heavy burdens of the poor, and in that unhappy antagonism between employer and employed which remains one of the unsettled problems of our time. This widening of the sphere of the novel to include the trials or tragedies of the humblest phases of life, is a further evidence of that broadening sympathy with the race of man, which we have seen grow stronger in the poetry of the preceding century as ideas of democracy gained in power.

Charles Dickens.

But the life of the outcast and the poor has found its most famous, if not its most truthful chronicler in *Charles Dickens* (1812–1870), one of the greatest novelists of the epoch. Dickens was the second of eight children. His earliest associations were with the humbler and harsher side of life in a metropolis, as his father, John Dickens, a clerk in the Navy Pay-Office, was transferred from Portsmouth to London in 1814. The knowledge thus hardly gained through early struggles and privations, became a storehouse from which Dickens drew freely in his later work. The Marshalsea Prison, where John Dickens was confined for debt, is described in *Little Dorrit;* in *David Copperfield*, the most autobiographical of the novels, David's experiences as a wine merchant's apprentice may have been suggested by Warren's Blacking Factory, where Dickens worked as a boy, while his youthful struggles with shorthand and reporting are reflected in Copperfield's later history. Remembering the great novelist's early experience, it seems but natural that he should have

chosen to let in the sun and air on some of the shabbier and darker phases of existence, depicting many social gradations, from obscure respectability through the vagrants and adventurers in the outer circles of society, down, as in *Oliver Twist* (1837–1838), to the very dens and devices of open crime. There is Jo, the London street waif of *Bleak House* (1852–1853), "allers a movin' on"; Jingle, the gay and voluble impostor of *Pickwick* (1836–1837); and that questionable fraternity, the Birds of Prey, that flit about the dark places of the Thames in *Our Mutual Friend* (1864–1865). Yet through this portrayal of the under strata of society, there runs a strong, perhaps a sometimes too apparent, moral purpose. Take us where he will, Dickens's art is always pure, sound, and wholesome.

It is as a humorist that Dickens is at his best. There is a whimsical and ludicrous extravagance in his humor, an irresistible ingenuity in the ridiculous, peculiar to him alone. From the time when a delighted people waited in rapturous impatience for the forthcoming number of *Pickwick*, to the publication of the unfinished *Edwin Drood* (1870), nineteenth century England laid aside her weariness and her problems to join in Dickens's overflowing, infectious laughter. When we are ungrateful enough to be critical of one who has rested so many by his genial and kindly fun, we must admit that Dickens was neither a profound nor truthful interpreter of life and character. His is for the most part a world of caricature, peopled, not with real living persons, but with eccentricities and oddities, skillfully made to seem like flesh and blood. We know them from some peculiarity of speech or manner, some oft-repeated phrase; they are painted from without; we are rarely enabled to get inside of their lives, and look out at the world through their eyes. The result is often but a clever and amusing bur-

lesque of life, not life itself. It may also be admitted that we feel at times in Dickens the absence of that atmosphere of refinement and cultivation which is an unobtrusive but inseparable part of the art of Thackeray. Without detracting from some famous and beautiful scenes, Dickens's pathos is often forced and premeditated, his sentiment shallow, while there are heights from which he is manifestly shut out. When he attempts to draw a gentleman, or an average mortal distinguished by no special absurdities, the result is apt to be singularly insipid and lifeless. Notwithstanding these shortcomings, Dickens has won notable successes outside the field of pure humor. His *Tale of Two Cities* (1859) is a powerful story, quite different from his usual manner, and many scenes throughout his other books, as the famous description of the storm in *David Copperfield*, are triumphs of tragic power.

William Makepeace Thackeray.

William Makepeace Thackeray (1811–1863) is the keen but kindly satirist of that surface world of frivolity and fashion into which the art of Dickens so seldom penetrates. Thackeray was born at Calcutta, but was early sent to England for his education. He had something of that regular training which Dickens lacked, going to Cambridge from the Charterhouse School in London. He left college, however, shortly after entering, to study art on the Continent, and finally, losing his money, he returned to England, and about 1837 drifted into literature. After writing much for periodicals, he made his first great success in *Vanity Fair* (1847–1848). In this book, under its satiric and humorous delineation of a world of hollowness and pretense, runs the strong current of a deep and serious purpose. "Such people there are," Thackeray writes, stepping "down from the platform," like his master, Fielding, to speak in his own person—"such people there are, liv-

ing and flourishing in the world—Faithless, Hopeless, Charityless; let us have at them, dear friends, with might and main. Some there are, and very successful, too, mere quacks and fools; and it was to combat and expose such as these, no doubt, that laughter was made." *

The passage is better than any outside comment on the spirit of Thackeray's work; only the shallow and undiscriminating reader fails to see that Thackeray's seriousness is deeper and more vital than his cynicism; that though the smile of the man of the world be on his lips, few hearts are more gentle, more compassionate, more tender; that though he is quick to scorn, few eyes have looked out on this unintelligible world through more kindly or more honest tears. Satirist as he is, he kneels with the genuine and whole-souled devotion of Chaucer, of Shakespeare, and of Milton, before the simple might of innocence and of goodness. In the midst of this world of *Vanity Fair*, with its pettiness, its knavery, and its foolishness, he places the unspoilt Amelia and the honest and faithful Major Dobbin. If in *Pendennis* we have the world as it looks to the idlers in the major's club windows, we have also Laura, and "Pen's" confiding mother, apart from it, and unspotted by its taint. But more beautiful than all other creations of Thackeray's reverent and loving nature, is the immortal presence of Colonel Newcome, the man whose memory we hold sacred as that of one we have loved—the strong, humble, simple-minded gentleman, the grizzled soldier with the heart of a little child. In such characters Thackeray, too, preaches to us, in his own fashion, the old lesson dear to lofty souls, that

> "Virtue can be assailed, but never hurt,
> Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled." †

* "Vanity Fair," vol. i. chap. viii.

† Milton's "Comus," see pp. 220–221, *supra*.

So he echoes Scott's dying injunction to Lockhart: "Be a good man, my dear," by showing us, in the corruption of much that is mean and vile, that beauty of holiness which can

"Redeem nature from the general curse,"

that fair flower of simple goodness which, blossoming in tangled and thorny ways, sweetens for us the noisome places of the earth.

In addition to his work as painter of contemporary manners, Thackeray has enriched the literature by two remarkable historical novels, *Henry Esmond* (1852) and its sequel, *The Virginians* (1857–1859). In the first of these we have the fruits of Thackeray's careful and loving study of eighteenth century England, a period with which he was especially identified, and which he had treated critically with extraordinary charm and sympathy in his *Lectures on the English Humorists* (pub. 1853). *Esmond* is one of the greatest, possibly the greatest historical novel in English fiction. The story is supposed to be told by Esmond himself, and the book seems less that of a modern writing about the past than the contemporary record of the past itself. Nothing is more wonderful in it, than the art with which Thackeray abandons his usual manner to identify himself with the narrator he has created. Yet in this, perhaps, we should rather see the real tender-hearted Thackeray, his thin veil of cynicism thrown aside.

Thackeray's style is exceptionally finished and charming; light, graceful, and incisive, it places him among the greatest prose masters of English fiction.

Among the many women who have gained distinction as writers of fiction since the appearance of Miss Burney's *Evelina* (1778), one at least cannot be passed over even in the briefest survey. *George Eliot* (*Mary Ann Evans*,

1820–1881) stands easily in the front rank of English novelists, and must, moreover, be recognized as one of the most representative and influential writers of the latter half of the century. She was born at Chilvers Coton Parish, in Warwickshire, the county of intermingled Celt and English that has given so much to literature. Her father, like the elder Carlyle, was a plain, capable, practical man; one of those who do the world's work faithfully and silently. His daughter has preserved for us some traits of his strong, simple nature in the character of Caleb Garth, in *Middlemarch*. Much of George Eliot's best work deals with those phases of English provincial life among which many of her early years were passed. With a broader scope, a freer and more masculine handling than that of any writer who had preceded her in the field, by such novels as *Adam Bede* (1859), *The Mill on the Floss* (1860), and *Middlemarch* (1871–1872), she is as emphatically the great painter of English country life as Dickens is of the slums and of the poor, or Thackeray of club life and of fashion. *Romola*, an historical novel of the Florence of Savonarola, is her one notable departure from her chosen sphere. George Eliot's work fills us with an intense sense of reality. Her characters are substantial, living people, drawn with a Shakesperean truth and insight. In order to interest us in them she is not forced, as Dickens was, to rely on outward eccentricities. In Tom and Maggie Tulliver, in Dorothea Brooke, in Tito Melema, or in Gwendolen Harleth, we enter into and identify ourselves with the inner experiences of a human soul. These and the other great creations of George Eliot's genius are not set characters; like ourselves, they are subject to change, acted upon by others, acting on others in their turn; molded by the daily pressure of things within and things without. We are made to understand the growth or the degener-

George Eliot, 1820–1881.

ation of their souls; how Tito slips half consciously down the easy slopes of self-indulgence, or Romola learns through suffering to ascend the heights of self-renunciation. The novels of George Eliot move under a heavy weight of tragic earnestness; admirable as is their art, graphic and telling as is their humor, they are weighed down with a burden of philosophic teaching, which in the later books, especially *Daniel Deronda*, grows too heavy for the story, and injures the purely literary value. The duty of giving up personal enjoyment to forward the progress of the race is a doctrine often inculcated, and one in keeping with many modern aspirations. But quite aside from their teaching, it is the art of these great books, their poetic beauty of style, their subtle understanding of the lives of men and women, that places them with the great imaginative productions of the literature.

Recent Poetry.

While the life and aspirations of our age find their most popular and influential interpretation in the novel, the Victorian era has made some lasting additions to the great body of English poetry. Poetry has been studied and practiced as an art with a care which recalls the age of Anne, and even minor writers have acquired an extraordinary finish, and a mastery of novel poetic forms. This attention to form is commonly thought to have begun with Keats, and since 1830 Tennyson has proved himself one of the most versatile and consummate artists in the history of English verse. As is usual in periods of scrupulous and conscious art, this recent poetry has been graceful or meditative, rather than powerful and passionate. It excels in the lyric rather than in the dramatic form; it delights in expressing the poet's own shifting moods, and, as a rule, it leaves to the novel the vigorous objective portrayal of life. It finds a relief in escaping from the confined air of our

modern life into the freedom and simplicity of nature, and it has never lost that subtle and inspired feeling for the mystery of the visible world which came into poetry in the previous century. The supremacy of science and the advance of democracy, the two motive forces in English life and thought since 1830, have acted on modern poetry in different ways. There are poets who think themselves fallen on evil days; who, repelled by the sordidness, ugliness, and materialism of a scientific and mercantile generation, seek to escape in poetry to a world less vulgar and more to their minds. Like Keats, they ignore the peculiar hopes and perplexities of their age, to wander after the all-sufficient spirit of beauty. This tendency is seen in the early classic poems of *Matthew Arnold* (1822–1888), in the *Atalanta in Calydon* of *Algernon Charles Swinburne* (1837–), or in the poems of those associated with the English Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, *Dante Gabriel Rossetti* (1828–1882) with his odor of Italy, and his rich and curious felicity of phrase. This *poetry of evasion*, as it may be called, is seen also in the early work of *William Morris* (1834–), in his classic study, *The Life and Death of Jason* (1867), and in his *Earthly Paradise* (1868–1870), a gathering of beautiful stories from the myths and legends of many lands.

The Poetry of Evasion.

Other poets, unsettled by doubts which have come with modern science, and unable to reconcile faith to the new knowledge of their time, carry into their work that uncertainty and unbelief which is the moral disease of their generation. The most characteristic poetry of Matthew Arnold is the outcome of this mood. In his *Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse*, *Obermann*, *Heine's Grave*, and many other poems, we see a man at odds with his time, unwilling to

The Poetry of Doubt.

doubt, yet unable to believe. Through his refined, scholarly, and well nigh faultless verse, there runs a forlorn and pathetic bravery sadder than open despair. Somewhat the same tone is present, but animated by a strain of greater faith and hope, in the poems of Arnold's friend, *Arthur Hugh Clough* (1819–1861), a man of genius and of promise, while James Thomson's *City of Dreadful Night* (1874) is the poetry of despair.

Happily the two greatest and most representative poets of our epoch, *Alfred Tennyson* and *Robert Browning*, belong to neither of these groups. Differing widely in manner and in their theory of art, they have at least one point in common. Both face frankly and boldly the many questions of their age; neither evading nor succumbing to its intellectual difficulties, they still find beauty and goodness in the life of the world about them; holding fast the "things which are not seen" as a present reality, they still cherish "the faith which looks through death."

The Poetry of Faith and Hope.

The slightest acquaintance with the poetry of *Alfred Tennyson* (1809–1892), assures us that he is first of all the consummate artist. He has brought to the service of his art all that can be gathered by the life-long study of the great productions of the past, all that can be gained by the most patient and skillful cultivation of great natural gifts. He represents the best traditions of literature as truly as Browning represents a distinctly radical element, and in his work, as in that of Milton, the scholar is constantly delighted by reminiscences of his study of the great poets of antiquity. Tennyson's perfect mastery of his art is shown in the extraordinary scope and variety of his work, for few poets have won success in so many different fields.

Alfred Tennyson.

His lyrics, from the early metrical experiments of *Claribel* and *Lilian* to *Crossing the Bar*, or the songs in *The Foresters* (1892), make up a body of lyrical work unequaled in melody or beauty by any poet of our time. The songs scattered through *The Princess* are as faultless as they are famous.

As a Lyric Poet.

"I have led her home, my love, my only friend,"

in *Maud*, is one of the noblest love-lyrics of the language, not inferior to the rapturous and familiar *Garden Song* in the same poem.

Like many poets of his time, Tennyson has dealt with classical themes; winning notable success in *The Lotos-Eaters* with its contrast study, *Ulysses*, in *Œnone*, *Tithonus*, *Lucretius*, and other poems of the same order. But even here Tennyson is modern rather than Greek, infusing into old-world myth or story the moods and aspirations peculiar to his time.

Classic Poems.

He has shown us the narrow asceticism of the Middle Ages in *St. Simon Stylites*, its higher religious aspiration in *St. Agnes's Eve*, and his longest poem, *The Idyls of the King*, preserves at least the outward garb of mediæval chivalry. The *Recollections of the Arabian Nights* is a dreamy revelation of the imagined splendors of the Orient, while *The Gardener's Daughter*, *The Miller's Daughter*, and *Dora*, are exquisite idyls of contemporary England. Only in the drama can Tennyson be said to have distinctly fallen below his high standard of excellence, yet even here his failure is only comparative and easily explained by many extenuating circumstances. Yet while Tennyson's subjects are thus drawn from many centuries and many lands, he is distinctly the spokesman of his time.

Mediævalism.

Locksley Hall (published in 1842) is aflame with those new hopes of progress which, at the beginning of our

epoch, had replaced the cynical despair of Byron. Its hero saw science trembling on the verge of mighty discoveries; he

> "dipt into the future far as human eye could see,
> Saw the Vision of the World, and all the wonder that would be."

It is the poem of democracy, and while it cries out against "the jingling of the guinea," and "the social lies that warp us from the living truth," it looks forward to a time of universal brotherhood and peace, when

> "—the war drum *throbs* no longer, and the battle flags *are* furled,
> In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

And as Tennyson here expresses his age's young enthusiasm, he likewise expresses in *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After* that disappointment at the real or apparent failure of its early hopes which characterizes our later times. The cry of the first poem is "Forward"; that of the second, the scornful echo of the watchword of an imagined progress:

> "Gone the cry of Forward, Forward—lost within a growing gloom;
> Lost, or only heard in silence from the silence of a tomb.
> Half the marvels of my morning, triumphs over time and space,
> Staled by frequence, shrunk by usage, into commonest commonplace."

The faithfulness of the two *Locksley Halls* to the mood of their respective times might be further illustrated, but enough has been said to indicate their representative character.

The mood of despondency in the later poem is, however, entirely foreign to the predominant spirit of Tennyson's work. In general he is the poet of progress. After the reckless license and fierce enthusiasms of Byron, after Shelley's glorious but intangible dreams of social reconstruction, we have in Tennyson the poet of a rational

and definite progress, an advance to be gradually gained through established social and political institutions. He doubts not that

> "Through the ages one increasing purpose runs;" *

he rejoices in

> "A land of settled government,
> A land of just and old renown,
> Where Freedom slowly broadens down
> From precedent to precedent." †

It is impossible to dwell here on the many ways in which Tennyson's work binds him to his time. He is one with it in his feeling for science and the supremacy of law; its questionings are embodied in *In Memoriam* (1850), the most profound and original of his poems. Notwithstanding some traces of despondency in certain of his later poems, he is from first to last the undaunted singer of faith and hope, beholding with unwavering vision,

> "That God, which ever lives and loves,
> One God, one Law, one element
> And one far-off, divine event,
> To which the whole creation moves." ‡

Tennyson's ultimate place in English poetry is, of course, a matter of individual conjecture. He has not that fresh and original power which makes the poetry of Shakespeare, Wordsworth, or Browning the breath of a new revelation, but it seems probable that he will hold a high place among the poets of the second rank. With an art that is well nigh flawless, with a lofty and beautiful ideal of life, he has worn worthily the

> "laurel greener from the brows
> Of him who uttered nothing base." §

* "Locksley Hall."

† From poem beginning "You ask me why tho' ill at ease."

‡ "In Memoriam," conclusion.

§ "Dedication to the Queen."

While no recent English poet is so broadly representative as Tennyson, *Robert Browning* (1812–1889) has been a guide and an inspiration to many, especially in the latter part of our era, fulfilling as no other has done the deepest spiritual needs of his generation. From the first, Browning's genius has been more bold, irregular, and independent than that of Tennyson; he has been less responsive to the changing mood of his time; he has rather proved the leader of it, taking his own way unmoved by praise or blame, and at last compelling others to follow him. Browning has been one of the most prolific of English poets. His work covers more than half a century of almost incessant production (*Pauline*, 1833–*Asolando*, 1889), and in sheer bulk and intellectual vigor shows a creative energy hardly surpassed by any English poet since Shakespeare. This vast body of poetry forms a unique contribution to literature. It is consistent in aim, apparently uninfluenced by the changing phases of contemporary thought; in the main it is built up round a few central ideas, clearly grasped at the start and adhered to until the end. It is independent and often eccentric in style, composed in defiance of the prevailing theory of art; it rises solitary, abrupt, rugged, and powerful, from an age of fluent, graceful, and melodious verse. Browning is no

Robert Browning.

"idle singer of an empty day,"

but a profound and original genius, facing in deadly earnest men's "obstinate questionings" of life and of death.

To Browning the only explanation of the mystery of this present life is to be found in its relation to a future one. To him, God, the soul, and personal immortality are the fundamental and all-important facts. Life and the development of the soul are to be studied in their

relations to future regions of activity, and only thus do the uses of error and of suffering become intelligible. The study of the individual soul, especially at some crisis in its development, the habitual interpretation of life from the eternal rather than the temporal or earthly aspect, are accordingly characteristic of Browning's work. The spirit of such poetry is directly opposite to that of Shakespeare, who planted himself firmly on the solid earth, and this difference is illustrative of the contrast between Elizabethan and Victorian England. *Men and Women* (1855) contains many of the best of Browning's shorter poems, while *The Ring and the Book* (1868) is the most considerable and surprising poetic achievement of the century. As a master of verse Browning is distinctly inferior to Tennyson, yet hostile and careless readers are apt to greatly undervalue his purely poetic gifts. In the songs in *Paracelsus* (1835) and *Pippa Passes* (1841), and in many other charming lyrics, he has shown us that

"He who blows through bronze may breathe through silver." *

But his greatest triumphs have been won in quite different poetic forms from those to which the smooth and facile art of the day has made us accustomed. His shorter narrative poems, *Iván Ivánovitch*, *Martin Relph*, *Muléykèh*, have often a graphic vigor unequaled by any recent poet, and few poets of any age can approach him in the subtle art with which he makes a soul naturally reveal its inmost recesses. He has enlarged the province of poetry by the daring originality of his poetic methods, and his view of life is the most stimulating and spiritual of any English poet, not excepting Milton.

Browning is a thinker and teacher in verse, and in many cases argument and philosophy are suffered to crowd out

* "One Word More," in "Men and Women."

that beauty which is the soul of true art. But in spite of his intellectual force and intense moral purpose, he has the poet's sensuousness and the poet's intensity. He is no mere reasoner in verse, but the most profoundly passionate singer of his time, and while much of his work will doubtless decline in importance, he has made great and permanent additions to the literature of his country.

Thus in a great English poet of our own day we find that deep religious earnestness, that astounding force, which we noted in those English tribes who nearly fifteen centuries ago began to possess themselves of the land of Britain. Henry Morley reminds us that the opening lines of Cædmon's *Creation*, the first words of English literature on English soil, are words of praise to the Almighty Maker of all things. After reviewing in outline the long and splendid history of the literature thus solemnly begun, we find in the two greatest poet voices of our own day, *Alfred Tennyson* and *Robert Browning*, the note of an invincible faith, an undiminished hope, we find them affirming in the historic spirit of the English race,

"Thy soul and God stand sure."

SELECTION FROM CARLYLE.

ROBERT BURNS.

From "Heroes and Hero Worship."

It was a curious phenomenon, in the withered, unbelieving, second-hand eighteenth century, that of a Hero starting up, among the artificial pasteboard figures and productions, in the guise of a Robert Burns. Like a little well in the rocky desert places,—like a sudden splendour of Heaven in the artificial Vauxhall! People knew not what to make of it. They took it for a piece of the Vauxhall fire-work; alas, it *let* itself be so taken, though struggling half-blindly, as in bitterness of death, against that! Perhaps no man had such a false reception from his fellow-men. Once more a very wasteful life-drama was enacted under the sun.

The tragedy of Burns's life is known to all of you. Surely, we may say, if discrepancy between place held and place merited constitute perverseness of lot for a man, no lot could be more perverse than Burns's. Among those secondhand acting-figures, *mimes* for the most part, of the eighteenth century, once more a giant Original Man; one of those men who reach down to the perennial Deeps, who take rank with the heroic among men: and he was born in a poor Ayrshire hut. The largest soul of all the British lands came among us in the shape of a hard-handed Scottish Peasant.

His Father, a poor toiling man, tried various things; did not succeed in any; was involved in continual difficulties. The Steward, Factor as the Scotch call him, used to send letters and threatenings, Burns says, "which threw us all into tears." The brave, hard-toiling, hard-suffering Father, his brave heroine of a wife; and those children, of whom Robert was one! In this Earth, so wide otherwise, no shelter for *them*. The letters "threw us all into tears": figure it. The brave Father, I say always;—a *silent* Hero and Poet; without whom the son had never been a speaking one! Burns's Schoolmaster came afterwards to London, learnt what good society was; but declares that in no meeting of men did he ever enjoy better discourse than at the hearth of this peasant. And his poor "seven acres of nursery ground,"—not that, nor the miserable patch of clay-farm, nor anything he tried to get a living by, would prosper with him; he had a sore unequal battle all his days. But he stood to it valiantly; a wise, faithful, unconquerable man;—swallowing-down how many sore sufferings daily into silence; fighting like an unseen Hero,—nobody publishing newspaper paragraphs about his nobleness; voting pieces of plate to him! However, he was not lost; nothing is lost. Robert is there; the outcome of him;—and indeed of many generations of such as him.

This Burns appeared under every disadvantage: uninstructed, poor, born only to hard manual toil; and writing, when it came to that, in a rustic special dialect, known only to a small province of the country he lived in. Had he written, even what he did write, in the general language of England, I doubt not he had already become universally recognized as being, or capable to be, one of our greatest men. That he should have tempted so many to penetrate through the rough husk of that dialect of his, is proof that there lay something far from common within it. He has gained a certain recognition, and is continuing to do so over all quarters of our wide Saxon world: wheresoever a Saxon dialect is spoken, it begins to be understood, by

personal inspection of this and the other, that one of the most considerable Saxon men of the eighteenth century was an Ayrshire peasant named Robert Burns. Yes, I will say, here too was a piece of the right Saxon stuff: strong as the Harz-rock, rooted in the depths of the world;—rock, yet with wells of living softness in it! A wild, impetuous whirlwind of passion and faculty slumbered quiet there; such heavenly melody dwelling in the heart of it. A noble, rough genuineness; homely, rustic, honest; true simplicity of strength, with its lightning-fire, with its soft dewy pity;—like the old Norse Thor, the Peasant-god!—

Burns's brother Gilbert, a man of much sense and worth, has told me that Robert, in his young days, in spite of their hardship, was usually the gayest of speech; a fellow of infinite frolic, laughter, sense, and heart; far pleasanter to hear there, stript cutting peats in the bog, or such like, than he ever afterwards knew him. I can well believe it. This basis of mirth ("*fond gaillard*," as old Marquis Mirabeau calls it), a primal element of sunshine and joyfulness, coupled with his other deep and earnest qualities, is one of the most attractive characteristics of Burns. A large fund of hope dwells in him; spite of his tragical history, he is not a mourning man. He shakes his sorrows gallantly aside; bounds forth victorious over them. It is as the lion shaking "dew-drops from his mane"; as the swift-bounding horse that *laughs* at the shaking of the spear. But, indeed, Hope, Mirth, of the sort like Burns's, are they not the outcome properly of warm, generous affection,—such as is the beginning of all to every man?

You would think it strange if I called Burns the most gifted British soul we had in all that century of his: and yet I believe the day is coming when there will be little danger in saying so. His writings, all that he *did* under such obstructions, are only a poor fragment of him. Professor Stewart remarked very justly, what, indeed, is true of all Poets good for much, that his poetry was not any particular faculty; but the general result of a naturally vigorous original mind expressing itself in that way. Burns's gifts, expressed in conversation, are the theme of all that ever heard him. All kinds of gifts: from the gracefulest utterances of courtesy, to the highest fire of passionate speech; loud floods of mirth, soft wailings of affection, laconic emphasis, clear piercing insight; all was in him. Witty duchesses celebrate him as a man whose speech "led them off their feet." This is beautiful; but still more beautiful that which Mr. Lockhart has recorded, which I have more than once alluded to,

How the waiters and ostlers at inns would get out of bed, and come crowding to hear this man speak! Waiters and ostlers;—they too were men, and here was a man! I have heard much about his speech; but one of the best things I ever heard of it was, last year, from a venerable gentleman long familiar with him. That it was speech distinguished by always *having something in it.* "He spoke rather little than much," this old man told me; "sat rather silent in those early days, as in the company of persons above him; and always when he did speak, it was to throw new light on the matter." I know not why anyone should ever speak otherwise!—But if we look at his general force of soul, his healthy *robustness* every way, the rugged downrightness, penetration, generous valour and manfulness that was in him,—when shall we readily find a better-gifted man?

Among the great men of the Eighteenth Century, I sometimes feel as if Burns might be found to resemble Mirabeau more than any other. They differ widely in vesture; yet look at them intrinsically. There is the same burly thick-necked strength of body as of soul;—built, in both cases, on what the old marquis calls a *fond gaillard.* By nature, by course of breeding, indeed by nation, Mirabeau has much more of bluster; a noisy, forward, unresting man. But the characteristic of Mirabeau too is veracity and sense, power of true *insight*, superiority of vision. The thing that he says is worth remembering. It is a flash of insight into some object or other; so do both these men speak. The same raging passions; capable too in both of manifesting themselves as the tenderest noble affections. Wit, wild laughter, energy, directness, sincerity; these were in both. The types of the two men are not dissimilar. Burns too could have governed, debated in National Assemblies; politicized, as few could. Alas, the courage which had to exhibit itself in capture of smuggling schooners in the Solway Frith; in keeping *silence* over so much, where no good speech, but only inarticulate rage was possible; this might have bellowed forth Ushers de Brézé and the like; and made itself visible to all men, in managing of kingdoms, in ruling of great ever-memorable epochs! But they said to him reprovingly, his Official Superiors said, and wrote: 'You are to work, not think.' Of your *thinking*-faculty, the greatest in this land, we have no need; you are to gauge beer there; for that only are *you* wanted. Very notable;—and worth mentioning, though we know what is to be said and answered! As if Thought, Power of Thinking, were not, at all times, in all places and situations of the world, precisely the thing that *was* wanted. The fatal man, is he not always the *un*thinking man, the

man who cannot think and *see;* but only grope, and hallucinate, and *miss*ee the nature of the thing he works with? He missees it, mis*takes* it, as we say, takes it for one thing, and it *is* another thing,—and leaves him standing like a Futility there! He is the fatal man; unutterably fatal, put in the high places of men.—"Why complain of this?" say some: "Strength is mournfully denied its arena; that was true from of old." Doubtless; and the worse for the *arena*, answer I! *Complaining* profits little; stating of the truth may profit. That a Europe, with its French Revolution just breaking out, finds no need of a Burns except for gauging beer,—is a thing I, for one, cannot *rejoice* at!—

Once more we have to say here that the chief quality of Burns is the *sincerity* of him. So in his Poetry, so in his Life. The Song he sings is not of fantasticalities; it is of a thing felt, really there; the prime merit of this, as of all in him, and of his Life generally, is truth. The Life of Burns is what we may call a great tragic sincerity. A sort of savage sincerity,—not cruel, far from that; but wild, wrestling naked with the truth of things. In that sense, there is something of the savage in all great men.

Hero-worship,—Odin, Burns? Well; these Men of Letters too were not without a kind of hero-worship: but what a strange condition has that got into now! The waiters and ostlers of Scotch inns, prying about the door, eager to catch any word that fell from Burns, were doing unconscious reverence to the Heroic. Johnson had his Boswell for worshipper. Rousseau had worshippers enough; princes calling on him in his mean garret; the great, the beautiful doing reverence to the poor moonstruck man. For himself a most portentous contradiction; the two ends of his life not to be brought into harmony. He sits at the tables of grandees; and has to copy music for his own living. He cannot even get his music copied: "By dint of dining out," says he, "I run the risk of dying by starvation at home." For his worshippers too, a most questionable thing! If doing Hero-worship well or badly be the test of vital well-being or ill-being to a generation, can we say that *these* generations are very first-rate?—And yet our heroic Men of Letters do teach, govern, are kings, priests, or what you like to call them; intrinsically there is no preventing it by any means whatever. The world *has* to obey him who thinks and sees in the world. The world can alter the manner of that; can either have it as blessed continuous summer sunshine, or as unblessed black thunder and tornado,—with unspeakable difference of profit for the world! The manner of it is very alterable; the matter and fact

of it is not alterable by any power under the sky. Light; or, failing that, lightning: the world can take its choice. Not whether we call an Odin god, prophet, priest, or what we call him; but whether we believe the word he tells us: there it all lies. If it be a true word, we shall have to believe it; believing it, we shall have to do it. What *name* or welcome we give him or it, is a point that concerns ourselves mainly. *It*, the new Truth, new deeper revealing of the Secret of this Universe, is verily of the nature of a message from on high; and must and will have itself obeyed.—

My last remark is on that notablest phasis of Burns's history,—his visit to Edinburgh. Often it seems to me as if his demeanour there were the highest proof he gave of what a fund of worth and genuine manhood was in him. If we think of it, few heavier burdens could be laid on the strength of a man. So sudden; all common *Lionism*, which ruins innumerable men, was as nothing to this. It is as if Napoleon had been made a King of, not gradually, but at once from the Artillery Lieutenancy in the Regiment la Fère. Burns, still only in his twenty-seventh year, is no longer even a ploughman; he is flying to the West Indies to escape disgrace and a jail. This month he is a ruined peasant, his wages seven pounds a year, and these gone from him: next month he is in the blaze of rank and beauty, handing down jewelled duchesses to dinner; the cynosure of all eyes!

Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man; but for one man who can stand prosperity there are a hundred that will stand adversity. I admire much the way in which Burns met all this. Perhaps no man one could point out, was ever so sorely tried, and so little forgot himself. Tranquil, unastonished; not abashed, not inflated, neither awkwardness nor affectation: he feels that *he* there is the man Robert Burns; that the "rank is but the guinea's stamp"; that the celebrity is but the candle-light, which will show *what* man, not in the least make him a better or other man! Alas, it may readily, unless he look to it, make him a *worse* man; a wretched, inflated wind-bag,—inflated till he *burst* and become a *dead* lion; for whom, as someone has said, "there is no resurrection of the body"; worse than a living dog!—Burns is admirable here.

And yet, alas, as I have observed elsewhere, these Lion-hunters were the ruin and death of Burns. It was they that rendered it impossible for him to live! They gathered round him in his Farm; hindered his industry; no place was remote enough for them. He could not get his Lionism forgotten, honestly as he was disposed to do so. He falls into discontents, into miseries, faults; the world get-

ting ever more desolate for him; health, character, peace of mind, all gone;—solitary enough now. It is tragical to think of! These men came but to *see* him; it was out of no sympathy with him, nor no hatred to him. They came to get a little amusement: they got their amusement;—and the Hero's life went for it!

Richter says, in the Island of Sumatra there is a kind of "Light-chafers," large Fire-flies, which people stick upon spits, and illuminate the ways with at night. Persons of condition can thus travel with a pleasant radiance, which they much admire. Great honour to the Fire-flies! But—!——

SELECTION FROM MACAULAY.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.*

Samuel Johnson, one of the most eminent English writers of the eighteenth century, was the son of Michael Johnson, who was, at the beginning of that century, a magistrate of Lichfield, and a bookseller of great note in the midland counties. Michael's abilities and attainments seem to have been considerable. He was so well acquainted with the contents of the volumes which he exposed to sale, that the country rectors of Staffordshire and Worcestershire thought him an oracle on points of learning. Between him and the clergy, indeed, there was a strong religious and political sympathy. He was a zealous Churchman, and, though he qualified himself for municipal office by taking the oaths to the sovereigns in possession, was to the last a Jacobite in heart. At his house—a house which is still pointed out to every traveler who visits Lichfield—Samuel was born on the 18th of September, 1709. In the child the physical, intellectual, and moral peculiarities which afterwards distinguished the man were plainly discernible; great muscular strength, accompanied by much awkwardness and many infirmities; great quickness of parts, with a morbid propensity to sloth and procrastination; a kind and generous heart, with a gloomy and irritable temper. He had inherited from his ancestors a scrofulous taint, which it was beyond the power of medicine to remove. His parents were weak enough to believe that the royal touch was a specific for this malady. In his third year he was taken up to London, inspected by the court surgeon, prayed over by

* This article was prepared for the "Ency. Brit." and is retained in the ninth ed. Macaulay also wrote a review of Croker's ed. of Boswell's "Life of Johnson," which the student would do well to consult.

the court chaplains, and stroked and presented with a piece of gold by Queen Anne. One of his earliest recollections was that of a stately lady in a diamond stomacher and a long black hood. Her hand was applied in vain. The boy's features, which were originally noble and not irregular, were distorted by his malady. His cheeks were deeply scarred. He lost for a time the sight of one eye, and he saw but very imperfectly with the other. But the force of his mind overcame every impediment. Indolent as he was, he acquired knowledge with such ease and rapidity that at every school to which he was sent he was soon the best scholar. From sixteen to eighteen he resided at home, and was left to his own devices. He learned much at this time, though his studies were without guidance and without plan. He ransacked his father's shelves, dipped into a multitude of books, read what was interesting, and passed over what was dull. An ordinary lad would have acquired little or no useful knowledge in such a way; but much that was dull to ordinary lads was interesting to Samuel. He read little Greek; for his proficiency in that language was not such that he could take much pleasure in the masters of Attic poetry and eloquence. But he had left school a good Latinist, and he soon acquired, in the large and miscellaneous library of which he now had the command, an extensive knowledge of Latin literature. That Augustan delicacy of taste, which is the boast of the great public schools of England, he never possessed. But he was early familiar with some classical writers who were quite unknown to the best scholars in the sixth form at Eton. He was peculiarly attracted by the works of the great restorers of learning. Once, while searching for some apples, he found a huge folio volume of Petrarch's works. The name excited his curiosity, and he eagerly devoured hundreds of pages. Indeed, the diction and versification of his own Latin compositions show that he had paid at least as much attention to modern copies from the antique as to the original models.

While he was thus irregularly educating himself, his family was sinking into hopeless poverty. Old Michael Johnson was much better qualified to pore upon books, and to talk about them, than to trade in them. His business declined; his debts increased; it was with difficulty that the daily expenses of his household were defrayed. It was out of his power to support his son at either university; but a wealthy neighbor offered assistance, and, in reliance on promises which proved to be of very little value, Samuel was entered at Pembroke College, Oxford. When the young scholar presented himself to the rulers of that society, they were amazed not more by his

ungainly figure and eccentric manners than by the quantity of extensive and curious information which he had picked up during many months of desultory, but not unprofitable, study. On the first day of his residence he surprised his teachers by quoting Macrobius; and one of the most learned among them declared that he had never known a freshman of equal attainments.

At Oxford, Johnson resided during about three years. He was poor, even to raggedness; and his appearance excited a mirth and a pity which were equally intolerable to his haughty spirit. He was driven from the quadrangle of Christ's Church by the sneering looks which the members of that aristocratical society cast at the holes in his shoes. Some charitable person placed a new pair at his door, but he spurned them away in a fury. Distress made him, not servile, but reckless and ungovernable. No opulent gentleman commoner, panting for one-and-twenty, could have treated the academical authorities with more gross disrespect. The needy scholar was generally to be seen under the gate at Pembroke, a gate now adorned with his effigy, haranguing a circle of lads, over whom, in spite of his tattered gown and dirty linen, his wit and audacity gave him an undisputed ascendency. In every mutiny against the discipline of the college he was the ringleader. Much was pardoned, however, to a youth so highly distinguished by abilities and acquirements. He had early made himself known by turning Pope's "Messiah" into Latin verse. The style and rhythm, indeed, were not exactly Virgilian, but the translation found many admirers, and was read with pleasure by Pope himself.

The time drew near at which Johnson would, in the ordinary course of things, have become a Bachelor of Arts, but he was at the end of his resources. Those promises of support on which he had relied had not been kept. His family could do nothing for him. His debts to Oxford tradesmen were small indeed, yet larger than he could pay. In the autumn of 1731 he was under the necessity of quitting the university without a degree. In the following winter his father died. The old man left but a pittance, and of that pittance almost the whole was appropriated to the support of his widow. The property to which Samuel succeeded amounted to no more than twenty pounds.

His life, during the thirty years which followed, was one hard struggle with poverty. The misery of that struggle needed no aggravation, but was aggravated by the sufferings of an unsound body and an unsound mind. Before the young man left the university, his hereditary malady had broken forth in a singularly cruel form. He had

become an incurable hypochondriac. He said long after that he had been mad all his life, or at least not perfectly sane; and, in truth, eccentricities less strange than his have often been thought grounds sufficient for absolving felons, and for setting aside wills. His grimaces, his gestures, his mutterings, sometimes diverted and sometimes terrified people who did not know him. At a dinner-table he would, in a fit of absence, stoop down and twitch off a lady's shoe. He would amaze a drawing room by suddenly ejaculating a clause of the Lord's Prayer. He would conceive an unintelligible aversion to a particular alley, and perform a great circuit rather than see the hateful place. He would set his heart on touching every post in the streets through which he walked. If by any chance he missed a post, he would go back a hundred yards and repair the omission. Under the influence of his disease, his senses became morbidly torpid and his imagination morbidly active. At one time he would stand poring on the town-clock without being able to tell the hour. At another, he would distinctly hear his mother, who was many miles off, calling him by his name. But this was not the worst. A deep melancholy took possession of him, and gave a dark tinge to all his views of human nature and of human destiny. Such wretchedness as he endured has driven many men to shoot themselves or drown themselves; but he was under no temptation to commit suicide. He was sick of life, but he was afraid of death; and he shuddered at every sight or sound which reminded him of the inevitable hour. In religion he found but little comfort during his long and frequent fits of dejection, for his religion partook of his own character. The light from heaven shone on him indeed, but not in a direct line, or with its own pure splendor. The rays had to struggle through a disturbing medium; they reached him refracted, dulled, and discolored by the thick gloom which had settled on his soul; and, though they might be sufficiently clear to guide him, were too dim to cheer him.

With such infirmities of body and of mind, this celebrated man was left, at two-and-twenty, to fight his way through the world. He remained during about five years in the Midland Counties. At Lichfield, his birthplace and his early home, he had inherited some friends and acquired others. He was kindly noticed by Henry Hervey, a gay officer of noble family, who happened to be quartered there. Gilbert Walmesley, registrar of the ecclesiastical court of the diocese, a man of distinguished parts, learning, and knowledge of the world, did himself honor by patronizing the young adventurer, whose repulsive person, unpolished manners, and squalid garb moved many of the petty

aristocracy of the neighborhood to laughter or to disgust. At Lichfield, however, Johnson could find no way of earning a livelihood. He became usher of a grammar-school in Leicestershire; he resided as a humble companion in the house of a country gentleman; but a life of dependence was insupportable to his haughty spirit. He repaired to Birmingham, and there earned a few guineas by literary drudgery. In that town he printed a translation, little noticed at the time, and long forgotten, of a Latin book about Abyssinia. He then put forth proposals for publishing by subscription the poems of Politian, with notes containing a history of modern Latin verse; but subscriptions did not come in, and the volume never appeared.

While leading this vagrant and miserable life, Johnson fell in love. The object of his passion was Mrs. Elizabeth Porter, a widow who had children as old as himself. To ordinary spectators, the lady appeared to be a short, fat, coarse woman, painted half an inch thick, dressed in gaudy colors, and fond of exhibiting provincial airs and graces which were not exactly those of the Queensberrys and Lepels. To Johnson, however, whose passions were strong, whose eyesight was too weak to distinguish ceruse from natural bloom, and who had seldom or never been in the same room with a woman of real fashion, his Titty, as he called her, was the most beautiful, graceful, and accomplished of her sex. That his admiration was unfeigned cannot be doubted, for she was as poor as himself. She accepted, with a readiness which did her little honor, the addresses of a suitor who might have been her son. The marriage, however, in spite of occasional wranglings, proved happier than might have been expected. The lover continued to be under the illusions of the wedding-day till the lady died in her sixty-fourth year. On her monument he placed an inscription, extolling the charms of her person and of her manners; and when, long after her decease, he had occasion to mention her, he exclaimed with a tenderness half ludicrous, half pathetic, "Pretty creature!"

His marriage made it necessary for him to exert himself more strenuously than he had hitherto done. He took a house in the neighborhood of his native town, and advertised for pupils. But eighteen months passed away, and only three pupils came to his academy. Indeed, his appearance was so strange, and his temper so violent, that his school-room must have resembled an ogre's den. Nor was the tawdry painted grandmother whom he called his Titty well qualified to make provision for the comfort of young gentlemen. David Garrick, who was one of the pupils, used, many years later, to throw

the best company of London into convulsions of laughter by mimicking the endearments of this extraordinary pair.

At length Johnson, in the twenty-eighth year of his age, determined to seek his fortune in the capital as a literary adventurer. He set out with a few guineas, three acts of the tragedy of "Irene" in manuscript, and two or three letters of introduction from his friend Walmesley.

Never since literature became a calling in England had it been a less gainful calling than at the time when Johnson took up his residence in London. In the preceding generation a writer of eminent merit was sure to be munificently rewarded by the government. The least that he could expect was a pension or a sinecure place; and, if he showed any aptitude for politics, he might hope to be a member of parliament, a lord of the treasury, an ambassador, a secretary of state. It would be easy, on the other hand, to name several writers of the nineteenth century of whom the least successful has received forty thousand pounds from the booksellers. But Johnson entered on his vocation in the most dreary part of the dreary interval which separated two ages of prosperity. Literature had ceased to flourish under the patronage of the great, and had not begun to flourish under the patronage of the public. One man of letters, indeed, Pope, had acquired by his pen what was then considered as a handsome fortune, and lived on a footing of equality with nobles and ministers of state. But this was a solitary exception. Even an author whose reputation was established, and whose works were popular—such an author as Thomson, whose "Seasons" were in every library; such an author as Fielding, whose "Pasquin" had had a greater run than any drama since "The Beggar's Opera"—was sometimes glad to obtain, by pawning his best coat, the means of dining on tripe at a cook-shop underground, where he could wipe his hands, after his greasy meal, on the back of a Newfoundland dog. It is easy, therefore, to imagine what humiliations and privations must have awaited the novice who had still to earn a name. One of the publishers to whom Johnson applied for employment measured with a scornful eye that athletic though uncouth frame, and exclaimed, "You had better get a porter's knot, and carry trunks." Nor was the advice bad, for a porter was likely to be as plentifully fed and as comfortably lodged as a poet.

Some time appears to have elapsed before Johnson was able to form any literary connection from which he could expect more than bread for the day which was passing over him. He never forgot the gener-

osity with which Hervey, who was now residing in London, relieved his wants during this time of trial. "Harry Hervey," said the old philosopher many years later, "was a vicious man; but he was very kind to me. If you call a dog Hervey, I shall love him." At Hervey's table Johnson sometimes enjoyed feasts which were made more agreeable by contrast. But in general he dined, and thought that he dined well, on sixpennyworth of meat and a pennyworth of bread at an alehouse near Drury Lane.

The effect of the privations and sufferings which he endured at this time was discernible to the last in his temper and his deportment. His manners had never been courtly; they now became almost savage. Being frequently under the necessity of wearing shabby coats and dirty shirts, he became a confirmed sloven. Being often very hungry when he sat down to his meals, he contracted a habit of eating with ravenous greediness. Even to the end of his life, and even at the tables of the great, the sight of food affected him as it affects wild beasts and birds of prey. His taste in cookery, formed in subterranean ordinaries and *alamode* beef-shops, was far from delicate. Whenever he was so fortunate as to have near him a hare that had been kept too long, or a meat-pie made with rancid butter, he gorged himself with such violence that his veins swelled, and the moisture broke out on his forehead. The affronts which his poverty emboldened stupid and low-minded men to offer to him would have broken a mean spirit into sycophancy, but made him rude even to ferocity. Unhappily, the insolence which, while it was defensive, was pardonable, and in some sense respectable, accompanied him into societies where he was treated with courtesy and kindness. He was repeatedly provoked into striking those who had taken liberties with him. All the sufferers, however, were wise enough to abstain from talking about their beatings, except Osborne, the most rapacious and brutal of booksellers, who proclaimed everywhere that he had been knocked down by the huge fellow whom he had hired to puff the Harleian Library.

About a year after Johnson had begun to reside in London, he was fortunate enough to obtain regular employment from Cave, an enterprising and intelligent bookseller, who was proprietor and editor of *The Gentleman's Magazine*. That journal, just entering on the ninth year of its long existence, was the only periodical work in the kingdom which then had what would now be called a large circulation. It was, indeed, the chief source of parliamentary intelligence. It was not then safe, even during a recess, to publish an account of the

proceedings of either House without some disguise. Cave, however, ventured to entertain his readers with what he called "Reports of the Debates of the Senate of Lilliput." France was Blefuscu; London was Mildendo; pounds were sprugs; the Duke of Newcastle was the Nardac Secretary of State; Lord Hardwicke was the Hurgo Hickrad; and William Pulteney was Wingul Pulnub. To write the speeches was, during several years, the business of Johnson. He was generally furnished with notes, meagre indeed, and inaccurate, of what had been said; but sometimes he had to find arguments and eloquence both for the ministry and for the opposition. He was himself a Tory, not from rational conviction—for his serious opinion was that one form of government was just as good or as bad as another—but from mere passion, such as inflamed the Capulets against the Montagues, or the Blues of the Roman circus against the Greens. In his infancy he had heard so much talk about the villainies of the Whigs, and the dangers of the Church, that he had become a furious partisan when he could scarcely speak. Before he was three, he had insisted on being taken to hear Sacheverel preach at Lichfield cathedral, and had listened to the sermon with as much respect, and probably with as much intelligence, as any Staffordshire squire in the congregation. The work which had been begun in the nursery had been completed by the university. Oxford, when Johnson resided there, was the most Jacobitical place in England, and Pembroke was one of the most Jacobitical colleges in Oxford. The prejudices which he brought up to London were scarcely less absurd than those of his own Tom Tempest. Charles the Second and James the Second were two of the best kings that ever reigned. Laud—a poor creature who never did, said, or wrote anything indicating more than the ordinary capacity of an old woman—was a prodigy of parts and learning, over whose tomb Art and Genius still continued to weep. Hampden deserved no more honorable name than that of "the zealot of rebellion." Even the ship money, condemned not less decidedly by Falkland and Clarendon than by the bitterest Roundheads, Johnson would not pronounce to have been an unconstitutional impost. Under a government the mildest that had ever been known in the world—under a government which allowed to the people an unprecedented liberty of speech and action—he fancied that he was a slave; he assailed the ministry with obloquy which refuted itself, and regretted the lost freedom and happiness of those golden days in which a writer who had taken but one-tenth part of the license allowed to him would have been pilloried, mangled with the shears, whipped at the cart's-tail, and flung into a

noisome dungeon to die. He hated dissenters and stockjobbers, the excise and the army, septennial parliaments and continental connections. He long had an aversion to the Scotch—an aversion of which he could not remember the commencement, but which, he owned, had probably originated in his abhorrence of the conduct of the nation during the Great Rebellion. It is easy to guess in what manner debates on great party questions were likely to be reported by a man whose judgment was so much disordered by party spirit. A show of fairness was indeed necessary to the prosperity of the magazine; but Johnson long afterwards owned that, though he had saved appearances, he had taken care that the Whig dogs should not have the best of it; and, in fact, every passage which has lived—every passage which bears the marks of his higher faculties—is put into the mouth of some member of the opposition.

A few weeks after Johnson had entered on these obscure labors, he published a work which at once placed him high among the writers of his age. It is probable that what he had suffered during his first year in London had often reminded him of some parts of that noble poem in which Juvenal had described the misery and degradation of a needy man of letters, lodged among the pigeons' nests in the tottering garrets which overhung the streets of Rome. Pope's admirable imitations of Horace's satires and epistles had recently appeared, were in every hand, and were by many readers thought superior to the originals. What Pope had done for Horace, Johnson aspired to do for Juvenal. The enterprise was bold, and yet judicious. For between Johnson and Juvenal there was much in common—much more, certainly, than between Pope and Horace.

Johnson's "London" appeared, without his name, in May, 1738. He received only ten guineas for this stately and vigorous poem; but the sale was rapid and the success complete. A second edition was required within a week. Those small critics who are always desirous to lower established reputations ran about proclaiming that the anonymous satirist was superior to Pope in Pope's own peculiar department of literature. It ought to be remembered, to the honor of Pope, that he joined heartily in the applause with which the appearance of a rival genius was welcomed. He made inquiries about the author of "London." Such a man, he said, could not long be concealed. The name was soon discovered; and Pope, with great kindness, exerted himself to obtain an academical degree and the mastership of a grammar school for the poor young

poet. The attempt failed, and Johnson remained a bookseller's hack.

It does not appear that these two men—the most eminent writer of the generation which was going out, and the most eminent writer of the generation which was coming in—ever saw each other. They lived in very different circles—one surrounded by dukes and earls, the other by starving pamphleteers and index-makers. Among Johnson's associates at this time may be mentioned Boyse, who, when his shirts were pledged, scrawled Latin verses sitting up in bed with his arms through two holes in his blanket, who composed very respectable sacred poetry when he was sober, and who was at last run over by a hackney-coach when he was drunk; Hoole, surnamed the metaphysical tailor, who, instead of attending to his measures, used to trace geometrical diagrams on the board where he sat cross-legged; and the penitent impostor, George Psalmanazar, who, after poring all day, in a humble lodging, on the folios of Jewish rabbis and Christian fathers, indulged himself at night with literary and theological conversation at an ale-house in the city. But the most remarkable of the persons with whom at this time Johnson consorted was Richard Savage, an earl's son, a shoemaker's apprentice, and had seen life in all its forms—who had feasted among blue ribbons in St. James's Square, and had lain with fifty pounds' weight of irons on his legs in the condemned ward of Newgate. This man had, after many vicissitudes of fortune, sunk at last into abject and hopeless poverty. His pen had failed him. His patrons had been taken away by death, or estranged by the riotous profusion with which he squandered their bounty, and the ungrateful insolence with which he rejected their advice. He now lived by begging. He dined on venison and champagne whenever he had been so fortunate as to borrow a guinea. If his questing had been unsuccessful, he appeased the rage of hunger with some scraps of broken meat, and lay down to rest under the piazza of Covent Garden in warm weather, and, in cold weather, as near as he could get to the furnace of a glass-house. Yet, in his misery, he was still an agreeable companion. He had an inexhaustible store of anecdotes about that gay and brilliant world from which he was now an outcast. He had observed the great men of both parties in hours of careless relaxation, had seen the leaders of opposition without the mask of patriotism, and had heard the Prime Minister roar with laughter and tell stories not over-decent. During some months Savage lived in the closest familiarity with Johnson; and then the friends parted, not without tears. Johnson remained in

London to drudge for Cave; Savage went to the West of England, lived there as he had lived everywhere, and, in 1743, died, penniless and heartbroken, in Bristol jail.

Soon after his death, while the public curiosity was strongly excited about his extraordinary character and his not less extraordinary adventures, a life of him appeared widely different from the catchpenny lives of eminent men which were then a staple article of manufacture in Grub Street. The style was indeed deficient in ease and variety; and the writer was evidently too partial to the Latin element of our language. But the little work, with all its faults, was a masterpiece. No finer specimen of literary biography existed in any language, living or dead; and a discerning critic might have confidently predicted that the author was destined to be the founder of a new school of English eloquence.

The "Life of Savage" was anonymous; but it was well known in literary circles that Johnson was the writer. During the three years which followed, he produced no important work; but he was not, and indeed could not be, idle. The fame of his abilities and learning continued to grow. Warburton pronounced him a man of parts and genius; and the praise of Warburton was then no light thing. Such was Johnson's reputation that, in 1747, several eminent booksellers combined to employ him in the arduous work of preparing a "Dictionary of the English Language," in two folio volumes. The sum which they agreed to pay him was only fifteen hundred guineas; and out of this sum he had to pay several poor men of letters who assisted him in the humbler parts of his task.

The prospectus of the "Dictionary" he addressed to the Earl of Chesterfield. Chesterfield had long been celebrated for the politeness of his manners, the brilliancy of his wit, and the delicacy of his taste. He was acknowledged to be the finest speaker in the House of Lords. He had recently governed Ireland, at a momentous conjuncture, with eminent firmness, wisdom, and humanity, and he had since become Secretary of State. He received Johnson's homage with the most winning affability, and requited it with a few guineas, bestowed doubtless in a very graceful manner, but was by no means desirous to see all his carpets blackened with the London mud, and his soups and wines thrown to right and left over the gowns of fine ladies and the waistcoats of fine gentlemen, by an absent, awkward scholar, who gave strange starts and uttered strange growls, who dressed like a scarecrow and ate like a cormorant. During some time Johnson continued to call on his patron, but, after being repeatedly told by the

porter that his lordship was not at home, took the hint, and ceased to present himself at the inhospitable door.

Johnson had flattered himself that he should have completed his "Dictionary" by the end of 1750, but it was not till 1755 that he at length gave his huge volumes to the world. During the seven years which he passed in the drudgery of penning definitions and marking quotations for transcription, he sought for relaxation in literary labor of a more agreeable kind. In 1749 he published the "Vanity of Human Wishes," an excellent imitation of the tenth satire of Juvenal. It is, in truth, not easy to say whether the palm belongs to the ancient or to the modern poet. The couplets in which the fall of Wolsey is described, though lofty and sonorous, are feeble when compared with the wonderful lines which bring before us all Rome in a tumult on the day of the fall of Sejanus—the laurels on the doorposts, the white bull stalking towards the Capitol, the statues rolling down from their pedestals, the flatterers of the disgraced minister running to see him dragged with a hook through the streets, and to have a kick at his carcass before it is hurled into the Tiber. It must be owned, too, that in the concluding passage the Christian moralist has not made the most of his advantages, and has fallen decidedly short of the sublimity of his Pagan model. On the other hand, Juvenal's Hannibal must yield to Johnson's Charles; and Johnson's vigorous and pathetic enumeration of the miseries of a literary life must be allowed to be superior to Juvenal's lamentation over the fate of Demosthenes and Cicero.

For the copyright of the "Vanity of Human Wishes" Johnson received only fifteen guineas.

A few days after the publication of this poem, his tragedy, begun many years before, was brought on the stage. His pupil, David Garrick, had, in 1741, made his appearance on a humble stage in Goodman's Fields, had at once risen to the first place among actors, and was now, after several years of almost uninterrupted success, manager of Drury Lane Theatre. The relation between him and his old preceptor was of a very singular kind. They repelled each other strongly, and yet attracted each other strongly. Nature had made them of very different clay, and circumstances had fully brought out the natural peculiarities of both. Sudden prosperity had turned Garrick's head. Continued adversity had soured Johnson's temper. Johnson saw with more envy than became so great a man the villa, the plate, the china, the Brussels carpet, which the little mimic had got by repeating, with grimaces and gesticulations, what wiser men had written; and the exquisitely sensitive vanity of Garrick was galled by the thought that,

while all the rest of the world was applauding him, he could obtain from one morose cynic, whose opinion it was impossible to despise, scarcely any compliment not acidulated with scorn. Yet the two Lichfield men had so many early recollections in common, and sympathized with each other on so many points on which they sympathized with nobody else in the vast population of the capital, that, though the master was often provoked by the monkey-like impertinence of the pupil, and the pupil by the bearish rudeness of the master, they remained friends till they were parted by death. Garrick now brought "Irene" out, with alterations sufficient to displease the author, yet not sufficient to make the piece pleasing to the audience. The public, however, listened, with little emotion, but with much civility, to five acts of monotonous declamation. After nine representations, the play was withdrawn. It is, indeed, altogether unsuited to the stage, and, even when perused in the closet, will be found hardly worthy of the author. He had not the slightest notion of what blank verse should be. A change in the last syllable of every other line would make the versification of the "Vanity of Human Wishes" closely resemble the versification of "Irene." The poet, however, cleared, by his benefit nights, and by the sale of the copyright of his tragedy, about three hundred pounds—then a great sum in his estimation.

About a year after the representation of "Irene," he began to publish a series of short essays on morals, manners, and literature. This species of composition had been brought into fashion by the success of *The Tatler*, and by the still more brilliant success of *The Spectator*. A crowd of small writers had vainly attempted to rival Addison. "The Lay Monastery," *The Censor*, *The Freethinker*, *The Plain Dealer*, *The Champion*, and other works of the same kind, had had their short day. None of them had obtained a permanent place in our literature; and they are now to be found only in the libraries of the curious. At length Johnson undertook the adventure in which so many aspirants had failed. In the thirty-sixth year after the appearance of the last number of *The Spectator* appeared the first number of *The Rambler*. From March, 1750, to March, 1752, this paper continued to come out every Tuesday and Saturday.

From the first, *The Rambler* was enthusiastically admired by a few eminent men. Richardson, when only five numbers had appeared, pronounced it equal, if not superior, to *The Spectator*. Young and Hartley expressed their approbation not less warmly. Bubb Dodington, among whose many faults indifference to the claims of genius

and learning cannot be reckoned, solicited the acquaintance of the writer. In consequence, probably, of the good offices of Dodington, who was then the confidential adviser of Prince Frederic, two of his royal highness's gentlemen carried a gracious message to the printing-office, and ordered seven copies for Leicester House. But these overtures seem to have been coldly received. Johnson had had enough of the patronage of the great to last him all his life, and was not disposed to haunt any other door as he had haunted the door of Chesterfield.

By the public *The Rambler* was at first very coldly received. Though the price of a number was only twopence, the sale did not amount to five hundred. The profits were therefore very small. But as soon as the flying leaves were collected and reprinted, they became popular. The author lived to see thirteen thousand copies spread over England alone. Separate editions were published for the Scotch and Irish markets. A large party pronounced the style perfect, so absolutely perfect that in some essays it would be impossible for the writer himself to alter a single word for the better. Another party, not less numerous, vehemently accused him of having corrupted the purity of the English tongue. The best critics admitted that his diction was too monotonous, too obviously artificial, and now and then turgid even to absurdity. But they did justice to the acuteness of his observations on morals and manners, to the constant precision and frequent brilliancy of his language, to the weighty and magnificent eloquence of many serious passages, and to the solemn yet pleasing humor of some of the lighter papers. On the question of precedence between Addison and Johnson, a question which, seventy years ago, was much disputed, posterity has pronounced a decision from which there is no appeal. Sir Roger, his chaplain, and his butler, Will Wimble and Will Honeycomb, the "Vision of Mirza," the "Journal of the Retired Citizen," the "Everlasting Club," the "Dunmow Flitch," the "Loves of Hilpah and Shalum," the "Visit to the Exchange," and the "Visit to the Abbey," are known to everybody. But many men and women, even of highly cultivated minds, are unacquainted with Squire Bluster and Mrs. Busy, "Quisquillius and Venustulus," the "Allegory of Wit and Learning," the "Chronicle of the Revolutions of a Garret,' and the sad fate of "Aningait and Ajut."

The last *Rambler* was written in a sad and gloomy hour. Mrs. Johnson had been given over by the physicians. Three days later she died. She left her husband almost brokenhearted. Many people

had been surprised to see a man of his genius and learning stooping to every drudgery, and denying himself almost every comfort, for the purpose of supplying a silly, affected old woman with superfluities which she accepted with but little gratitude. But all his affection had been concentrated on her. He had neither brother nor sister, neither son nor daughter. To him she was beautiful as the Gunnings, and witty as Lady Mary. Her opinion of his writings was more important to him than the voice of the pit of Drury Lane Theatre, or the judgment of the *The Monthly Review*. The chief support which had sustained him through the most arduous labor of his life was the hope that she would enjoy the fame and the profit which he anticipated from his "Dictionary." She was gone; and, in that vast labyrinth of streets, peopled by eight hundred thousand human beings, he was alone. Yet it was necessary for him to set himself as he expressed it, doggedly to work. After three more laborious years, the "Dictionary" was at length complete.

It had been generally supposed that this great work would be dedicated to the eloquent and accomplished nobleman to whom the prospectus had been addressed. He well knew the value of such a compliment; and therefore, when the day of publication drew near, he exerted himself to soothe, by a show of zealous and at the same time of delicate and judicious kindness, the pride which he had so cruelly wounded. Since the *Ramblers* had ceased to appear, the town had been entertained by a journal called *The World*, to which many men of high rank and fashion contributed. In two successive numbers of *The World*, the "Dictionary" was, to use the modern phrase, puffed with wonderful skill. The writings of Johnson were warmly praised. It was proposed that he should be invested with the authority of a dictator, nay, of a pope, over our language, and that his decisions about the meaning and the spelling of words should be received as final. His two folios, it was said, would of course be bought by everybody who could afford to buy them. It was soon known that these papers were written by Chesterfield. But the just resentment of Johnson was not to be so appeased. In a letter written with singular energy and dignity of thought and language, he repelled the tardy advances of his patron. The "Dictionary" came forth without a dedication. In the preface the author truly declared that he owed nothing to the great, and described the difficulties with which he had been left to struggle so forcibly and pathetically that the ablest and most malevolent of all the enemies of his fame, Horne Tooke, never could read that passage without tears.

The public, on this occasion, did Johnson full justice, and something more than justice. The best lexicographer may well be content if his productions are received by the world with cold esteem. But Johnson's "Dictionary" was hailed with an enthusiasm such as no similar work has ever excited. It was indeed the first dictionary which could be read with pleasure. The definitions show so much acuteness of thought and command of language, and the passages quoted from poets, divines and philosophers, are so skillfully selected, that a leisure hour may always be very agreeably spent in turning over the pages. The faults of the book resolve themselves, for the most part, into one great fault. Johnson was a wretched etymologist. He knew little or nothing of any Teutonic language except English which, indeed, as he wrote it, was scarcely a Teutonic language; and thus he was absolutely at the mercy of Junius and Skinner.

The "Dictionary," though it raised Johnson's fame, added nothing to his pecuniary means. The fifteen hundred guineas which the booksellers had agreed to pay him had been advanced and spent before the last sheets issued from the press. It is painful to relate that, twice in the course of the year which followed the publication of this great work, he was arrested and carried to sponging-houses, and that he was twice indebted for his liberty to his excellent friend Richardson. It was still necessary for the man who had been formally saluted by the highest authority as dictator of the English language to supply his wants by constant toil. He abridged his "Dictionary." He proposed to bring out an edition of Shakespeare by subscription, and many subscribers sent in their names and laid down their money; but he soon found the task so little to his taste that he turned to more attractive employments. He contributed many papers to a new monthly journal, which was called *The Literary Magazine*. Few of these papers have much interest; but among them was the very best thing that he ever wrote, a masterpiece both of reasoning and of satirical pleasantry, the review of Jenyns's "Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil."

In the spring of 1758 Johnson put forth the first of a series of essays, entitled *The Idler*. During two years these essays continued to appear weekly. They were eagerly read, widely circulated, and, indeed, impudently pirated while they were still in the original form, and had a large sale when collected into volumes. *The Idler* may be described as a second part of *The Rambler*, somewhat livelier and somewhat weaker than the first part.

While Johnson was busied with his *Idlers*, his mother, who had

accomplished her ninetieth year, died at Lichfield. It was long since he had seen her; but he had not failed to contribute largely out of his small means to her comfort. In order to defray the charges of her funeral, and to pay some debts which she had left, he wrote a little book in a single week, and sent off the sheets to the press without reading them over. A hundred pounds were paid him for the copyright; and the purchasers had great cause to be pleased with their bargain, for the book was "Rasselas."

The success of "Rasselas" was great, though such ladies as Miss Lydia Languish must have been grievously disappointed when they found that the new volume from the circulating library was little more than a dissertation on the author's favorite theme, the Vanity of Human Wishes; that the Prince of Abyssinia was without a mistress, and the Princess without a lover; and that the story set the hero and the heroine down exactly where it had taken them up. The style was the subject of much eager controversy. *The Monthly Review* and *The Critical Review* took different sides. Many readers pronounced the writer a pompous pedant, who would never use a word of two syllables where it was possible to use a word of six, and who could not make a waiting woman relate her adventures without balancing every noun with another noun, and every epithet with another epithet. Another party, not less zealous, cited with delight numerous passages in which weighty meaning was expressed with accuracy and illustrated with splendor. And both the censure and the praise were merited.

About the plan of "Rasselas" little was said by the critics; and yet the faults of the plan might seem to invite severe criticism. Johnson has frequently blamed Shakespeare for neglecting the proprieties of time and place, and for ascribing to one age or nation the manners and opinions of another. Yet Shakespeare has not sinned in this way more grievously than Johnson. Rasselas and Imlac, Nekayah and Pekuah, are evidently meant to be Abyssinians of the eighteenth century; for the Europe which Imlac describes is the Europe of the eighteenth century; and the inmates of the Happy Valley talk familiarly of that law of gravitation which Newton discovered, and which was not fully received even at Cambridge till the eighteenth century. What a real company of Abyssinians would have been may be learned from Bruce's "Travels." But Johnson, not content with turning filthy savages, ignorant of their letters, and gorged with raw steaks cut from living cows, into philosophers as eloquent and enlightened as himself or his friend Burke, and into ladies as highly accomplished

as Mrs. Lennox or Mrs. Sheridan, transferred the whole domestic system of England to Egypt. Into a land of harems, a land of polygamy, a land where women are married without ever being seen, he introduced the flirtations and jealousies of our ballrooms. In a land where there is boundless liberty of divorce, wedlock is described as the indissoluble compact. "A youth and maiden meeting by chance, or brought together by artifice, exchange glances, reciprocate civilities, go home, and dream of each other. Such," says Rasselas, "is the common process of marriage." Such it may have been, and may still be, in London, but assuredly not at Cairo. A writer who was guilty of such improprieties had little right to blame the poet who made Hector quote Aristotle, and represented Julio Romano as flourishing in the days of the oracle of Delphi.

By such exertions as have been described, Johnson supported himself till the year 1762. In that year a great change in his circumstances took place. He had from a child been an enemy of the reigning dynasty. His Jacobite prejudices had been exhibited with little disguise both in his works and in his conversation. Even in his massy and elaborate "Dictionary," he had, with a strange want of taste and judgment, inserted bitter and contumelious reflections on the Whig party. The excise, which was a favorite resource of Whig financiers, he had designated as a hateful tax. He had railed against the commissioners of excise in language so coarse that they had seriously thought of prosecuting him. He had with difficulty been prevented from holding up the Lord Privy Seal by name as an example of the meaning of the word "renegade." A pension he had defined as pay given to a State hireling to betray his country; a pensioner, as a slave of State hired by a stipend to obey a master. It seemed unlikely that the author of these definitions would himself be pensioned. But that was a time of wonders. George the Third had ascended the throne, and had, in the course of a few months, disgusted many of the old friends and conciliated many of the old enemies of his house. The City was becoming mutinous. Oxford was becoming loyal. Cavendishes and Bentincks were murmuring. Somersets and Wyndhams were hastening to kiss hands. The head of the treasury was now Lord Bute, who was a Tory, and could have no objection to Johnson's Toryism. Bute wished to be thought a patron of men of letters; and Johnson was one of the most eminent and one of the most needy men of letters in Europe. A pension of three hundred a year was graciously offered, and with very little hesitation accepted.

This event produced a change in Johnson's whole way of life. For

the first time since his boyhood he no longer felt the daily goad urging him to the daily toil. He was at liberty, after thirty years of anxiety and drudgery, to indulge his constitutional indolence, to lie in bed till two in the afternoon, and to sit up talking till four in the morning, without fearing either the printer's devil or the sheriff's officer.

One laborious task, indeed, he had bound himself to perform. He had received large subscriptions for his promised edition of Shakespeare; he had lived on those subscriptions during some years; and he could not without disgrace omit to perform his part of the contract. His friends repeatedly exhorted him to make an effort, and he repeatedly resolved to do so. But, notwithstanding their exhortations and his resolutions, month followed month, year followed year, and nothing was done. He prayed fervently against his idleness; he determined, as often as he received the sacrament, that he would no longer doze away and trifle away his time; but the spell under which he lay resisted prayer and sacrament. His private notes at this time are made up of self-reproaches. "My indolence," he wrote on Easter eve in 1764, "has sunk into grosser sluggishness. A kind of strange oblivion has overspread me, so that I know not what has become of the last year." Easter, 1765, came, and found him still in the same state. "My time," he wrote, "has been unprofitably spent, and seems as a dream that has left nothing behind. My memory grows confused, and I know not how the days pass over me." Happily for his honor, the charm which held him captive was at length broken by no gentle or friendly hand. He had been weak enough to pay serious attention to a story about a ghost which haunted a house in Cock Lane, and had actually gone himself, with some of his friends, at one in the morning, to St. John's Church, Clerkenwell, in the hope of receiving a communication from the perturbed spirit. But the spirit, though adjured with all solemnity, remained obstinately silent; and it soon appeared that a naughty girl of eleven had been amusing herself by making fools of so many philosophers. Churchill, who, confident in his powers, drunk with popularity, and burning with party spirit, was looking for some man of established fame and Tory politics to insult, celebrated the Cock Lane Ghost in three cantos, nicknamed "Johnson Pomposo," asked where the book was which had been so long promised and so liberally paid for, and directly accused the great moralist of cheating. This terrible word proved effectual; and in October, 1765, appeared, after a delay of nine years, the new edition of Shakespeare.

This publication saved Johnson's character for honesty, but added nothing to the fame of his abilities and learning. The preface, though it contains some good passages, is not in his best manner. The most valuable notes are those in which he had an opportunity of showing how attentively he had during many years observed human life and human nature. The best specimen is the note on the character of Polonius. Nothing so good is to be found even in Wilhelm Meister's admirable examination of "Hamlet." But here praise must end. It would be difficult to name a more slovenly, a more worthless edition of any great classic. The reader may turn over play after play without finding one happy conjectural emendation, or one ingenious and satisfactory explanation of a passage which had baffled preceding commentators. Johnson had, in his prospectus, told the world that he was peculiarly fitted for the task which he had undertaken, because he had, as a lexicographer, been under the necessity of taking a wider view of the English language than any of his predecessors. That his knowledge of our literature was extensive, is indisputable. But, unfortunately, he had altogether neglected that very part of our literature with which it is especially desirable that an editor of Shakespeare should be conversant. It is dangerous to assert a negative. Yet little will be risked by the assertion that in the two folio volumes of the "English Dictionary" there is not a single passage quoted from any dramatist of the Elizabethan age, except Shakespeare and Ben. Even from Ben the quotations are few. Johnson might easily, in a few months, have made himself well acquainted with every old play that was extant. But it never seems to have occurred to him that this was a necessary preparation for the work which he had undertaken. He would doubtless have admitted that it would be the height of absurdity in a man who was not familiar with the works of Æschylus and Euripides to publish an edition of Sophocles. Yet he ventured to publish an edition of Shakespeare without having ever in his life, as far as can be discovered, read a single scene of Massinger, Ford, Decker, Webster, Marlowe, Beaumont, or Fletcher. His detractors were noisy and scurrilous. Those who most loved and honored him had little to say in praise of the manner in which he had discharged the duty of a commentator. He had, however, acquitted himself of a debt which had long lain heavy on his conscience, and he sunk back into the repose from which the sting of satire had roused him. He long continued to live upon the fame which he had already won. He was honored by the University of Oxford with a doctor's degree, by the

Royal Academy with a professorship, and by the king with an interview, in which his majesty most graciously expressed a hope that so excellent a writer would not cease to write. In the interval, however, between 1765 and 1775 Johnson published only two or three political tracts, the longest of which he could have produced in forty-eight hours, if he had worked as he worked on the "Life of Savage" and on "Rasselas."

But, though his pen was now idle, his tongue was active. The influence exercised by his conversation, directly upon those with whom he lived, and indirectly on the whole literary world, was altogether without a parallel. His colloquial talents were indeed of the highest order. He had strong sense, quick discernment, wit, humor, immense knowledge of literature and of life, and an infinite store of curious anecdotes. As respected style, he spoke far better than he wrote. Every sentence which dropped from his lips was as correct in structure as the most nicely balanced period of *The Rambler*. But in his talk there were no pompous triads, and little more than a fair proportion of words in *osity* and *ation*. All was simplicity, ease, and vigor. He uttered his short, weighty, and pointed sentences with a power of voice, and a justness and energy of emphasis, of which the effect was rather increased than diminished by the rollings of his huge form, and by the asthmatic gaspings and puffings in which the peals of his eloquence generally ended. Nor did the laziness which made him unwilling to sit down to his desk prevent him from giving instruction or entertainment orally. To discuss questions of taste, of learning, of casuistry, in language so exact and so forcible that it might have been printed without the alteration of a word, was to him no exertion, but a pleasure. He loved, as he said, to fold his legs and have his talk out. He was ready to bestow the overflowings of his full mind on anybody who would start a subject, on a fellow-passenger in a stage coach, or on the person who sat at the same table with him in an eating house. But his conversation was nowhere so brilliant and striking as when he was surrounded by a few friends, whose abilities and knowledge enabled them, as he once expressed it, to send him back every ball that he threw. Some of these, in 1764, formed themselves into a club, which gradually became a formidable power in the commonwealth of letters. The verdicts pronounced by this conclave on new books were speedily known over all London, and were sufficient to sell off a whole edition in a day, or to condemn the sheets to the service of the trunk maker and the pastry cook. Nor shall we think this strange when we consider what great and

various talents and acquirements met in the little fraternity. Goldsmith was the representative of poetry and light literature, Reynolds of the arts, Burke of political eloquence and political philosophy. There, too, were Gibbon, the greatest historian, and Jones, the greatest linguist, of the age. Garrick brought to the meeting his inexhaustible pleasantry, his incomparable mimicry, and his consummate knowledge of stage effect. Among the most constant attendants were two high-born and highbred gentlemen, closely bound together by friendship, but of widely different characters and habits—Bennet Langton, distinguished by his skill in Greek literature, by the orthodoxy of his opinions, and by the sanctity of his life; and Topham Beauclerk, renowned for his amours, his knowledge of the gay world, his fastidious taste, and his sarcastic wit. To predominate over such a society was not easy. Yet even over such a society Johnson predominated. Burke might indeed have disputed the supremacy to which others were under the necessity of submitting. But Burke, though not generally a very patient listener, was content to take the second part when Johnson was present; and the club itself, consisting of so many eminent men, is to this day popularly designated as Johnson's Club.

Among the members of this celebrated body was one to whom it has owed the greater part of its celebrity, yet who was regarded with little respect by his brethren, and had not without difficulty obtained a seat among them. This was James Boswell, a young Scotch lawyer, heir to an honorable name and a fair estate. That he was a coxcomb and a bore, weak, vain, pushing, curious, garrulous, was obvious to all who were acquainted with him. That he could not reason, that he had no wit, no humor, no eloquence, is apparent from his writings. And yet his writings are read beyond the Mississippi, and under the Southern Cross, and are likely to be read as long as English exists, either as a living or as a dead language. Nature had made him a slave and an idolater. His mind resembled those creepers which the botanists call parasites, and which can subsist only by clinging round the stems and imbibing the juices of stronger plants. He must have fastened himself on somebody. He might have fastened himself on Wilkes, and have become the fiercest patriot in the Bill of Rights Society. He might have fastened himself on Whitefield, and have become the loudest field-preacher among the Calvinistic Methodists. In a happy hour he fastened himself on Johnson. The pair might seem ill matched; for Johnson had early been prejudiced against Boswell's country. To a man of Johnson's strong understanding and

irritable temper, the silly egotism and adulation of Boswell must have been as teasing as the constant buzz of a fly. Johnson hated to be questioned; and Boswell was eternally catechising him on all kinds of subjects, and sometimes propounded such questions as, "What would you do, sir, if you were locked up in a tower with a baby?" Johnson was a water drinker, and Boswell was a winebibber, and indeed little better than an habitual sot. It was impossible that there should be perfect harmony between two such companions. Indeed, the great man was sometimes provoked into fits of passion, in which he said things which the small man, during a few hours, seriously resented. Every quarrel, however, was soon made up. During twenty years the disciple continued to worship the master: the master continued to scold the disciple, to sneer at him, and to love him. The two friends ordinarily resided at a great distance from each other. Boswell practiced in the Parliament-house of Edinburgh, and could pay only occasional visits to London. During those visits his chief business was to watch Johnson, to discover all Johnson's habits, to turn the conversation to subjects about which Johnson was likely to say something remarkable, and to fill quarto notebooks with minutes of what Johnson had said. In this way were gathered the materials out of which was afterwards constructed the most interesting biographical work in the world.

Soon after the club began to exist, Johnson formed a connection less important indeed to his fame, but much more important to his happiness, than his connection with Boswell. Henry Thrale, one of the most opulent brewers in the kingdom, a man of sound and cultivated understanding, rigid principles, and liberal spirit, was married to one of those clever, kind-hearted, engaging, vain, pert, young women, who are perpetually doing or saying what is not exactly right, but who, do or say what they may, are always agreeable. In 1765 the Thrales became acquainted with Johnson, and the acquaintance ripened fast into friendship. They were astonished and delighted by the brilliancy of his conversation. They were flattered by finding that a man so widely celebrated preferred their house to any other in London. Even the peculiarities which seemed to unfit him for civilized society, his gesticulations, his rollings, his puffings, his mutterings, the strange way in which he put on his clothes, the ravenous eagerness with which he devoured his dinner, his fits of melancholy, his fits of anger, his frequent rudeness, his occasional ferocity, increased the interest which his new associates took in him. For these things were the cruel marks left behind by a life which had been one long conflict

with disease and with adversity. In a vulgar hack writer, such oddities would have excited only disgust. But in a man of genius, learning, and virtue, their effect was to add pity to admiration and esteem. Johnson soon had an apartment at the brewery in Southwark, and a still more pleasant apartment at the villa of his friends on Streatham Common. A large part of every year he passed in those abodes—abodes which must have seemed magnificent and luxurious indeed, when compared with the dens in which he had generally been lodged. But his chief pleasures were derived from what the astronomer of his Abyssinian tale called "the endearing elegance of female friendship." Mrs. Thrale rallied him, soothed him, coaxed him, and, if she sometimes provoked him by her flippancy, made ample amends by listening to his reproofs with angelic sweetness of temper. When he was diseased in body and in mind, she was the most tender of nurses. No comfort that wealth could purchase, no contrivance that womanly ingenuity set to work by womanly compassion could devise, was wanting to his sick room. He requited her kindness by an affection pure as the affection of a father, yet delicately tinged with a gallantry which, though awkward, must have been more flattering than the attentions of a crowd of the fools who gloried in the names, now obselete, of Buck and Maccaroni. It should seem that a full half of Johnson's life, during about sixteen years, was passed under the roof of the Thrales. He accompanied the family sometimes to Bath, and sometimes to Brighton; once to Wales, and once to Paris. But he had at the same time a house in one of the narrow and gloomy courts on the north of Fleet Street. In the garrets was his library, a large and miscellaneous collection of books, falling to pieces and begrimed with dust. On a lower floor he sometimes, but very rarely, regaled a friend with a plain dinner, a veal pie, or a leg of lamb and spinach, and a rice pudding. Nor was the dwelling uninhabited during his long absences. It was the home of the most extraordinary assemblage of inmates that ever was brought together. At the head of the establishment Johnson had placed an old lady named Williams, whose chief recommendations were her blindness and her poverty. But, in spite of her murmurs and reproaches, he gave an asylum to another lady who was as poor as herself, Mrs. Desmoulins, whose family he had known many years before in Staffordshire. Room was found for the daughter of Mrs. Desmoulins, and for another destitute damsel, who was generally addressed as Miss Carmichael, but whom her generous host called Polly. An old quack doctor named Levett, who bled and dosed coal

heavers and hackney coachmen, and received for fees crusts of bread, bits of bacon, glasses of gin, and sometimes a little copper, completed this strange menagerie. All these poor creatures were at constant war with each other, and with Johnson's negro servant Frank. Sometimes, indeed, they transferred their hostilities from the servant to the master, complained that a better table was not kept for them, and railed or maundered till their benefactor was glad to make his escape to Streatham, or to the Mitre tavern. And yet he, who was generally the haughtiest and most irritable of mankind, who was but too prompt to resent anything which looked like a slight on the part of a purse-proud bookseller, or of a noble and powerful patron, bore patiently from mendicants, who, but for his bounty, must have gone to the workhouse, insults more provoking than those for which he had knocked down Osborne and bidden defiance to Chesterfield. Year after year Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Desmoulins, Polly and Levett continued to torment him and to live upon him.

The course of life which has been described was interrupted in Johnson's sixty-fourth year by an important event. He had early read an account of the Hebrides, and had been much interested by learning that there was so near him a land peopled by a race which was still as rude and simple as in the Middle Ages. A wish to become intimately acquainted with a state of society so utterly unlike all that he had ever seen, frequently crossed his mind. But it is not probable that his curiosity would have overcome his habitual sluggishness, and his love of the smoke, the mud, and the cries of London, had not Boswell importuned him to attempt the adventure, and offered to be his squire. At length, in August, 1773, Johnson crossed the Highland line, and plunged courageously into what was then considered, by most Englishmen, as a dreary and perilous wilderness. After wandering about two months through the Celtic region, sometimes in rude boats which did not protect him from the rain, and sometimes on small shaggy ponies which could hardly bear his weight, he returned to his old haunts with a mind full of new images and new theories. During the following year he employed himself in recording his adventures. About the beginning of 1775, his "Journey to the Hebrides" was published, and was, during some weeks, the chief subject of conversation in all circles in which any attention was paid to literature. The book is still read with pleasure. The narrative is entertaining; the speculations, whether sound or unsound, are always ingenious; and the style, though too stiff and pompous, is somewhat easier and more graceful than that of his early writings. His prej-

udice against the Scotch had at length become little more than matter of jest; and whatever remained of the old feeling had been effectually removed by the kind and respectful hospitality with which he had been received in every part of Scotland. It was, of course, not to be expected that an Oxonian Tory should praise the Presbyterian polity and ritual, or that an eye accustomed to the hedgerows and parks of England should not be struck by the bareness of Berwickshire and East Lothian. But even in censure Johnson's tone is not unfriendly. The most enlightened Scotchmen, with Lord Mansfield at their head, were well pleased. But some foolish and ignorant Scotchmen were moved to anger by a little unpalatable truth which was mingled with much eulogy, and assailed him whom they chose to consider as the enemy of their country, with libels much more dishonorable to their country than anything that he had ever said or written. They published paragraphs in the newspapers, articles in the magazines, sixpenny pamphlets, five-shilling books. One scribbler abused Johnson for being blear-eyed; another for being a pensioner; a third informed the world that one of the doctor's uncles had been convicted of felony in Scotland, and had found that there was in that country one tree capable of supporting the weight of an Englishman. Macpherson, whose "Fingal" had been proved in the "Journey" to be an impudent forgery, threatened to take vengeance with a cane. The only effect of this threat was that Johnson reiterated the charge of forgery in the most contemptuous terms, and walked about, during some time, with a cudgel, which, if the impostor had not been too wise to encounter it, would assuredly have descended upon him, to borrow the sublime language of his own epic poem, "like a hammer on the red son of the furnace."

Of other assailants Johnson took no notice whatever. He had early resolved never to be drawn into controversy; and he adhered to his resolution with a steadfastness which is the more extraordinary because he was, both intellectually and morally, of the stuff of which controversialists are made. In conversation he was a singularly eager, acute, and pertinacious disputant. When at a loss for good reasons, he had recourse to sophistry; and when heated by altercation, he made unsparing use of sarcasm and invective. But when he took his pen in his hand, his whole character seemed to be changed. A hundred bad writers misrepresented him and reviled him; but not one of the hundred could boast of having been thought by him worthy of a refutation, or even of a retort. The Kenricks, Campbells, MacNichols, and Hendersons did their best to annoy him, in the hope that he would

give them importance by answering them. But the reader will in vain search his works for any allusion to Kenrick or Campbell, to Mac-Nichol or Henderson. One Scotchman, bent on vindicating the fame of Scotch learning, defied him to the combat in a detestable Latin hexameter :

"Maxime, si tu vis, cupio contendere tecum."

But Johnson took no notice of the challenge. He had learned, both from his own observation and from literary history, in which he was deeply read, that the place of books in the public estimation is fixed, not by what is written about them, but by what is written in them ; and that an author whose works are likely to live is very unwise if he stoops to wrangle with detractors whose works are certain to die. He always maintained that fame was a shuttlecock, which could be kept up only by being beaten back, as well as beaten forward, and which would soon fall if there were only one battledore. No saying was oftener in his mouth than that fine apothegm of Bentley, that no man was ever written down but by himself.

Unhappily, a few months after the appearance of the "Journey to the Hebrides," Johnson did what none of his envious assailants could have done, and, to a certain extent, succeeded in writing himself down. The disputes between England and her American colonies had reached a point at which no amicable adjustment was possible. Civil war was evidently impending ; and the ministers seem to have thought that the eloquence of Johnson might, with advantage, be employed to inflame the nation against the opposition here, and against the rebels beyond the Atlantic. He had already written two or three tracts in defense of the foreign and domestic policy of the government ; and those tracts, though hardly worthy of him, were much superior to the crowd of pamphlets which lay on the counters of Almon and Stockdale. But his "Taxation No Tyranny" was a pitiable failure. The very title was a silly phrase, which can have been recommended to his choice by nothing but a jingling alliteration which he ought to have despised. The arguments were such as boys use in debating societies. The pleasantry was as awkward as the gambols of a hippopotamus. Even Boswell was forced to own that in this unfortunate piece he could detect no trace of his master's powers. The general opinion was that the strong faculties which had produced the "Dictionary" and *The Rambler* were beginning to feel the effect of time and of disease, and that the old man would best consult his credit by writing no more.

But this was a great mistake. Johnson had failed, not because his mind was less vigorous than when he wrote "Rasselas" in the evenings of a week, but because he had foolishly chosen, or suffered others to choose for him, a subject such as he would at no time have been competent to treat. He was in no sense a statesman. He never willingly read, or thought, or talked about affairs of State. He loved biography, literary history, the history of manners; but political history was positively distasteful to him. The question at issue between the colonies and the mother country was a question about which he had really nothing to say. He failed, therefore, as the greatest men must fail when they attempt to do that for which they are unfit; as Burke would have failed if Burke had tried to write comedies like those of Sheridan; as Reynolds would have failed if Reynolds had tried to paint landscapes like those of Wilson. Happily, Johnson soon had an opportunity of proving most signally that his failure was not to be ascribed to intellectual decay.

On Easter eve, 1777, some persons, deputed by a meeting which consisted of forty of the first booksellers in London, called upon him. Though he had some scruples about doing business at that season, he received his visitors with much civility. They came to inform him that a new edition of the English poets, from Cowley downward, was in contemplation, and to ask him to furnish short biographical prefaces. He readily undertook the task, a task for which he was preeminently qualified. His knowledge of the literary history of England since the Restoration was unrivaled. That knowledge he had derived partly from books, and partly from sources which had long been closed; from old Grub Street traditions; from the talk of forgotten poetasters and pamphleteers who had long been lying in parish vaults; from the recollections of such men as Gilbert Walmesley, who had conversed with the wits of Button; Cibber, who had mutilated the plays of two generations of dramatists; Orrery, who had been admitted to the society of Swift; and Savage, who had rendered services of no very honorable kind to Pope. The biographer, therefore, sat down to his task with a mind full of matter. He had at first intended to give only a paragraph to every minor poet, and only four or five pages to the greatest name. But the flood of anecdote and criticism overflowed the narrow channel. The work, which was originally meant to consist only of a few sheets, swelled into ten volumes—small volumes, it is true, and not closely printed. The first four appeared in 1779, the remaining six in 1781.

The "Lives of the Poets" are, on the whole, the best of Johnson's

works. The narratives are as entertaining as any novel. The remarks on life and on human nature are eminently shrewd and profound. The criticisms are often excellent, and, even when grossly and provokingly unjust, well deserve to be studied, for, however erroneous they may be, they are never silly. They are the judgments of a mind trammeled by prejudice and deficient in sensibility, but vigorous and acute. They therefore generally contain a portion of valuable truth which deserves to be separated from the alloy; and, at the very worst, they mean something, a praise to which much of what is called criticism in our time has no pretensions.

"Savage's Life" Johnson reprinted nearly as it had appeared in 1744. Whoever, after reading that life, will turn to the other lives, will be struck by the difference of style. Since Johnson had been at ease in his circumstances, he had written little and had talked much. When, therefore, he, after the lapse of years, resumed his pen, the mannerism which he had contracted while he was in the constant habit of elaborate composition was less perceptible than formerly; and his diction frequently had a colloquial ease which it had formerly wanted. The improvement may be discerned by a skillful critic in the "Journey to the Hebrides," and in the "Lives of the Poets" is so obvious that it cannot escape the notice of the most careless reader.

Among the "Lives" the best are perhaps those of Cowley, Dryden, and Pope. The very worst is, beyond all doubt, that of Gray.

This great work at once became popular. There was, indeed, much just and much unjust censure; but even those who were loudest in blame were attracted by the book in spite of themselves. Malone computed the gains of the publishers at five or six thousand pounds. But the writer was very poorly remunerated. Intending at first to write very short prefaces, he had stipulated for only two hundred guineas. The booksellers, when they saw how far his performance had surpassed his promise, added only another hundred. Indeed, Johnson, though he did not despise, or affect to despise, money, and though his strong sense and long experience ought to have qualified him to protect his own interests, seems to have been singularly unskillful and unlucky in his literary bargains. He was generally reputed the first English writer of his time. Yet several writers of his time sold their copyrights for sums such as he never ventured to ask. To give a single instance, Robertson received four thousand five hundred pounds for the "History of Charles the Fifth"; and it is no disrespect to the memory of Robertson to say that the "History of

Charles the Fifth " is both a less valuable and less amusing book than the " Lives of the Poets."

Johnson was now in his seventy-second year. The infirmities of age were coming fast upon him. That inevitable event, of which he never thought without horror, was brought near to him, and his whole life was darkened by the shadow of death. He had often to pay the cruel price of longevity. Every year he lost what could never be replaced. The strange dependents to whom he had given shelter, and to whom, in spite of their faults, he was strongly attached by habit, dropped off one by one; and, in the silence of his home, he regretted even the noise of their scolding-matches. The kind and generous Thrale was no more; and it would have been well if his wife had been laid beside him. But she survived to be the laughing-stock of those who had envied her, and to draw from the eyes of the old man who had loved her beyond anything in the world, tears far more bitter than he would have shed over her grave. With some estimable and many agreeable qualities, she was not made to be independent. The control of a mind more steadfast than her own was necessary to her respectability. While she was restrained by her husband, a man of sense and firmness, indulgent to her taste in trifles, but always the undisputed master of his house, her worst offenses had been impertinent jokes, white lies, and short fits of pettishness ending in sunny good-humor. But he was gone; and she was left an opulent widow of forty, with strong sensibility, volatile fancy, and slender judgment. She soon fell in love with a music master from Brescia, in whom nobody but herself could discover anything to admire. Her pride, and perhaps some better feelings, struggled hard against this degrading passion. But the struggle irritated her nerves, soured her temper, and at length endangered her health. Conscious that her choice was one which Johnson could not approve, she became desirous to escape from his inspection. Her manner towards him changed. She was sometimes cold and sometimes petulant. She did not conceal her joy when he left Streatham: she never pressed him to return; and if he came unbidden, she received him in a manner which convinced him that he was no longer a welcome guest. He took the very intelligible hints which she gave. He read, for the last time, a chapter of the Greek Testament in the library which had been formed by himself. In a solemn and tender prayer he commended the house and its inmates to the Divine protection, and, with emotions which choked his voice and convulsed his powerful frame, left forever that beloved home for the gloomy and

desolate house behind Fleet Street, where the few and evil days which still remained to him were to run out. Here, in June, 1783, he had a paralytic stroke, from which, however, he recovered, and which does not appear to have at all impaired his intellectual faculties. But other maladies came thick upon him. His asthma tormented him day and night. Dropsical symptoms made their appearance. While sinking under a complication of diseases, he heard that the woman whose friendship had been the chief happiness of sixteen years of his life, had married an Italian fiddler; that all London was crying shame upon her; and that the newspapers and magazines were filled with allusions to the Ephesian matron and the two pictures in "Hamlet." He vehemently said that he would try to forget her existence. He never uttered her name. Every memorial of her which met his eye he flung into the fire. She, meanwhile, fled from the laughter and hisses of her countrymen and countrywomen to a land where she was unknown, hastened across Mont Cenis, and learned, while passing a merry Christmas of concerts and lemonade parties at Milan, that the great man with whose name hers is inseparably associated had ceased to exist.

He had, in spite of much mental and much bodily affliction, clung vehemently to life. The feeling described in that fine but gloomy paper which closes the series of his *Idlers* seemed to grow stronger in him as his last hour drew near. He fancied that he should be able to draw his breath more easily in a southern climate, and would probably have set out for Rome or Naples but for his fear of the expense of the journey. That expense, indeed, he had the means of defraying; for he had laid up about two thousand pounds, the fruit of labors which had made the fortune of several publishers. But he was unwilling to break in upon this hoard, and he seems to have wished even to keep its existence a secret. Some of his friends hoped that the government might be induced to increase his pension to six hundred pounds a year, but this hope was disappointed, and he resolved to stand one English winter more. This winter was his last. His legs grew weaker; his breath grew shorter; the fatal water gathered fast, in spite of incisions which he, courageous against pain, but timid against death, urged his surgeons to make deeper and deeper. Though the tender care which had mitigated his sufferings during months of sickness at Streatham was withdrawn, he was not left desolate. The ablest physicians and surgeons attended him, and refused to accept fees from him. Burke parted from him with deep emotion. Windham sat much in the sick room, arranged the pillows, and sent his own servant to watch at night by the bed. Frances

Burney, whom the old man had cherished with fatherly kindness, stood weeping at the door; while Langton, whose piety eminently qualified him to be an adviser and comforter at such a time, received the last pressure of his friend's hand within. When at length the moment, dreaded through so many years, came close, the dark cloud passed away from Johnson's mind. His temper became unusually patient and gentle; he ceased to think with terror of death, and of that which lies beyond death; and he spoke much of the mercy of God, and of the propitiation of Christ. In this serene frame of mind he died on the 13th of December, 1784. He was laid, a week later, in Westminster Abbey, among the eminent men of whom he had been the historian—Cowley and Dunham, Dryden and Congreve, Gay, Prior, and Addison.

Since his death, the popularity of his works—the "Lives of the Poets," and, perhaps, the "Vanity of Human Wishes," excepted—has greatly diminished. His "Dictionary" has been altered by editors till it can scarcely be called his. An allusion to his *Rambler* or his *Idler* is not readily apprehended in literary circles. The fame even of "Rasselas" has grown somewhat dim. But though the celebrity of the writings may have declined, the celebrity of the writer, strange to say, is as great as ever. Boswell's book has done for him more than the best of his own books could do. The memory of other authors is kept alive by their works. But the memory of Johnson keeps many of his works alive. The old philosopher is still among us in the brown coat with the metal buttons and the shirt which ought to be at wash, blinking, puffing, rolling his head, drumming with his fingers, tearing his meat like a tiger and swallowing his tea in oceans. No human being who has been more than seventy years in the grave is so well known to us. And it is but just to say that our intimate acquaintance with what he would himself have called the anfractuosities of his intellect and of his temper, serves only to strengthen our conviction that he was both a great and a good man.

SELECTIONS FROM BROWNING.

EVELYN HOPE.

I.

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!
Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her bookshelf, this her bed;
She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,

Beginning to die too, in the glass.
Little has yet been changed, I think—
The shutters are shut, no light may pass
Save two long rays through the hinge's chink.

II.

Sixteen years old when she died!
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name—
It was not her time to love: beside,
Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares,
And now was quiet, now astir—
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

III.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope?
What, your soul was pure and true,
The good stars met in your horoscope
Made you of spirit, fire, and dew—
And just because I was thrice as old,
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was nought to each, must I be told?
We were fellow-mortals, nought beside?

IV.

No, indeed! for God above
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love,—
I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few—
Much is to learn and much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you.

V.

But the time will come,—at last it will,
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,
In the lower earth, in the years long still,
That body and soul so pure and gay?

Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,
And your mouth of your own geranium's red—
And what you would do with me, in fine,
In the new life to come in the old one's stead.

VI.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,
Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various men,
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,
Either I missed or itself missed me—
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
What is the issue? let us see!

VII.

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;
My heart seemed full as it could hold—
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile
And the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold.
So, hush! I will give you this leaf to keep—
See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand.
There, that is our secret! Go to sleep;
You will wake, and remember, and understand.

MULÉYKEH.

If a stranger passed the tent of Hóseyn, he cried, "A churl's!"
Or, haply, "God help the man who has neither salt nor bread!"
—"Nay," would a friend exclaim, "he needs nor pity nor scorn
More than who spends small thought on the shore-sand, picking pearls,
—Holds but in light esteem the seed-sort, bears instead
On his breast a moon-like prize, some orb which of night makes morn.

"What if no flocks and herds enrich the son of Sinán?
They went when his tribe was mulct, ten thousand camels the due,
Blood-value paid perforce for a murder done of old.
'God gave them, let them go! But never since time began,
Muléykeh, peerless mare, owned master the match of you,
And you are my prize, my Pearl: I laugh at men's land and gold!'

"So in the pride of his soul laughs Hóseyn—and right, I say.
Do the ten steeds run a race of glory? Outstripping all,
Ever Muléykeh stands first steed at the victor's staff.
Who started, the owner's hope, gets shamed and named, that day,
'Silence,' or, last but one, is 'The Cuffed,' as we use to call
Whom the paddock's lord thrusts forth. Right, Hóseyn, I say, to
laugh."

"Boasts he Muléykeh the Pearl?" the stranger replies: "Be sure
On him I waste nor scorn nor pity, but lavish both
On Duhl, the son of Sheybán, who withers away in heart
For envy of Hóseyn's luck. Such sickness admits no cure.
A certain poet has sung, and sealed the same with an oath,
'For the vulgar, flocks and herds! The Pearl is a prize apart.'"

Lo, Duhl the son of Sheybán comes riding to Hóseyn's tent,
And he casts his saddle down, and enters, and "Peace" bids he.
"You are poor, I know the cause: my plenty shall mend the wrong.
'Tis said of your Pearl—the price of a hundred camels spent
In her purchase were scarce ill paid: such prudence is far from me
Who proffer a thousand. Speak! Long parley may last too long."

Said Hóseyn "You feed young beasts a many, of famous breed,
Slit-eared, unblemished, fat, true offspring of Múzennem:
There stumbles no weak-eyed she in the line as it climbs the hill.
But I love Muléykeh's face: her forefront whitens indeed
Like a yellowish wave's cream-crest. Your camels—go gaze on them!
Her fetlock is foam-splashed too. Myself am the richer still."

A year goes by: lo, back to the tent again rides Duhl.
"You are open-hearted, ay—moist-handed, a very prince.
Why should I speak of sale? Be the mare your simple gift!
My son is pined to death for her beauty; my wife prompts, 'Fool,
Beg for his sake the Pearl! Be God the rewarder, since
God pays debts seven for one: who squanders on Him shows thrift.'"

Said Hóseyn, "God gives each man one life, like a lamp, then gives
That lamp due measure of oil: lamp lighted—hold high, wave wide
Its comfort for others to share! Once quench it, what help is left?
The oil of your lamp is your son: I shine while Muléykeh lives.
Would I beg your son to cheer my dark if Muléykeh died?
It is life against life; what good avails to the life-bereft?"

Another year, and—hist! What craft is it Duhl designs?
He alights not at the door of the tent, as he did last time,
But, creeping behind, he gropes his stealthy way by the trench
Half round till he finds the flap in the folding, for night combines
With the robber—and such is he: Duhl, covetous up to crime,
Must wring from Hóseyn's grasp the Pearl, by whatever the wrench.

"He was hunger-bitten, I heard: I tempted with half my store,
And a gibe was all my thanks. Is he generous like Spring dew?
Account the fault to me who chaffered with such an one!
He has killed, to feast chance comers, the creature he rode: nay more—
For a couple of singing-girls his robe has he torn in two:
I will beg! Yet I nowise gained by the tale of my wife and son.

"I swear by the Holy House,* my head will I never wash
Till I filch his Pearl away. Fair dealing I tried, then guile,
And now I resort to force. He said we must live or die:
Let him die, then—let me live! Be bold—but not too rash!
I have found me a peeping place: breast, bury your breathing while
I explore for myself! Now, breathe! He deceived me not, the spy!

"As he said—there lies in peace Hóseyn—how happy! Beside
Stands tethered the Pearl: thrice winds her headstall about his wrist:
'Tis therefore he sleeps so sound—the moon through the roof reveals.
And loose, on his left, stands too that other, known far and wide,
Buhéyseh, her sister born: fleet is she yet ever missed
The winning tail's fire-flash a-stream past the thunderous heels.

"No less she stands saddled and bridled, this second, in case some thief
Should enter and seize and fly with the first, as I mean to do.
What then? The Pearl is the Pearl: once mount her we both escape."
Through the skirt-fold in glides Duhl—so a serpent disturbs no leaf
In a bush as he parts the twigs entwining a nest; clean through,
He is noiselessly at his work: as he planned, he performs the rape.

* Holy House,—in general a temple, a sanctuary; here probably the Mosque at Mecca, known as "the house of Allah," which contains the Kaaba or sacred stone. See Koran, Sale's trans., chap. ii., p. 14 and note, Warne & Co., 1888.

He has set the tent-door wide, has buckled the girth, has clipped
The headstall away from the wrist he leaves thrice bound as before,
He springs on the Pearl, is launched on the desert like bolt from bow.
Up starts our plundered man: from his breast though the heart be ripped,
Yet his mind has the mastery: behold, in a minute more,
He is out and off and away on Buhéyseh, whose worth we know!

And Hóseyn—his blood turns flame, he has learned long since to ride
And Buhéyseh does her part, they gain—they are gaining fast
On the fugitive pair, and Duhl has Ed Dárraj to cross and quit,
And to reach the ridge El Sabán, no safety till that be spied!
And Buhéyseh is, bound by bound, but a horse length off at last,
For the Pearl has missed the tap of the heel, the touch of the bit.

She shortens her stride, she chafes at her rider strange and queer:
Buhéyseh is mad with hope—beat sister she shall and must,
Though Duhl, of the hand and heel so clumsy, she has to thank.
She is near now, nose by tail—they are neck by croup—joy! fear!
What folly makes Hóseyn shout, "Dog Duhl, damned son of the Dust,
Touch the right ear and press with your foot my Pearl's left flank!"

And Duhl was wise at the word, and Muléykeh as prompt perceived
Who was urging redoubled pace, and to hear him was to obey,
And a leap indeed gave she, and evanished forever more.
And Hóseyn looked one long last look as who, all bereaved,
Looks, fain to follow the dead so far as the living may:
Then he turned Buhéyseh's neck slow homeward, weeping sore.

And lo, in the sunrise, still sat Hóseyn upon the ground
Weeping: and neighbors came, the tribesmen of Bénu-Asád,
In the vale of green Er-Rass, and they questioned him of his grief;
And he told from first to last how, serpent-like, Duhl had wound
His way to the nest, and how Duhl rode like an ape, so bad!
And how Buhéyseh did wonders, yet Pearl remained with the thief.

And they jeered him, one and all: "Poor Hóseyn is crazed past hope!
How else had he wrought himself his ruin, in fortune's spite?
To have simply held the tongue were a task for a boy or girl,
And here were Muléykeh again, the eyed like an antelope,
The child of his heart by day, the wife of his breast by night!"—
"And the beaten in speed!" wept Hóseyn. "You never have loved my Pearl."

MY LAST DUCHESS.*

Ferrara.

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive; I call
That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
"Frà Pandolf" by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
Her husband's presence only, called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps
Frà Pandolf chanced to say, "Her mantle laps
Over my lady's wrist too much," or "Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half flush that dies along her throat;" such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart—how shall I say?—too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 'twas all one! My favor at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace—all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men,—good; but thanked
Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked
My gift of a nine hundred years' old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
In speech—(which I have not)—to make your will

* For admirable analysis of this poem see Alexander's "Introduction to Browning," p. 10.

Quite clear to such an one, and say "Just this
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
Or there exceed the mark"—and if she let
Herself be lessened so, nor plainly set
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
—E'en then would be some stooping, and I choose
Never to stoop. Oh, sir, she smiled, no doubt,
Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
As if alive. Will it please you rise? We'll meet
The company below, then. I repeat,
The Count your Master's known munificence
Is ample warrant that no just pretence
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
Together down, sir! Notice Neptune, tho'
Taming a sea horse, thought a rarity,
Which Claus of Innspruck cast in bronze for me.

EPILOGUE.

From "Asolando."

At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time,
When you set your fancies free,
Will they pass to where—by death, fools think, imprisoned—
Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so,—
Pity me?

Oh, to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!
What had I on earth to do
With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly?
Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivel—
Being—who?

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
"Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed—fight on, fare ever
There as here!"

SELECTIONS FROM TENNYSON.

ODE

On the Death of the Duke of Wellington.
Published in 1852.

I.

Bury the Great Duke
With an empire's lamentation,
Let us bury the Great Duke
To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,
Mourning when their leaders fall,
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

II.

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?
Here, in streaming London's central roar.
Let the sound of those he wrought for,
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones forevermore.

III.

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,
As fits an universal woe,
Let the long, long procession go,
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
And let the mournful martial music blow;
The last great Englishman is low.

IV.

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,
Remembering all his greatness in the Past.
No more in soldier fashion will he greet
With lifted hand the gazer in the street.

O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute:
Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,
Whole in himself, a common good.
Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest yet with least pretence,
Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.
O good gray head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fall'n at length that tower of strength
Which stood four square to all the winds that blew!
Such was he whom we deplore.
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
The great World-victor's * victor will be seen no more.

V.

All is over and done:
Render thanks to the Giver,
England, for thy son.
Let the bell be toll'd.
Render thanks to the Giver,
And render him to the mould.
Under the cross of gold
That shines over city and river,
There he shall rest forever
Among the wise and the bold.
Let the bell be toll'd:
And the reverent people behold
The towering car, the sable steeds:
Bright let it be with its blazoned deeds,
Dark in its funeral fold.
Let the bell be toll'd:
And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd;
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem roll'd

* Who is meant by the "World-victor"?

Thro' the dome of the golden cross ;*
And the volleying cannon thunder his loss ;
He knew their voices of old.
For many a time in many a clime
His captain's-ear has heard them boom
Bellowing victory, bellowing doom :
When he with those deep voices wrought,
Guarding realms and kings from shame ;
With those deep voices our dead captain taught
The tyrant, and asserts his claim
In that dread sound to the great name,
Which he has worn so pure of blame,
In praise and in dispraise the same,
A man of well-attempered frame.
O civic muse, to such a name,
To such a name for ages long,
To such a name,
Preserve a broad approach of fame,
And ever-echoing avenues of song.

VI.

Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest ?
Mighty Seaman,† this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea.
Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
The greatest sailor since our world began.
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
To thee the greatest soldier comes ;
For this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea ;
His foes were thine ; he kept us free ;
Oh give him welcome, this is he
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
And worthy to be laid by thee ;
For this is England's greatest son,
He that gained a hundred fights,

* Where is Wellington buried ? What is the "dome of the golden cross" ?
† Who is the "Mighty Seaman" here referred to ?

Nor ever lost an English gun;
This is he that far away
Against the myriads of Assaye
Clashed with his fiery few and won;
And underneath another sun,
Warring on a later day,
Round affrighted Lisbon drew
The treble works, the vast designs
Of his labour'd rampart-lines,
Where he greatly stood at bay,
Whence he issued forth anew,
And ever great and greater grew,
Beating from the wasted vines
Back to France her banded swarms,
Back to France with countless blows,
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
Beyond the Pyrenean pines,
Followed up in valley and glen
With blare of bugle, clamour of men,
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
And England pouring on her foes.
Such a war had such a close.
Again their ravening eagle rose
In anger, wheeled on Europe-shadowing wings,
And barking for the thrones of kings;
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler down;
A day of onsets of despair!
Dash'd on every rocky square,
Their surging charges foamed themselves away;
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew;
Thro' the long-tormented air
Heaven flashed a sudden jubilant ray,
And down we swept and charged, and overthrew.
So great a soldier taught us there,
What long-enduring hearts could do
In that world-earthquake, Waterloo!*
Mighty Seaman, tender and true,
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,†

* Look up the battles above mentioned. † What isle is here referred to?

O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,*
If aught of things that here befall
Touch a spirit among things divine,
If love of country move thee there at all,
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine!
And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame,
A people's voice, when they rejoice
At civic revel and pomp and game,
Attest their great commander's claim
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.

VII.

A people's voice! We are a people yet.
Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget,
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless powers;
Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
His Briton in blown seas and storming showers,
We have a voice, with which to pay the debt
Of boundless love and reverence and regret
To those great men who fought, and kept it ours.
And kept it ours, O God, from brute control;
O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul
Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
And save the one true seed of freedom sown
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
That sober freedom out of which there springs
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings;
For, saving that, ye help to save mankind
Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
And drill the raw world for the march of mind,
Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.
But wink no more in slothful overtrust.
Remember him who led your hosts;
He bade you guard the sacred coasts.

* What connection had the "Mighty Seaman" with the Baltic and the Nile?

Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall;
His voice is silent in your council-hall
Forever; and whatever tempests lower
Forever silent; even if they broke
In thunder, silent; yet remember all
He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke;
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour;
Nor paltered with Eternal God for power;
Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow
Thro' either babbling world of high and low;
Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life;
Who never spoke against a foe;
Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
All great self-seekers trampling on the right:
Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named;
Truth-lover was our English Duke;
Whatever record leap to light
He never shall be shamed.*

VIII.

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars
Now to glorious burial slowly borne,
Followed by the brave of other lands,
He, on whom from both her open hands
Lavish Honour showered all her stars,
And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.
Yea, let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great,
But as he saves or serves the State.
Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredden
All voluptuous garden-roses.
Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory:

* Read carefully the political record of Wellington in "Ency. Brit.," 9th ed.

He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God himself is moon and sun.
Such was he: his work is done.
But while the races of mankind endure,
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure:
Till in all lands and thro' all human story
The path of duty be the way to glory:
And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame
For many and many an age proclaim
At civic revel and pomp and game,
And when the long-illumined cities flame,
Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.

IX.

Peace, his triumph will be sung
By some yet unmoulded tongue
Far on in summers that we shall not see:
Peace, it is a day of pain
For one, about whose patriarchal knee
Late the little children clung:
O peace, it is a day of pain
For one, upon whose hand and heart and brain
Once the weight and fate of Europe hung.
Ours the pain, be his the gain!
More than is of man's degree
Must be with us, watching here
At this, our great solemnity.
Whom we see not we revere;
We revere, and we refrain
From talk of battles loud and vain,
And brawling memories all too free
For such a wise humility

As befits a solemn fane:
We revere, and while we hear
The tides of Music's golden sea
Setting towards eternity,
Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,
Until we doubt not that for one so true
There must be other nobler work to do
Than when he fought at Waterloo,
And Victor he must ever be.
For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill
And break the shore, and evermore
Make and break, and work their will;
Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll
Round us, each with different powers,
And other forms of life than ours,
What know we greater than the soul?
On God and Godlike men we build our trust.
Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears:
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears:
The black earth yawns: the mortal disappears;
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
He is gone who seemed so great—
Gone; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in State,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.
Speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him.
God accept him, Christ receive him.

TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

From "The Princess."

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

SONG OF ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS.

From "Idylls of the King"—"The Coming of Arthur."

And Arthur's Knighthood sang before the King:

"Blow trumpet, for the world is white with May;
Blow trumpet, the long night hath roll'd away!
Blow thro' the living world—'Let the King reign.'

"Shall Rome or Heathen rule in Arthur's realm?
Flash brand and lance, fall battleaxe upon helm,
Fall battleaxe and flash brand! Let the King reign.

"Strike for the King and live! his knights have heard
That God hath told the King a secret word.
Fall battleaxe and flash brand! Let the King reign.

"Blow trumpet! he will lift us from the dust.
Blow trumpet! live the strength and die the lust!
Clang battleaxe and clash brand! Let the King reign.

"Strike for the King and die! and if thou diest,
The King is King, and ever wills the highest.
Clang battleaxe and clash brand! Let the King reign.

"Blow, for our Sun is mighty in his May!
Blow, for our Sun is mightier day by day!
Clang battleaxe and clash brand! Let the King reign.

"The King will follow Christ, and we the King
In whom high God hath breathed a secret thing.
Fall battleaxe, and flash brand! Let the King reign."

V

CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

TABLE IX.—MODERN ENGLISH PERIOD.*

HISTORICAL EVENTS.	POETRY.	PROSE.
William IV., 1830–1837. Lord Grey, Prime Minister, 1830. Opening of Liverpool and Manchester R. R., 1830. Reform Agitation, 1831. Parliamentary Reform Bill, 1832. New Poor Law, 1834. System of National Education begun, 1834. **Victoria, 1837.** First electric telegraph patented and used, 1837. Rise of Trades Unions, 1837. Rise of Chartism, 1837. The Queen's marriage to Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg, 1840. Oxford Movement begun about 1833. Sir Robert Peel, Prime Minister, 1841. Chartist Riots, 1842. Graham's Factory Bill, 1844. Repeal of the Corn Laws, 1846. Ministry of Lord John Russell, 1847. Downfall of the Chartists, 1848. Free Libraries established, 1850. Death of the Duke of Wellington, 1852. Crimean War, 1854–1856. Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, 1854. Battle of Inkermann, 1854. Siege of Sebastopol, 1854. Fall of Sebastopol, 1855. Peace made with Russia by Treaty of Paris, 1856. Indian Mutiny, 1857. Siege of Lucknow, 1857. Massacre of Cawnpore, 1857. End of East India Company, 1858. Jews admitted to Parliament, 1858. Death of Prince Consort, 1861.	**Walter Savage Landor,** 1775–1864. Poems, 1795. **Thomas Babington Macaulay,** 1800–1859. "Lays of Ancient Rome," 1842. **Thos. Hood,** 1798–1845. "Whims and Oddities," 1826. "Poems of Wit and Humour," 1847. **Elizabeth Barrett Browning,** 1809–1861. Poems, 1826. "Aurora Leigh," 1856. **John Keble,** 1792–1866. "The Christian Year," 1827. **Alfred Tennyson** (Lord), 1809–1892. "Timbuctoo," 1829. Poems, 1830. "Idylls of the King," 1858–1886. "Demeter" and other Poems, 1889. **Robert Browning,** 1812–1889. "Pauline," 1833. "Men and Women," 1855. "The Ring and the Book," 1868. "Dramatic Idyls," 1879–1880. "Asolando," 1889. **Hartley Coleridge,** 1796–1849. "Worthies of Yorkshire and Lancashire," 1836. Poems, 1851. **Arthur Hugh Clough,** 1819–1861. "The Bothie of Toberna-Vuolich," 1848. "Dipsychus," 1862. **Matthew Arnold,** 1822–1888. "The Strayed Reveller," and other Poems, 1848. "Empedocles on Etna," 1853. Poems, 1855. **Wm. Morris,** 1834. "The Defense of Guinevere," and other Poems, 1858. "The Earthly Paradise," 1868–1870. **Dante Gabriel Rossetti,** 1828 1882. "The Early Italian Poets," 1861; republished as "Dante and His Circle," 1873. Poems, 1870–1882.	**Walter Savage Landor,** 1775–1864. "Imaginary Conversations," 1824–1853. **Maria Edgeworth,** 1767–1849. "Castle Rackrent," 1800. "Popular Tales," 1804. "Helen," 1834. **Sydney Smith,** 1771–1845. "Letters on the Catholics from Peter Plymley," 1808. Essays, 1802–1828. **Leigh Hunt,** 1784–1859. "The Examiner," 1808. "Table Talk," 1850. **Thomas Carlyle,** 1795–1881. Translation of "Wilhelm Meister," 1824. "Sartor Resartus," 1833–1834. "The French Revolution," 1837. **Thomas Babington Macaulay,** 1800–1859. Milton (Essay on), 1825. Essays, 1843. "History of England from James II.," 1848–1860. **Edward Bulwer (Lord Lytton),** 1805–1873. "Pelham," 1827. "The Last of the Barons," 1843. "The Parisians," 1872–1873. **Benjamin Disraeli (Earl of Beaconsfield),** 1804–1881. "Vivian Grey," 1826–1827. "Endymion," 1880. **Charles Dickens,** 1812–1870. "Sketches by Boz," 1834–1836. "David Copperfield," 1849–1850. "Bleak House," 1852–1853. "Our Mutual Friend," 1864–1865. **William Makepeace Thackeray,** 1811–1863. "The Yellowplush Papers," 1837. "Vanity Fair," 1847–1848. "The Newcomes," 1854–1855. **John Henry Newman,** 1801–1890. "Arians of the Fourth Century," 1838. "Apologia pro Vitâ Suâ," 1864. **Charles Darwin,** 1809–1882. "Journal of Researches," 1839–1845. "On the Origin of Species," 1859. "The Descent of Man," 1871. **John Ruskin,** 1819. "Salsette and Elephanta," 1839. "Modern Painters," 1843–1860. "Ethics of the Dust," 1865. "Præterita" (begun), 1885. **Charles Kingsley,** 1819–1875. "Village Sermons," 1844. "Hypatia," 1853. "Hereward," 1866. **George Grote,** 1794–1871. "The History of Greece," 1846–1856.

* The position of an author in this table is determined by the date of his first publication.

TABLE IX.—MODERN ENGLISH PERIOD—*continued.*

HISTORICAL EVENTS.	POETRY.	PROSE.
Gladstone Leader of House of Commons, 1866. Parliamentary Reform Bill, 1867. Disraeli, Prime Minister, 1867. Mr. Foster's Education Act, 1870. Victoria, Empress of India, 1876. Outbreak of Zulu War, 1879. Gladstone, Prime Minister, 1880. Bill for "Representation of the People," 1885.	**Charles Algernon Swinburne,** 1837. "Rosamond," 1861. Poems and Ballads, 1866–1889. **Henry Austin Dobson,** 1840. "Vignettes in Rhyme," 1873. "Proverbs in Porcelain," 1877. "At the Sign of the Lyre," 1885. **Andrew Lang,** 1844. "Ballads in Blue China," 1880. "Rhymes à la Mode," 1885. **Sir Edwin Arnold,** 1832. "The Light of Asia," 1879.	**Herbert Spencer,** 1820. "The Proper Sphere of Government," 1842. "Principles of Biology," 1864. "Principles of Sociology" (vol. i.), 1876. **Charlotte Brontë,** 1816–1855. "Jane Eyre," 1847. "Villette," 1853. "The Professor," 1857. **Emily Brontë,** 1818–1848. "Wuthering Heights," 1847. **Elizabeth Gaskell,** 1810–1866. "Mary Barton," 1848. "Wives and Daughters," 1866. **Anthony Trollope,** 1815–1882. "The Macdermotts of Ballycloran," 1847. "Barchester Towers," 1857. "Phineas Finn," 1869. **James A. Froude,** 1818. "The Nemesis of Fate," 1848. "History of England," 1856–1869. **Charles Reade,** 1814–1884. "Peg Woffington," 1852. "The Cloister and the Hearth," 1860. "A Woman Hater," 1877. **Henry T. Buckle,** 1822–1862. "History of Civilization in Europe," 1857–1861. **George Eliot (Mary Ann Evans Cross),** 1820–1881. "Scenes of Clerical Life," 1858. "Romola," 1863. "Middlemarch," 1871–1872. "Daniel Deronda," 1876. Essays, 1883. **Matthew Arnold,** 1822–1888. "Essays in Criticism," 1865–1888. Mixed Essays, 1879. Irish Essays, 1882. **Wm. Edward Lecky,** 1838. "History of Rationalism in Europe," 1865. "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," 1878. **Richard Blackmore,** 1825. "Lorna Doone," 1869. **Leslie Stephen,** 1832. "The Playground of Europe," 1871. "Hours in a Library," 1874–1879. **Walter Pater,** 1839. "The Renaissance," 1873. "Appreciations," 1889. **John Richard Green,** 1837–1883. "A Short History of the English People," 1874. "The Making of England," 1882. **William Stubbs (Bishop of Oxford),** 1825. "Constitutional History of England," 1874–1878. **Robert Louis Stevenson,** 1845. "Virginibus Puerisque," 1881. "Kidnapped," 1886. "The Master of Ballantrae," 1889.

NOTES AND REFERENCES.

1. *History.*—For general history of the time, to the accession of Queen Victoria, see Fyffe's "History of Modern Europe," 3 vols. *For England*, Bright's History of (vol. iv. comes down to 1880). *For Victorian Age* consult also McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times," 2 vols., and McCarthy's "England Under Gladstone"; "The Reign of Queen Victoria," edited by T. H. Ward (London: Smith, Elder & Co.), 2 vols. *For general historical outline*, Fisher's "Outlines of Universal History," or Myer's "Mediæval and Modern History," may be used.

2. *Literary history and criticism.*—For the general literary movements of the time, Dowden's "Studies in Literature," and Dowden's "Transcripts and Studies," will be found especially helpful. Shairp's "Poetic Interpretation of Nature" includes careful study of the increase of feeling for nature in English eighteenth century poetry; on this see also Stopford Brooke's "Theology in the English Poets." Stedman's "Victorian Poets" is an important work on this period. Mrs. Oliphant's "Literary History of England in the End of the Eighteenth and Beginning of the Nineteenth Centuries" is rather a series of short biographical and critical studies than a history of the literary period of which it treats. De Quincey has many essays on the great authors of his time, and Bagehot's "Literary Studies" (Longmans), 2 vols., contains essays on Keats, Shelley, Scott's novels, etc.

3. *Biography and criticism of special authors.—a. Burns.*—Carlyle's "Essay on Burns"; Shairp's "Aspects of Poetry," p. 179; Shairp's "Life of Burns," English Men of Letters Series. Longfellow's and Whittier's poems on Burns may be read with class.

b. Wordsworth.—Knight's Life of (Macmillan), 2 vols., is the most complete. Myer's "Wordsworth," English Men of Letters Series, is extremely good; see also Lee's "Dorothy Wordsworth," Johnson's "Three Americans and Three Englishmen," Hutton's "Essays in Literary Criticism." Leslie Stephen's essay on the "Ethics of Wordsworth," in Hours in a Library, third series, is a masterly presentation of Wordsworth's teaching. Matthew Arnold's introduction to his "Selections from Wordsworth," and J. R. Lowell's essays on Wordsworth in "Among My Books," "My Study Windows," and "Democracy and Other Addresses," are of great value.

c. Coleridge.—Cottle's "Reminiscences of Coleridge and Southey" is written from the standpoint of personal intimacy.

Traill's "Coleridge," English Men of Letters Series, and Caine's "Coleridge," Great Writers Series, are good lives. Johnson's "Three Americans and Three Englishmen" and Lowell's "Democracy and Other Addresses." Brandt's "Samuel Taylor Coleridge and the Romantic School" (London: Murray) may also be consulted.

d. Scott.—Lockhart's "Life of Scott," 3 vols., and "Scott's Journal" are the best authorities; the short lives of Scott are unsatisfactory. Carlyle's "Essay on Scott" may be read as much for the light it throws on Carlyle's limitations as for its view of Scott, which in places is open to serious criticism. See also Oliphant's "Literary History of England," *supra*, and Shairp's "Aspects of Poetry," pp. 133, 394.

e. Lamb.—Talford's "Final Memorials of Charles Lamb"; Ainger's "Lamb," in English Men of Letters Series; "Letters of Charles Lamb," edited by Ainger (Armstrong), 2 vols.

f. Carlyle.—Bayne's "Lessons from My Masters"; A. H. Japp's "Three Great Teachers of Our Own Time"; Masson's "Carlyle, Personally and in His Writings"; Garnett's Life of, in Great Writers Series, and Nichol's Life, in English Men of Letters Series. For more extended study, the Carlyle and Emerson correspondence, Carlyle's "Reminiscences," and Froude's "Life of Carlyle," 4 vols.

g. Macaulay.—Trevelyan's Life of, 2 vols.; Minto's "Manual of English Prose"; Matthew Arnold's "Mixed Essays."

h. Byron.—Nichol's "Byron," in English Men of Letters Series; Moore's "Life of Byron," 2 vols. Swinburne's essay on Wordsworth and Byron in his "Miscellanies" is brilliant and interesting. See also Matthew Arnold's introduction to his "Selections from Byron."

i. Shelley.—Dowden's "Life of Shelley," 2 vols., is the standard work on the subject. Shelley's life has been written for the Great Writers Series by William Sharp, and for the English Men of Letters Series by J. A. Symonds. "Essays on the 'Prometheus Unbound' of Shelley," by Vida D. Scudder in *Atlantic Monthly* for July, August, and September, 1892, are interesting and suggestive.

j. Keats.—Colvin's "Keats," English Men of Letters Series; Rossetti's "Keats," Great Writers Series; "Letters of John Keats," edited by Sidney Colvin; Lowell's essay on Keats in "Among My Books."

k. Tennyson.—No standard biography of Tennyson has yet appeared (1892).* Tennyson selected his son Hallam for his

* "Alfred, Lord Tennyson. A Study of his Life and Work," by A. Waugh, an admirable book, has appeared since the above was written.

biographer, so that an authoritative life is expected shortly. Meanwhile something can be learned on the subject from "In Tennyson Land," by J. Cumming Walters; "Alfred Tennyson," by H. J. Jennings; Allibone's "Dictionary of Authors," vol. iii., title "Tennyson"; and Howitt's "Haunts and Homes of the British Poets." See also Phillip's "Manual of English Literature," vol. ii.

Articles on Tennyson, reviews of his works, etc, may be found by consulting Poole's "Index of Magazine Literature." (This Index will likewise be found of great help in the study of the other recent writers.) Articles on Tennyson will be found in Dowden's "Studies in Literature," Japp's "Three Great Teachers," Bayne's "Lessons from My Masters."

l. Browning.—Sharp's "Life of Browning," Great Writers Series, is the best that has yet appeared. Mrs. Orr's Life (2 vols.) is longer and contains much information not to be found elsewhere; it is, however, unsatisfactory in its criticism of Browning's work, and unreliable in its statements as to his religious belief. Dowden's "Studies in Literature" contains one of the best and most compact statements of the central motive of Browning's poetry. Among the many "Introductions" to Browning, Alexander's "Introduction to the Poetry of Robert Browning," and Symond's "Introduction to the Study of Browning," may be mentioned.

As Browning is a difficult author at the first approach, the following poems, to be read in the order here given, are suggested as one convenient mode of access: 1. Love poems: "Evelyn Hope"; "By the Fireside"; "One Word More"; "The Last Ride Together"; "Love Among the Ruins." 2. Narrative: "Martin Relph"; "Muléykeh"; "Ivàn Ivànovitch"; "The Flight of the Duchess"; "Clive." 3. Art poems: "My Last Duchess"; "Andrea del Sarta"; "Fra Lippo Lippi"; "Pictor Ignotus"; "A Toccata of Galluppi's"; "Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha"; "Abt Vogler." 4. Dramas: "Luria"; "The Blot in the 'Scutcheon"; "Paracelsus." 5. Immortality and Religion: "Rabbi ben Ezra"; "Epistle of Karshish"; "Cleon"; "Prospice"; "Saul"; "A Death in the Desert"; "Christmas Eve" and "Easter Day"; "Rephan." 6. Longer poems: "The Ring and the Book."

Some Literary Landmarks
IN
ENGLAND.
Scale of Miles.
0 10 20 30 40 50 60
SCOTLAND
EDINBURGH
Glasgow
Berwick
Firth of Clyde
Ayr
Selkirk-shire
Roxborough-shire
Donaghadee
NORTH CHANNEL
Ecclefechan
Annan
Jarrow
Tyne
Newcastle
Carlisle
Durham
Hartlepool
Solway Firth
Cockermouth
Keswick
Derwent Water
Appleby
WEST MORELAND
Grasmere
Rydal Mt.
R. Tees
Whitby
R. Ouse
Scarborough
I. of Man
Lancaster
Flamborough Hd.
Morecambe Bay
York
Bradford
Leeds
Hull
Winestead
IRISH SEA
Birkenhead
Liverpool
Manchester
Sheffield
R. Humber
Trent
Lincoln
Somesby
ANGLESEY
Holy Island
Caernarvon
Menai Str.
Denbigh
Flint
CHESTER
Chester
Derby
Nottingham
The Wash
Lynn
Ely
NORFOLK
Norwich
ST. GEORGE'S CHANNEL
CAERNARVON
MERIONETH
Stafford
Oakham
Dolgelly
Shrewsbury
MONT-GOMERY
Litchfield
LEICESTER
Leicester
Cardigan
Bay
Cardigan
RADNOR
New Radnor
WARWICK
Warwick
Stratford on Avon
Huntingdon
Bedford
Cambridge
SUFFOLK
Ipswich
Worcester
HEREFORD
Hereford
Brecon
Buckingham
OXFORD
Oxford
Gloucester
GLOUCESTER
St. Davids
CAERMARTHEN
Caermarthen
Monmouth
MONMOUTH
Pembroke
Cardiff
Swansea
GLAMORGAN
BRISTOL CHANNEL
Bristol
Bath
Reading
Guildford
Greenwich
R. Thames
Canterbury
Maidstone
Dover
Barnstaple
Hartland Pt.
Salisbury
Winchester
Southampton
Rye
Hastings
Strait of Dover
Calais
Boulogne
Ottery St. Mary
Launceston
Exeter
Dorchester
Portsmouth
Brighton
Chichester
I. of Wight
Portland Bill
Plymouth
Lands End
Falmouth
Eddystone L.H.
Lizard Hd.
ENGLISH CHANNEL
FRANCE
Cherbourg
E.F.Fisk, Engr., N.Y.
Longitude West from Greenwich East

LIST OF AUTHORS TO ACCOMPANY LITERARY MAP.

The following is a list of some of the most representative men in English literature. By referring to the accompanying map, the student will be able to find their birthplaces as well as some of the localities in which they have lived. Where the names of the smaller places have been omitted on the map, the county in which they are situated can be found from the following list, and their general situation on the map approximately determined.

Addison, Joseph, b. Millston, Wilts, l. London.
Alfred, King, b. Wantage, Berks, l. Winchester, Hants.
Arthurian Legends, chiefly located in Cornwall.

Bacon, Francis (Lord St. Albans), b. London, l. St. Albans, Hertford.
Bede, or Baeda, b. Monkwearmouth, Durham, l. Jarrow, Northumberland.
Beaumont, Francis, b. Grace-Dieu, Leicester.
Blake, Wm., b. and l. London.
Browne, Sir Thomas, b. and l. London.
Browning, Robert, b. and l. London.
Browning, Elizabeth Barrett, b. Durham, l. London.
Bunyan, John, b. Elstow, near Bedford, Bedfordshire.
Butler, Samuel, b. Strensham, Worcester.
Burns, Robert, b. near Ayr, Ayrshire, Scotland.
Byron, Lord George Gordon, b. London, l. Newstead Abbey, Nottingham.

Cædmon, b. (?), l. Whitby, York.
Carlyle, Thomas, b. Ecclefechan, near Annan, Scotland.
Chatterton, Thomas, b. Bristol, Gloucester.
Chaucer, Geoffrey, b. and l. London.
Clough, Arthur Hugh, b. Liverpool, Lancaster.
Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, b. Ottery-St.-Mary, Devon, l. Keswick, Cumberland (Lake Country).
Collins, Wm., b. Chichester, Sussex.
Cowley, Abraham, b. and l. London.
Cowper, Wm., b. Great Berkhampstead, Hertford, l. Olney, Bucks.
Crabbe, George, b. Aldborough, Suffolk.
Crashaw, Richard, b. and l. London.

Dekker, Thomas, b. and l. London.
De Quincey, Thomas, b. near Manchester, l. Grasmere, Westmoreland (Lake Country).
Dickens, Charles, b. Landport, Hampshire.
Donne, John, b. and l. London.
Drummond, Wm., b. Hawthornden, near Edinburgh.
Dryden, John, b. Aldwinkle, All Saints, Northampton, l. London.

Eliot, George (Mary Ann Evans Cross), b. Coventry, Warwick.

Fielding, Henry, b. Sharpham Park, Somerset.
Fletcher, John, b. Northampton, l. Ryeland, Sussex.

Gay, John, b. Frithelstock, Devon, l. Barnstaple, Devon.
Gray, Thomas, b. London, l. Stoke Pogis, Bucks.

Habington, Wm., b. Hendlip, near Worcester, Worcestershire.
Hall, Joseph, b. Bristow Park, Leicester.
Herbert, George, b. near Montgomery, Shropshire, l. Bemerton, near Salisbury.
Herrick, Robert, b. London, l. Dean's Prior, Devon.
Hogg, James, b. Ettrick, Selkirkshire, Scotland.
Howard, Henry (Earl of Surrey), b. (?), l. Surrey, Sussex.

Johnson, Samuel, b. Lichfield, Stafford, l. London.
Jonson, Benjamin, b. Westminster, l. London.

Keats, John, b. and l. London.

Lamb, Charles, b. and l. London.
Langland, Wm., b. probably in Shropshire, l. Malvern Hills.

Macaulay, Thos. Babington, b. Rothley Temple, Leicester, l. London.
Marlowe, Christopher, b. Canterbury, Kent, l. London.
Marvell, Andrew, b. Winestead, near Hull, York, l. London.
Milton, John, b. and l. London, and Horton, Bucks.
More, Sir Thomas, b. and l. London.

Peele, George, b. (?), l. London.
Pope, Alexander, b. and l. London, and Twickenham, Middlesex.

Raleigh, Sir Walter, b. Devon, l. London.
Ramsay, Allan, b. Lanarkshire, Scotland, l. Edinburgh.
Richardson, Samuel, b. probably Derbyshire, l. London.
Rossetti, Dante Gabriel, b. and l. London.

Sackville, Thomas (Lord Buckhurst), b. Buckhurst, Sussex, l. London.
Scott, Sir Walter, b. Edinburgh, l. Abbotsford, near Melrose, Scotland.
Shakespeare, Wm., b. Stratford-on-Avon, Warwick, l. London.
Shelley, Percy Bysshe, b. Field Place, near Horsham, Sussex.
Southey, Robert, b. Bristol, Gloucester, l. Keswick, Cumberland (Lake Country).
Steele, Richard, b. Dublin, l. London.
Suckling, John, b. Twickenham, Middlesex, l. London.

Taylor, Jeremy, b. Cambridge.
Tennyson, Lord Alfred, b. Somersby, Lincoln, l. Farringford House, Isle of Wight, and Blackdown, near Petersfield, Hampshire.
Thomson, James, b. and l. Ednam, Roxburgh.

Young, Edward, b. Upham, near Winchester, Hampshire.

Waller, Edmund, b. Coleshill, Hertford, l. London.
Walton, Izaac, b. Stafford, l. London.
Wiclif, John, b. Hipswell (?), near Richmond, York, l. Oxford.
Wither, George, b. Brentnorth, Hampshire.
Wordsworth, Wm., b. Cockermouth, l. Grasmere and Rydal Mount (Lake Country).
Wyatt, Sir Thomas, b. Allington Castle, Kent.

GLOSSARY

OF WORDS AND MEANINGS NO LONGER CURRENT, IN SELECTIONS FROM CHAUCER.

A

Abrayde, Abreyde, awoke suddenly.
Again, Agayn, Ageyn, again, against, towards.
Ago, Agoon, gone.
Areste, to stop.
Arwe, arrow.
Attempre, *adj.*, temperate, moderate.
Auctour, author.
Availle, avail.
Avauntour, boaster.
Aventure, chance, luck, misfortune. O. Fr. *advenir*.
Avisioun, Avysoun, vision.
Avoy, fie!
Awayt, watch. O. Fr.
Ayein, Ayeins, Ayens, again, back, against, towards.

B

Bar, bore, conducted.
Bataylle, Batail, battle. Fr. *battre*, to beat.
Beem, Bemys (pl. *beemes*), beam, rafter.
Beemes, trumpets, horns.
Beest, Best, a beast.
Ben, (1) to be; (2) are; (3) been.
Berd, Berde, beard.
Bere, a bear.
Bete, (1) to beat; (2) beaten, ornamented.
Beth (*third pers. sing. of* ben), is; (*imp. pl.*) be.
Biknew, acknowledged, confessed.
Bile, bill (of a bird).
Blent, blinds. See *wele*.
Bole, bull.
Boon, bone (pl. *boones*).
Bord, table.
Bord, joust, tournament.
Botiler, butler. O. E. *botelere*, Fr. *bouteillier*.
Botme, bottom.
Bour, A.S. *bur-bower*, inner chamber.
Brast (the pret. of *bersten* or *bresten*), burst.
Bren, bran.
Brenne, to burn.
Briddes, birds.
Brouke, to have the use of, enjoy, brook.
Bulte, to bolt (corn), sift meal.
Buxomnesse, submission.
Bywreye, make known, bewray.

C

Caas, case, condition, hap.
Can, know, knows, acknowledge.
Casten, Caste, to plan, devise, suppose.
Catapus, Catapuce, a species of spurge.
Catel, wealth, goods, valuable property of any kind. O. Fr. *chatel*, piece of movable property.
Centaure, Centory, the name of an herb.
Cherl, churl.
Chivachie, military service.
Choys, choice. Fr. *choisir*, to choose.
Chronique, a chronicle.
Cite, Citee, a city. Fr. *cité*, a city.

Cleped, Clept, i-clept, called.
Clomben, climbed, ascended.
Colere, choler.
Col-fox, a crafty fox. *Col,* deceitful, treacherous.
Companable, companionable, sociable.
Comune, Commune, common.
Contek, contest. O. Fr. *contencer,* to strive.
Contre, Contrie, country.
Cote, cottage.
Courtepy, a kind of rough cloak.
Couthe, Coude, Cowde, Cowthe, could, knew. *See* **Can.**
Crulle, curly, curled.
Crokke, a crock, or earthen vessel.
Curteis, Curteys, courteous. O. Fr. *cortois; cort,* a court.

D

Damoysele, damsel. O. Fr.
Dan, Daun, Lord, was a title commonly given to monks; also a prefix to names of persons of all sorts. From Lat. *Dominus.*
Dar, dare (*first pers. sing. present tense*); **Darst** (*second pers. sing.*); **Dorste, Durste** (*pret.*).
Daunte, subdue, tame.
Dawenynge, dawn, dawning.
Debonaire, kind, gracious.
Dede, Deed, Deede, dead.
Deer, Deere, Dere, dear, dearly.
Del, part, portion, whit.
Delyverly, quickly.
Deye, a female servant.
Digne, worthy.
Doke, a duck.
Don, Doon, to do, cause, make.
Dong, Donge, dung.
Dorste, *see* **Dar.**
Doughtren, daughters.
Drecched, troubled by dreams.
Drede, Dreden, to fear, dread, doubt.
Dreynt (pp. of *drenche*), drowned.
Dwelle, to tarry.

E

Eek, Ek, also, moreover.
Elles, else (in A. S. composition *el-* signifies another foreigner).
Embrowded, embroidered.
Endite, to dictate, relate.
Engyned, tortured, racked.
Enspired, breathed into.
Er, ere, before.
Estatlich, stately.
Ey, an egg.
Eyen, Eyghen, Eghen, eyes.
Eyle, to ail.

F

Falle, befell.
Fare, Faren, to go, to proceed.
Fayn, Fayne, glad, gladly.
Felawe, a fellow.
Fer, far; **ferreste,** farthest.
Fer, Fere, fear, terror.
Ferthing, farthing, hence a small portion.
Fithele, a fiddle.
Flatour, a flatterer.
Flen, to flee, flee from.
Floughe, Fleigh, flew.
Floytynge, playing on a flute.
Fond, found, provided.
Forncast, preordained.
Fors, 'Do no fors of,' make no account of.
Forslouthe, to lose through sloth.
Forwetyng, foreknowledge.
Forwot, foreknows.
Fume, effects of drunkenness or gluttony.
Fumetere, name of a plant, fumitory.
Fynde, to provide.

G

Gabbe, to lie.
Gan (a contraction of *began*) is used as a mood auxiliary.
Garget, the throat (Fr, *gorge,* a throat).
Gaytres-beryis, berries of dogwood [tree.
Gees, geese.
Geet, jet. Fr. *jaiet.*
Gost, spirit, soul.
Goth, goes.
Greet, Gret (def. form; pl. *greete, grete*), great.
Grote, a groat.

H

Han = *haven,* to have.
Hardily, certainly.

Harrow, a cry of distress. O. Fr. *harau, hare!*
Heere, Heer, Here, hair.
Hegge, a hedge.
Hele, health.
Hem, them.
Hente, Henten, seize, take hold of, get.
Her, here.
Herbergage, Herbergh, lodging, inn, port. Fr. *auberge.*
Here, their, of them.
Herknen, to hearken, listen.
Herte, a heart.
Hewed, colored.
Hight, Highte, was called, promised.
Hiled, hidden, kept secret.
Hire, her.
Holt, wood, grove.
Hord, hoard, treasure.
Hote, hot.
Hous, Hows, house.
Howpede = *houped*, whooped. Fr. *houper*, to call out.

I

I-ronne, run.

J

Jape, a trick, jest.
Jolyf, pleasant, joyful. Fr. *joli*, gay, fine.

K

Keep, Keepe, Kepe, care, attention, heed.
Kind, Kynd, Kynde, nature.
Kyn, kine, cattle.

L

Lad, Ladde, led, carried.
Lauriol, a laurel.
Lawghe, to laugh.
Leef, Lief, dear, beloved, pleasing.
Leeme, gleam.
Leere, Lere, to learn.
Lenger, Lengere, longer.
Lese, to lose.
Leste, Liste, Lyste, Luste, *vb. impers.*, please me list, it pleases me. *Leste*, pleasure.
Lete, Lette, to leave.
Lette, to hinder, delay, tarry.
Levere, rather.
Lite, Lyte, Litel, little.
Lith, lies.
Lith, a limb, any member of the body.
Logge, Loge, to lodge, an inn, lodging. Fr. *loge*, a hut, small apartment.
Loken, locked, enclosed.
Lond, Londe, land.
Lorn, lost.
Losengour, flatterer, liar. O. Fr. *losengier.*
Lyggen, to lie.

M

Maad, Mad, *pp.* made.
Maist, Mayest, Maistow, mayest thou.
Maner, Manere, manner, kind, sort. *'A maner dey'* = a sort of dey, farm-servant.
Mase, a wild fancy.
Mateere, Mater, Matere, matter.
Maugre, Mawgre, in spite of. Fr. *malgré*, against the will of.
Mervaille, Mervaylle, marvel. Fr. *merveille*, wonderful.
Mete, to dream. Used impersonally as *me mette*, I dreamed.
Meyné, household, attendants, domestics. O. Fr. *mesnée.*
Mo, Moo, more.
Moche, Mochel, Muchel, *adj.* much, great.
Mordre, a murder.
Moneth, a month.
Morwe, Morwenynge, morning, morrow.
Mosten, must.
Mot, may, must.

N

Narwe, narrow.
Nas = *ne* + *was*, was not.
Ne, *adv.* not. *Ne . . . ne* = neither . . . nor.
Nedeth, must of necessity.
Neigh, Neighe, Neih, Neyh, nigh, near, close by.
Nightertale, the night-time.
Non, Noon, none.
Noot, not = *ne* + *wot*, know not.

Norice, nurse.
Notabilite, a thing worthy to be known.
Nother, neither, nor.
Nought, not.

O

O, one.
On, Oo, Oon, one.
On and **Oon**, one by one.
Orlogge, a clock.
Oughne, own.
Outrely, utterly, wholly.
Out-sterte, started out.
Overeste, uppermost.

P

Paramour, a lover of either sex.
Parde, Pardee = *par Dieu*.
Pees, peace.
Pekke, Pike, to pick.
Peyne, Peynen, to take pains.
Pitous, piteous, compassionate.
Plesance, Plesaunce, pleasure.
Poynaunt, poignant, with flavor.
Poplexie, apoplexy. [horn.
Powpe, to make a noise with a
Poynt, particle, particular.
Pres, throng, crowd.
Preve, proof, *vb.* to prove.
Prow, advantage.

Q

Quod, quoth.

R

Rad (pp. of *rede*, to read), read.
Raughte (pret. of *reche*), reached.
Real, Rial, Ryal, royal, kingly.
Reccheles, reckless, careless.
Red (imp. of *rede*), read.
Rede, to advise, explain, interpret.
Reed, counsel, adviser.
Reed, Reede, red.
Reme (pl. *remes*), realm.
Renne (pret. *ron*; pret. pl. *ronne*), to run.
Rethor, rhetorician.
Reule, *sb.* rule, *vb.* to rule.
Rewe, Rewen, to be sorry for. *Me reweth* = I am sorry for, grieved.
Rome, to walk, roam.
Roughte, cared for.

S

Saufly, safely.
Sawtrie, psaltery, a kind of harp.
Say (pret. of *se*), saw.
Schent (pp. of *schende*), hurt, destroyed.
Scherte, shirt.
Scholde, Schulde, should.
Schowte, to shout.
Schrewe, to curse, besbrew.
Schrighte, Schrykede, shrieked.
Schul, *pl.* shall.
Schuld, Schulde, should.
Scole, school.
Secre, secret. Fr. *secret*.
Seith, saith, says.
Seken, to seek.
Sely, simple, happy.
Sen, Seen, Seene, Sene, to see.
Sewed, followed. O. Fr. *sewir*.
Seynd, singed, toasted.
Siker, surely, certain.
Sith, Siththen, since, afterwards.
Slawe, slain.
Sleighte, contrivance.
Snowte, beak.
Solas, Solaas, mirth, solace.
Somdel, somewhat.
Sond, sand.
Sone, soon.
Sonne, the sun. [true.
Soth, Sooth, Sothe, *sb.* truth, *adj.*
Sothfastnesse, truth. A. S. *sóth*, truth. *Cf.* soothsayer, forsooth, in good sooth.
Sownynge in, tending to.
Speken, to speak.
Steepe, bright. [time appointed.
Steven, Stevene, (1) voice, sound; (2)
Stonde, Stonden, to stand.
Stoor, Store, stock (of a farm).
Stope (pp. of *steppe*, to step), advanced.
Strecche, to stretch.
Stynte, Stynten, to stop.
Suffisaunce, sufficiency. Fr. *suffisant*, sufficient.
Suster, a sister.
Swerd, a sword.
Swet, Swete, Sweete, or Swoote, sweet.
Sweven, a dream.
Swich, such.
Swinker, a toiler.
Syn, since.

T

Targe, a target or shield. Fr. *targe*.
Techen, to teach.
Tespye, to espy.
Thanne, then.
The, to thrive, prosper.
Thei, they.
Ther, there, where.
Thilke, the like, that.
Tho, *pl.* the, those.
Thridde, third.
Thurgh, through.
Tikelness, insecurity, instability.
Ton, toes.
Tool, weapon.
Toon, toes.
Torne, to turn. Fr. *tourner*.
Toun, town.
Tresoun, treason. Fr. *trahison*, treason.
Treccherie, treachery. Fr. *trecherie*, trickery.
Tretys, long and well-proportioned.
Tre, tree.
Tuo, two.
Tweye, **Twoo**, two, twain.
Tyde, time.
Typ-toon, tiptoes.

U

Undern, the time of the mid-day meal.

V

Verray, **Verrey**, true, very.
Viage, voyage.

W

War, aware, cautious, prudent.
Ware, to warn, to cause one to beware.
Wayte, to be on the lookout for.
Wele, wealth, good-fortune. 'And wele blent over al,' and wealth blinds everywhere.
Wende, **Wenden**, to go, pass away.
Whan, **Whanne**, when.
Whit, white.
Wydwe, a widow.
Wight, any living creature, a person.
Wirche, to work.
Wis, **Wys**, wise.
Wise, **Wyse**, mode, manner.
Wityng, knowledge.
Wlatsome, loathsome, hateful.
Wol, **Wole**, *vb.* will.
Wolde, would.
Wolne, will.
Wone, to dwell.
Wook, awoke.
Wortes, herbs.
Wyn, wine.

Y

Yelwe, yellow.
Yerd, enclosure, yard.
Yeve, **Yeven**, to give.
Yit, yet.
Ymaginacioun, imagination. Fr. *imagination*.
Ynough, **Ynowgh**, enough.
Yow, you.

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